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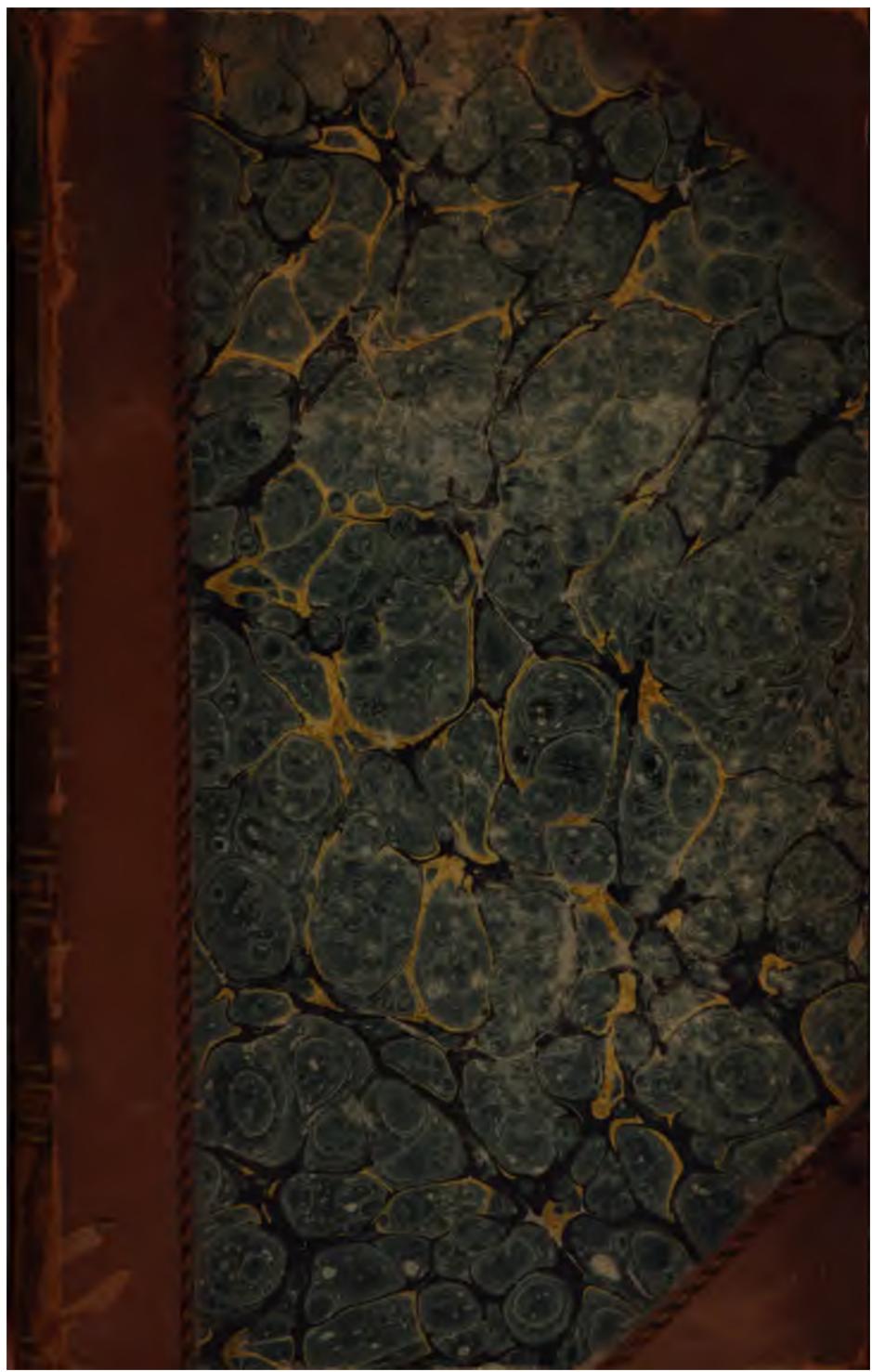
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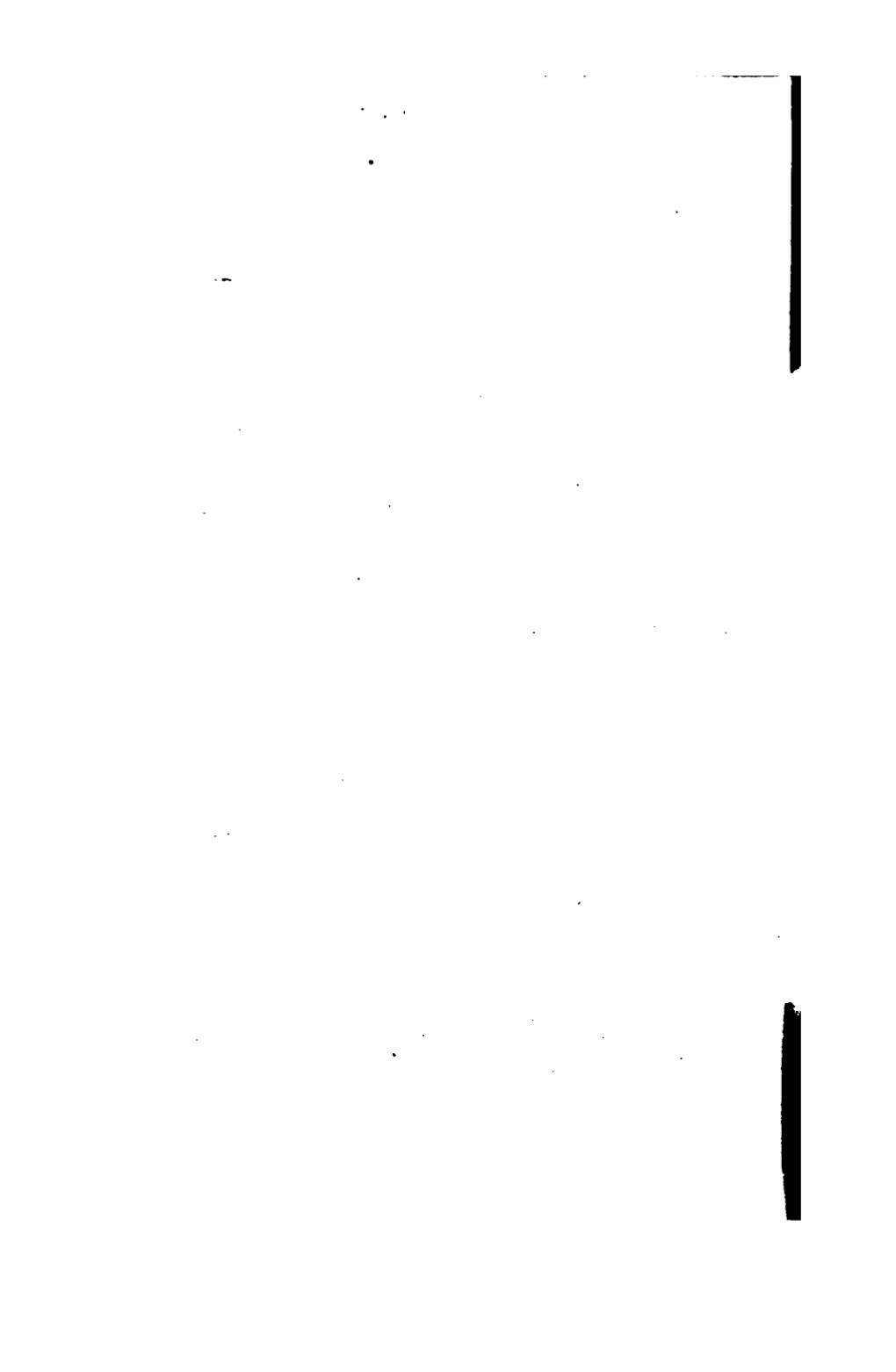
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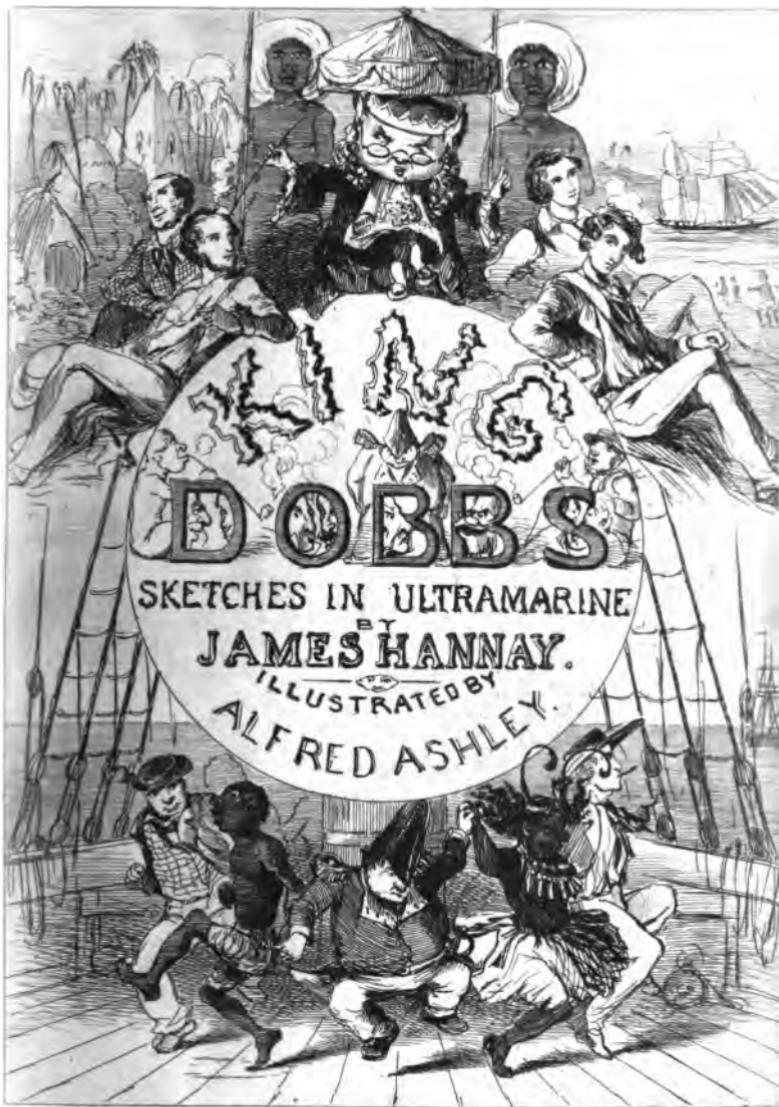
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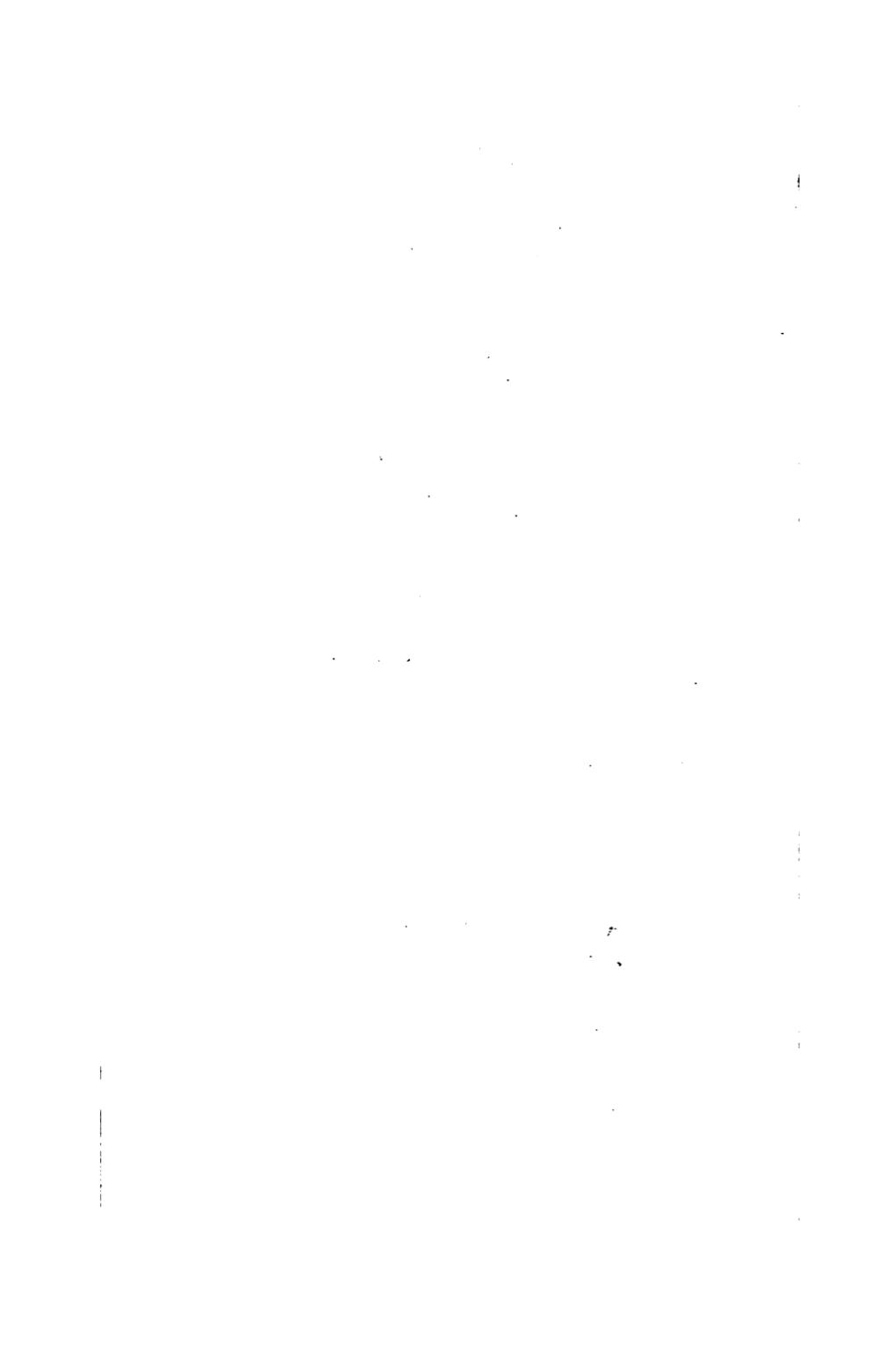


A cure for consumption.



LONDON.

J. & D. A. DARLING, 186 BISHOPSGATE STREET



KING DOBBS:

SKETCHES IN ULTRA-MARINE.

BY JAMES HANNAY,

(LATE OF H. M. NAVY),

AUTHOR OF "BISCUITS AND GROG," "A CLARET-CUP," ETC.

*Ut in vita, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum estimo, severitatem
comitatemque miscere.*

PLINY THE YOUNGER.—*Epist. 8. 21.*

LONDON :

J. & D. A. DARLING, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

1849.



Dedication.

TO W. M. THACKERAY,

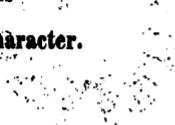
THIS STORY

Is Dedicated,

WITH THE RESPECT AND AFFECTION

DUE TO HIS

Genius and Character.



ILLUSTRATIONS.

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KING DOBBS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FATHER OF THE KING.



Some considerable number of years ago, there might have been observed among the attendants of the Admiralty levees an old lieutenant of gallant bearing, and an appearance that was commanding without being pretentious. His right hand usually carried a stick. The left sleeve of his coat fell close by his side, where it was made fast; for the arm that ought to have been in it lay somewhere in the Atlantic, as might have been learned from the naval register that contained the amount of pension bestowed by a generous government in return for the sacrifice. When he emerged from his quiet town lodging in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross (a neighbourhood much patronized by half-pay naval men, and duly despised by spirited youths about town), he used to wend his way, with a quiet dignity to the Admiralty; and we may say, without exaggeration, that he would have gone more cheerfully into action; for his reception was not over cordial. First of all, he was only a lieu-

tenant ; secondly, he was a poor man ; thirdly, he had performed services, for which he ought to have been rewarded long before, and was therefore a kind of standing reproach to those who had rewards to give away. Dignified captains, who had seen no service, used to speak of him as a " worthy officer ;" fast lieutenants as " an old brick ;" and midshipmen of good connections, as " poor old boy." But whatever any of them said had but little effect, further than to raise a quiet smile on the face of Lieutenant Dobbs. Such was his name, as was very well known to his tradesmen, when they duly sent him in their bills, and to his agent, who never advanced him any money.

Dobbs entered the service during the war, and gave himself up to it with undivided enthusiasm. As a midshipman, he was to be seen, during action, carrying tubes about, to serve out to the men at his quarters. He always volunteered to go away, in boats, on any dangerous service ; but, somehow or other, he was unlucky from the beginning ; he showed more courage in a failure, than the generality of men did in a successful attempt ; but that many of his expeditions were failures, was not his fault.

Some officers have a judicious way of sending out those under their command, on the most hazardous attempts, that *they* may get the credit of being dashing officers. If the attempt succeed, why, they march into reputation and rank over the fallen bodies of some scores of poor fellows, and say in their dispatches— " The conduct of Lieutenant _____, is above all praise (a capital plan, by the way, of saving the trouble of bestowing it !) : while, if it fails, they tell the same Lieutenant _____, that " the less said about the affair, the better," and so let it drop.

Dobbs was, at various periods, the victim of all these gentlemanly manœuvres, resembling in his career, in this respect, the individual selected, by a conjuror, out of his audience, on whom to exhibit his tricks. During a long service, he gained a reputation, which brought him little promotion ; and lost an arm, which secured him but a small amount of money.

Dobbs, however, was of an imperturbably good disposition. When there was a quarrel in the mess, he did his best to make it up again. He would keep any body's watch for him, if the

person he obliged wanted to go on shore; and would come up in the long night-watches to walk about with a mess-mate, when he knew the lieutenant of the watch was too sulky to open any conversation with him. But his ill luck pursued him, when his intentions were best. His interference in quarrels, got him blamed as "a busy-body;" and midshipmen sometimes thought that his civilities were not disinterested.

When he was kind to the men, first-lieutenants accused him of seeking an undue popularity, and when he was strictly obedient to his superiors, he incurred the imputation of being a toady from his equals. In fact, poor Dobbs, if he had ever read ROCHEFOUCAULD, would, no doubt, have often quoted with a sigh, the maxim of that sagacious moralist, which declares that—" *Le mal que nous faisons ne nous attire pas tant de persécutions et de haine, que nos bonnes qualités.*" His good qualities did not do him half the good that the bad qualities of others did them.

For example:—Dobbs had a high sense of honour, and when a midshipman of the *Maraschino*, a corvette, commanded by Captain Blubbe, was second in a duel to one of his messmates. The messmate thought it delicate and proper to say to his opponent on the ground—" Well, Coxby, I won't shoot you, but I'll just graze your shoulder!" And probably, he would have kept his word, and let him off, in that slight manner; but whether he had taken too much brandy in his coffee, or whether his hand was "out" or not, is uncertain—the result was, that he shot him through the head. Dobbs got all the blame of the affair; and Blubbe threatened to send him home off the station; but as he was too useful a man to be dispensed with, contented himself with persecuting him while he remained on board, and maligning him after he left the ship.

It is probable, that the unhappy Dobbs might have ultimately recovered himself, and turned out a successful man; but he had not long been made a lieutenant, before he fell in love with the daughter of a boatswain. He was then a lieutenant of a ship at Portsmouth, and was the innocent cause of much amusement to his brother officers. Indeed, we remember being informed by one who was then in the same ship, that Dobbs fell in love just at the right time; for that the town was "d——d dull" (as our informant said), and that the love

affair just served as a topic of amusement, before the dulness of the squadron grew absolutely intolerable.

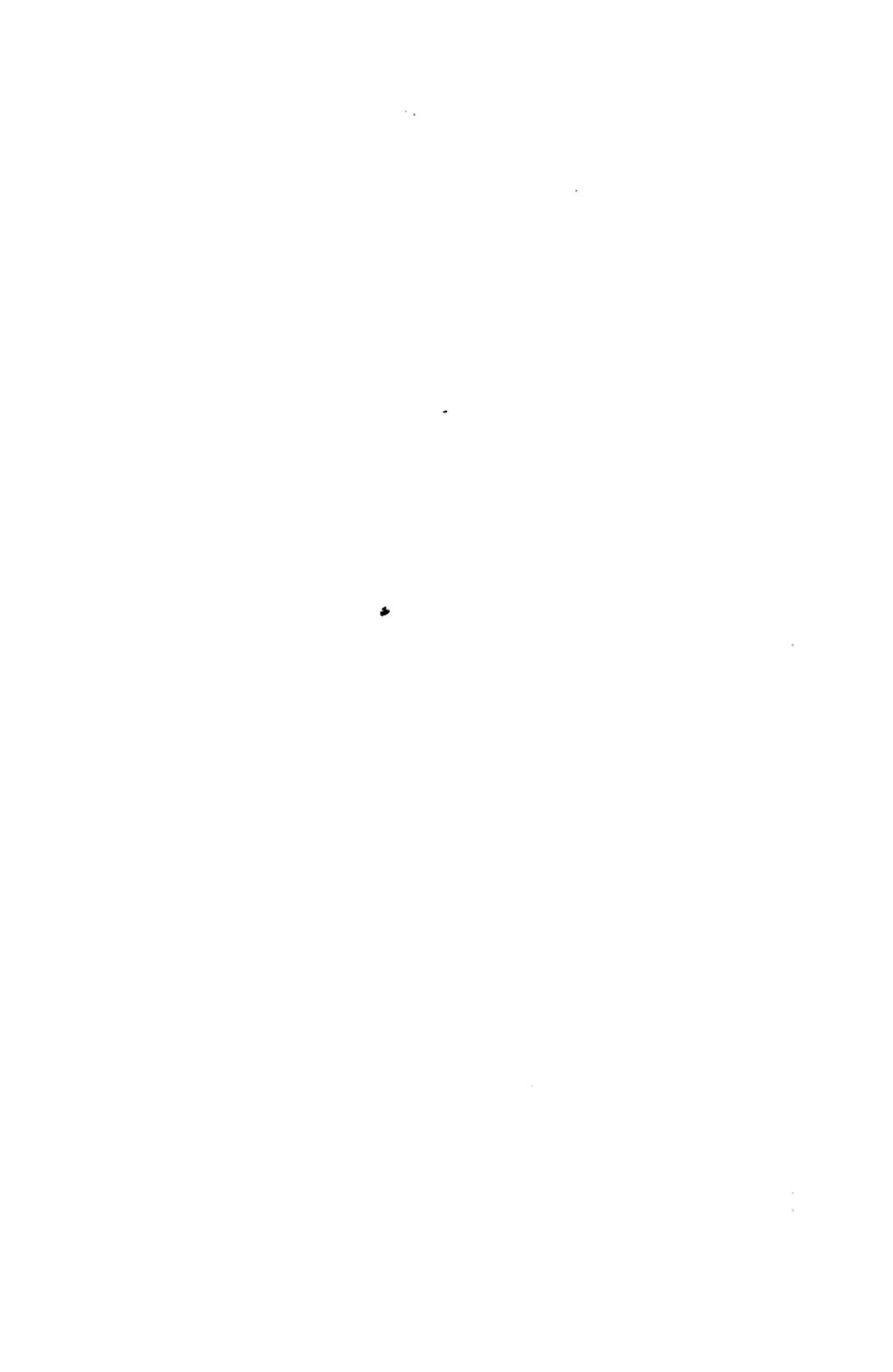
When a note addressed "Lieutenant Dobbs, R.N., " came on board, with a green seal, bearing the legible imprint of "Martha," great laughter used to be excited. The youngsters in his watch, used to think themselves entitled to neglect their duty, in consequence of the exceeding "softness" of their officer. But when it was positively known that the day was fixed for the marriage ceremony, the excitement became intense.

The news was quite true. We all know what *some* men would do, if they were in love with a boatswain's daughter. Dobbs, however, behaved honourably, and "like a fool," as the phrase goes—he married "Martha," and went upon half-pay.

One morning after the event, Mrs. Forrester, the wife of a rich city broker, was seated in her drawing-room in Tavistock Square. Everything in the room was of the rich heavy description. The chandelier was so extensive, and such numbers of crystal drops sparkled in it, that the astonished gazer would readily admit the truth of what the lady was in the habit of telling all her friends with regard to it, viz:—that the united exertions of a man and a boy, for an entire day, were required to clean and put it in order. At one side of the room, on a table, stood a glass-case of stuffed humming-birds, all green, crimson, and gold, with nests as small as a girl's mouth; on the other, was a glass-case covering two graceful figures, whom Mrs. Forrester knew (for the shopman had told her husband, when he paid for them) to be "Bacchus and Ariadne." The damask sofas were not degraded by covers, for the lady saw no use in taking particular care of them—"Had not Mr. Forrester got plenty of money?"

Opposite Mrs. Forrester was seated another lady, of a fresh complexion, and very white teeth. She was richly dressed, and had the air of a woman who wished to be a grandee, and yet was afraid she couldn't manage it. The table groaned—or, rather, did not groan (by the by, who ever invented that absurd expression of the table groaning, a thing which could never happen, unless it was of most rickety construction?) beneath a silver canister containing bride-cake, a bottle of Madeira, and one of Sherry.

"Yes," said Mrs. Forrester, "I am indeed glad that John





An unhappy alliance.

J. & J. A. DARLING, 126, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

has married into the family of one of his own profession. It is a very gallant profession. In fact, Mr. Forrester tells me, that the state of the funds depends very much indeed on the operations of the British Fleet!"

"No doubt of it, madam," said the other lady.

"Yes," continued her companion, "and such alliances are respectable, and of course valuable in my eyes. For you must of course be aware, my dear, that the family of Dobbs is most ancient and honourable. The grandfather of John and I, married into the family of the Lord Criffel, who lost his head in consequence of his being out in the —45."

"Just so!" remarked the visitor, not appearing, however, to know very clearly the meaning of the allusion to the —45.

Mrs. Forrester continued, with much rhetorical fluency, similar details. She was rather of a public speaker turn of address, and had been intended for a governess, from which she was saved by marrying Mr. Forrester, whom she captivated by a speech on the Corn Laws, which she delivered to him on a sofa in a drawing-room, where they were sitting together at an evening party. Be it remarked, that her family really was good. There are plenty of good families now at which all sorts of people affect to sneer, because they did not go into trade, and get rich.

"John has distinguished himself very much in action," she went on. "That was a most brilliant affair in which he lost his arm! It must be very pleasant to you to hear his adventures, and compare them with those of your father, who has, doubtless, also distinguished himself."

"Very pleasant, indeed!" was the reply; but the lady coloured a little, and did not look, altogether, at her ease.

Mrs. Forrester resumed—"Of course, when John told me that your father was an officer in the service, I knew he must be somebody of rank. When good families get poor, why, it tenfold increases the necessity of being particular in their alliances."

"You are quite right," said her friend, with a glance at the French timepiece. "My father got great credit in Blunder's action off Ushant. The main-stay was shot away, and he spliced it during the action."

"Oh, indeed ! I did not know that would come within the range of his duties. Was he a lieutenant then?"

" Lieutenant !—oh, dear, no !"

"Indeed !" said Mrs. Forrester, with an anxious look. "What then ?"

"Why, I thought you knew," said the other ; "I thought Mr. Dobbs would have told you."

"No, indeed !—I assure you."

"Why, dear me, I thought he told you ! He—was a boatswain !"

"God bless me !" cried Mrs. Forrester, with a shriek. And, to use the language of a novelist—" Nature was too much for her, and Mrs. Forrester fainted !"

Her guest Mrs. Dobbs, wife of Lieutenant Dobbs, R.N., rushed down stairs in a fit of passion, leaving her to recover at her leisure, and made her way along the street. She gained her lodging, knocked loudly, and hurried up stairs.

There was sitting in the room a gentleman in a shooting-coat, employed in measuring on a chart with a pair of compasses. He started as he saw the expression of her face, and said—"God bless me—Martha !"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Dobbs ! You may look astonished ; but I'll not be humiliated by your relations ! What do I care for Lord Griffel, or your grandmother ? Didn't you ask me to marry you ? Did I force you to it ? Couldn't I have married Mr. Timson, the master of the dockyard ?" With which interrogations, Mrs. Dobbs hurried off to her bed-room, where her sobbing was distinctly audible to the landlady, who concluded, of course, that her husband had been beating her, and at once set down that long-suffering and much-injured man as a brute.

"Good God !" was the reflection of Dobbs. "Why hadn't I courage to tell my sister ! Damme, an't I brave ?" and the unhappy fellow thought of the time, when he led the second division of boarders on to the deck of a Turkish frigate, and dashed the teeth of Selim Baboo (one of her lieutenants) down his throat, with the hilt of his sword. "Hang it, Martha shall not be insulted ! I'll tell my sister she must treat her as my wife. I'll go there to-morrow !"

Dobbs, however, was saved the trouble by the arrival of a

perfumed note; which, as the newspapers say, we now subjoin:—

“Tavistock Square, Tuesday evening.

“DEAR JOHN, I always knew that you were a fool (‘so I am,’ thought Dobbs); but I never went the length of questioning your sanity. This, however, I am now prepared to do. The man who could marry a boatswain’s daughter—but it is in vain to reason with you. Had your poor father been alive, this blow would have crushed him to the earth! Of course, I can see you no more; but I have my husband’s authority for saying, you are at liberty to draw upon him for £10 occasionally, should your melancholy circumstances require it. I do not wish to pain you by allusions to your probable expenses; but, as the daughter of a boatswain, your wife, of course, drinks rum! I should recommend you to go to sea again. The newspapers state that there is a great want of officers on the Coast-of-Africa Station. The accounts of the mortality there are much exaggerated. By living with the strictest regard to temperance, you will avoid danger. Farewell!

“Your affectionate and distressed sister,

“JANE FORRESTER.”

When Dobbs had perused the letter, he pitched it on the fire, from whence, however, it was rescued by his wife, who entered at the moment. She treasured it carefully up, and used to read it with much triumph, when any dispute arose between them, for many years afterwards.

Not long after this event, Dobbs and his wife went down to Plymouth, where, after Mrs. Dobbs’s annoyance had passed off, they lived quietly, and on the whole, very happily together, adding to the population of this country by the production of one male child, and one female ditto. These, they brought up very respectably, and the neighbours round about them looked with much respect (mingled with a certain pity) on “Goosey Dobbs,” as he was called by his naval comrades.

We now return to him, as first presented to the reader, emerging from his lodging near Charing Cross, to proceed to an Admiralty levee. From the sketch given of his previous life, it will be believed, that he was by no means at his ease, in pro-

ceeding there. In fact, he was going to ask a favour ; and bolder men than even Dobbs have been awed, on going with such an object to a Board, commanded (as at that time it virtually was) by the Right Honourable Bilson Stoker. Dobbs had got tired of living on shore so long ; his children were growing up ; they would require something more than his half-pay, and “£10 occasionally,” could procure for them ; besides, he wished to have a sniff of salt-water and gunpowder, if possible, again before he died ; so he thought he would ask for the command of a ten-gun brig. He passed in at the portal, and was shewn up stairs, where were the lords who formed the board, and the secretary who governed the lords.

“Dobbs ? Dobbs ? The Right Honourable Bilson Stoker had heard of Dobbs : the Right Honourable Bilson Stoker believed that there was some worth in Dobbs. The Right Honourable Bilson Stoker would condescend to look to the request of Dobbs !”—Such was the interview.

Let us, humbly and afar off, as the mariner takes the altitude of the sun at noon, attempt to take the altitude of that great luminary, Stoker. As, in the case of the sun, there is a difference, between the *apparent*, and the *true* altitude of such luminaries.

Bilson Stoker was an alien* with some brains, who came into this country to make his fortune on the strength of them. There are various ways of doing this. Some try it by endeavouring, in a literary way, to interest and amuse large classes of their countrymen. These persons begin in the usual manner—that is, by living in a garret, and writing for a magazine ; they amuse hundreds, and are waited for eagerly, and read ; but they are of course looked down upon by venal politicians, heavy critics, and pedantic reviews ; and being only witty, inventive, and popular (which is their great crime), are snubbed by all sorts of ponderously asinine persons.

Others go to work in a more profitable manner, and take up politics as a trade, becoming either unscrupulous supporters, or dishonest antagonists of the ministry of the day—in the first case being hired to speak, and in the second being bribed to hold their tongues. This was Stoker’s game. He found Tory bigotry predominant when he started, and of course became

* We have Lord Lyndhurst’s authority for the phrase.—AUTHOR.

a Tory bigot, in due course. He wrote for the party, spoke for the party, lied for the party, and was fed by the party. He thought himself a classical scholar, but being foolish enough to try to convince the public of it, made blunders that would have disgraced a schoolboy ; he esteemed himself literary, and went to work to prove that he was, by displaying his incompetence to edit the most popular English writer of the eighteenth century. Yet he came out in great literary periodicals, notwithstanding—and was esteemed a formidable critic, in his time.

When secretary to the Admiralty, he governed (as we have remarked) the board. He used to affect to imitate Julius Cæsar, and would dictate dispatches, in alternate sentences, to three commanders-in-chief, of different stations, at the same time. This operation, though no doubt much admired by the clerks, was not, on the whole, beneficial to the country, if it be true, as is confidently asserted, that it sometimes resulted in his ordering the admiral of the Pacific to proceed from Valparaiso to Corfu at once, and the commander-in-chief at Malta, to be sure to reach Bombay in a week. Stoker, however, is decidedly a clever man, and much amusement may be anticipated from the memoirs which he is said to be writing in imitation of Horace Walpole, particularly if he be sufficiently copious in the detail of *all* his experience.

Such was the secretary whom Dobbs humbly visited. Perhaps the best thing in his favour is, that having been mauled by Macaulay, scorched by Carlyle, and lacerated by D'Israeli, he is still in existence as a sentient being. Great tenacity of life must belong to a reptile, which can survive, even "scotch'd," after such inflictions.

With such consolation as Stoker's condescension could afford, our friend Dobbs returned to his family at Plymouth, and his quiet occupations—his saunter through the dock-yards in the morning, his homely dinner, his lesson in navigation to his boy—and so he passed the time till next winter came on, without hearing any thing of the command which he had requested. The time came when the packets sailed from Falmouth to Halifax, and Dobbs was appointed to the command of one of them. This was a gift, which, under the circumstances, was like presenting him with a shroud. The vessel was old and unsafe—the weather terrible ; but then there was

the order to go, and the alternative—to leave the service; so he made his will, which was the regular practice of men in the old packet service, and left his plate with his wife behind him.

It was always one of Dobbs's favourite notions to send his son into the navy. Poor fellow! his own experience, one would think, had not been very encouraging; but then his boy might have better luck; and that hope was a rainbow, raised by the sun of his faith on the cloud of his misfortunes; so he bid the boy good by, and wrote a letter, commanding him to the care of his brother-in-law, Mr. Forrester. He never expected to return; but he told his wife, that "the danger was over-rated—the *Stormy Petrel* brig was a capital one," and so forth.

The *Stormy Petrel* sailed from Falmouth. The winter passed away: the spring came back again; but its healthy gales did not bear back the brig. Summer came; but neither did its gentle breezes waft her back to England. Where did she perish? And what were the last thoughts of the kindly man, whose disappointed life was destroyed by the whirling waters? The Atlantic, that huge grave, tells no tales!

So Mrs. Dobbs was a widow, and the name of Lieutenant Dobbs figured in the obituary, in Mr. Murray's *Navy List*; and Mrs. Dobbs went to live in a cottage near Portsmouth, her native place, where her name by that time was almost forgotten. She took her two children to live with her in a very humble way; and up to that period of our history, none of the family even dreamed of, or predicted, the future glories, of **HIS MAJESTY KING DOBBS.**



CHAPTER II.

YOUTH, HOPE, AMBITION, AND A HOP.

La jeunesse est une ivresse continue ; c'est la fièvre de la raison.

ROCHEFOUCAULD.



SEVERAL years have passed since the bones of poor old Dobbs first began to whiten in the Atlantic, and our English earth is dotted over with some more graves, little mounds, the marks made by the tears of time ; Mr. Forrester lies under one of them, his widow inheriting his property, and living in Hampshire. The Dobbs family, consisting of Mrs. Dobbs, her son

John, the heir apparent, and her daughter Caroline, are still living in the cottage near Portsmouth, where we left them. The reader is, therefore, prepared to take up the thread of the story ; the pearl, Caroline Dobbs, being added thereto.

When Mrs. Forrester heard that her brother was lost in the *Stormy Petrel*, a fact announced to her by her husband at breakfast, by—"I say, Jane, Jack's drowned!" (for he was a man of few words), she was really and truly very sorry. If it had been Mrs. Dobbs instead, she would not have minded perhaps. But she began to remember that the departed one was not only "my brother, the lieutenant, who made the foolish match," but "my brother Jack;" so she had some serious remorse, which it is unnecessary to enter into ; for however sorry one generation is for their misdeeds, the next goes on imitating them, and being sorry, when it is too late, in precisely the same way. She did what she could however. She sent the juvenile John to school ; she took his sister to live with her ; and she treated their mother with much courtesy and kindness ; indeed, she cannot be said, even when she neglected, to have seriously disliked that lady. Perhaps, after all, the real reason why she quarrelled with her, was not so much that she was a boatswain's daughter, as that her own penetration had failed to discover the fact from her manners ; however, at the time of which we now speak, the difference was forgotten.

"I say, mother," said Mr. John Dobbs, one evening, startling the old lady from a snug position in her arm-chair, "what am I going to be?"

This is a question which youths ask themselves with the utmost confidence, as if it only depended on them to determine the fact. We know one or two gentlemen who "are going to be" poets, though nature seems to be of a different opinion at present.

"How you frighten me, my dear. What do you mean?"

"Why, what profession am I to be of? Here's Mr. Chilton, a midshipman of the *Petrel*, has been independent these three years, though he's only nineteen, like myself, and has his debts, and duns, and every thing, like a grown-up man."

"Well, my dear, I'm sure I hope you won't be as independent as Mr. Chilton. Don't tell your aunt Forrester your deaires in that respect."

" Oh, it's nearly all up there!" said the youth, with a gloomy expression of countenance ; " there's a parson got her in tow, as Chilton says, and she wont leave us a rap." And so saying, the youthful Dobbs departed through a window, which opened on the garden of the cottage, and his fat figure was seen to pass through the gate.

Young Dobbs had been educated (at the suggestion of Mr. Forrester) at what was called a commercial academy, where arithmetic was mainly relied upon for the development of the human faculties. Here he had become acquainted with many of the sons of rich tradesmen, who had entertained him with accounts of what they had picked up, at second-hand, of London dissipation. He was one of the best-natured fellows breathing, and would not have annoyed his mother for the world ; but his notions were so unsettled, and his nature so pliable, that he was perpetually being led into doing things which bid fair to effect that object. He had now fallen in with a set of naval fellows, of whom the Mr. Chilton he spoke of was the chief ; and their society, which alternately excited and dismayed him, kept him in a kind of pleasurable torment, that unfitted him for home life. Mr. Chilton's society may be said to have resembled Curaçoa, inasmuch as though eminently agreeable, it was not the sort of thing to take much of. He was of a very good family, who did not patronise him much—of very good means, which he was fast getting through—and of very good talents, which he turned to no profitable account.

Dobbs walked along after leaving his mother's cottage. He was obviously undecided where to go ; and he muttered to himself, in a melancholy manner—" It's not my fault—I can't stay at home ! There's my mother asleep ; and my sister at Mrs. Forrester's. I can't remain in, to read Young's *Night Thoughts*, on an evening like this." So on he marched, until he stepped mechanically outside a certain hotel, much patronised by his naval friends. Here he paused irresolute.

" Halloo, Dobbs !" cried a youth, coming up to him, and giving him a slap, which made his fat quiver like calf's-foot jelly ; " here you are again !"

Dobbs sighed. It was his friend Chilton.—" How are you ?" said Dobbs.

" Very well—as usual ! Why are you lingering about ? Why

don't you go up? My dear fellow, it's no use murmuring against destiny. I have been all my life under the domination of a Nemesis, with a pot of porter in her hand. Come along!"

So they went up stairs, and into a billiard-room, where several youths of the same age were assembled, presenting the usual phenomena—bare sleeves, chalky fingers, &c. while cigars, ready to be resumed after each stroke, lay, ends outwards, on the sides of the table.

Chilton was received in the most flattering manner.—"Here I am, you see," he said. "I just harpooned Dobbs as I came along, and hauled him up!"

"Why, Dobbs, my dear fellow," said another, "why don't you enter into the spirit of these affairs more? Your governor was a naval man, and used to floor his two bottles of port regularly. 'Gad, sir! Simpson of our ship, knew him when he was in the *Maraschino*, and says, that there was nothing so cool as the way in which he bore the loss of a bet—except, perhaps, the way in which he lost his arm!"

Dobbs's cheeks glowed with pleasure. He was so thoroughly good-natured, as to like to hear his relations praised, even better than himself; and the reflection which passed through his mind was—"These fellows are sincere at bottom."

"Well, gentlemen," said Chilton, assuming an air of importance, "I have now to announce to this honourable society, or gang, as our first-lieutenant ignominiously denominates it, that an occasion will present itself this evening for much enjoyment. You are all aware, that I have been uniformly distinguished, in public life, as a strict supporter of the institutions of this country. When in Malta, I was a conspicuous member of that *Society for the Suppression of Maltese Insolence*, which resulted in so much benefit to the degraded population of that unhappy island. I am not vain, gentlemen; but who lured the notorious dun Saijan into the second gig of the *Tulip*, and safely deposited him, to the terror of the gulls, on the fair-way buoy? Have I not uniformly protested against the audacity of the lower orders? and yet, in this town, some plebeian has had the temerity to issue the announcement, which I will now read to you."

Here Chilton drew from his pocket a crumpled hand-bill, and read to his attentive audience, the following announcement:—

‘ LIBERTY FOR EVER ! DOWN WITH TYRANTS !

A Meeting will be held this Evening, at Rummy Buildings, to explain to the people of Portsmouth, the principles of

THE POLECAT POLITICAL SOCIETY.

The proceedings will be opened by
ISCARIOT PIMPLES, Esquire, the Chairman.’

“ That meeting,” continued he, “ I propose to attend, with your concurrence.”

The proposal was instantly agreed to, and Chilton further suggested, that they should leave their watches in the charge of the marker, till they returned. He then borrowed a few lucifer matches (declining to give any reason for it) from the same individual, and the party set off.

“ Now, Dobbs,” whispered Chilton, taking him by the arm, “ keep close to me ; do whatever I do ; and, above all, stay as near the door as possible.”

Dobbs would have much rather gone home, but Chilton had obtained such an ascendancy over him, that he dare not hint at such a thing. So he walked on, amusing himself by framing excuses for his absence, to be given when he got home.

When they arrived at Rummy Buildings, they found the usual frequenters of such meetings dropping in. There were the labourers from the dockyards and elsewhere, who thought that it would be a change after the public-house, for one evening, and who attended it as they did Punch in the streets, because it was to be seen for nothing. There were the smaller section of discontented people, who came because they were sure to hear their superiors abused in better language than they could command themselves ; there were small tradesmen, who felt certain that they would not meet their wives there ; and a sprinkling of speculative persons, who, having exhausted their credit, for beer, in the neighbourhood, dropped in, for the sake of a little economical excitement. One or two of the respectable tradesmen had come to exhibit themselves, as great guns on the platform.

“ Where’s the senior churchwarden ? ” roared a dirty fellow, in the body of the meeting.

“ He’s a dining with the vicar ! ” cried some congenial spirit in the distance.

This announcement was hailed with triumphant laughter, which obviously showed, that the remark was in the eyes of the majority of the company, a biting sarcasm, and that dining with the vicar, was an act contemptible in their eyes, and of which any person ought to be heartily ashamed.

Chilton and his party found no difficulty, as the company all hurried as near the platform as possible, in securing places near the door ; and as he threw in some remarks occasionally, audible in the neighbourhood, such, as “ that he trusted this display would convince government that the people of England were not to be trifled with, &c., ” they were benignantly looked on, and taken for the sons of some of the liberal gentlemen of the county.

Presently, Iscariot Pimples, Esq. made his appearance on the platform, and drank some cold water, (the regular “ dodge ”) though, with the air of a man who was not familiar with, nor friendly to, the potion.

Chilton then further got into the good grace of the neighbours by saying—“ What an intellectual head ! ” the fact being, that the gentleman’s head, on the contrary, was retreating, as regarded the forehead, and bilged out, as regarded the posterior development, there being nothing very startling about the *ensemble* but the grog blossoms, which imparted a certain Bacchanalian poetry to its general effect.

The orator began. There was the old flourish about tyrants—and a yelp against abuses—and a bite at the aristocracy—and a snarl at the bishops. The audience cheered. The orator dropped a muddy tear for the fate of paupers, which, however, he did not show any way of alleviating. The audience groaned.

“ This is slow,” said Carisford, one of the set.

“ Where’s Chilton ? ” asked our friend Dobbs. Mr. Chilton had disappeared.

“ He can’t have bolted,” said Carisford ; “ there’s no humbug about Chil. ; let’s wait a minute.”

Just about this time, there was a palpable change in the as-



A great political crisis

J. & D. DARLING, 126, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

pect of the orator. He faltered. Good Heaven ! could he have been poisoned by a minion of the aristocracy ? He struggled to be calm, and proceeded—" The British Const—(a snort)—retire—(a gasp)—humbug—(a sneeze)."

At this moment, an explosion was heard in the centre of the room, followed by the distant roar of two policemen—" Dread seers were they of the burthen of the atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come*."

There was a dreadful commotion in the room. Just then, a man dressed in the clothes of a dockyard's labourer, passed near Carisford and the party, and whispered, " Mind yourselves, gents."

" Good God ! who's that ?" said Carisford ; but the speaker was gone.

" What does it all mean. Oh, dear!" whispered Dobbs, who was not used to adventures.

At that instant, there was another explosion, and a cloud rolled down the room. A moment, and there was an odour diffused, such as breathed from the jaws of Avernus.

" I know that smell," cried Carisford, to his friends ; " by Jove, it's a stink-pot !" In an instant, they bounded through the door, and escaped into the street.

It was then that there began such a struggle for the door, as Rummy Buildings had never before witnessed, such, as we hope, the present generation may never again behold. Black eyes were liberally bestowed on all sides ; misshapen noses yielded generous blood, &c. Meanwhile, Dobbs and his friends watched the battle " afar off."

" Hope you'll stand some beer, gents, for giving of you notice," said the labourer, they had already seen. They turned to speak to him ; off went the smock. " Well, boys, how did you like it ?" cried Chilton, emerging from the disguise he had assumed. " Come along back to the hotel."

In a few minutes, they were seated before a cold supper.

" How was it all man—" began Dobbs.

" Not a word, my dear boy, till supper is over. Here, take some punch ; don't be frightened, it's the regular two waters—

* The reader is respectfully informed, that this eloquent sentence is transcribed from Sir Edward Bulwer's brilliant *Last Days of Pompeii*.
—AUTHOR.

won't do you any harm. 'Gad, Dobbs, you ought to have been a sailor."

" But how about going home?" said Dobbs, with a dolorous expression of countenance.

" Bah ! my dear boy, it's too late to think of that to-night. I can just see your family residence in my mind's eye, at this moment. The shutters are all closed and the door bolted ; the dog has fallen asleep in the kennel, and the cat has composed herself on the hearth-rug ; the housemaid has just bid good night to the policeman ; and the page is out, spending the evening at his mother's, the charwoman."

At this stage of the proceedings, Dobbs sighed.

" Besides, my dear boy, your venerable and august mamma, having shut up the piano, put the family bible on the chest of drawers, in her bedroom, and deposited her spectacles on the looking-glass, is dreaming quietly that you are first lord of the Admiralty. Well, then, what happens if you go home. The policeman watches you as you go through the garden gate ; the dog howls, when he hears your step ; you stumble, as you go in, across the pig, who is probably about this period, loose among the polyanthus ; and everybody in the house imagines that you are a robber—deciding, when you have shown the falsity of that supposition, that you are drunk."

And so saying, the jug was passed over once more by Mr. Chilton to Dobbs ; and Dobbs did all he could do under the circumstances—he helped himself.

The supper having been cleared away, and cigars produced, the unwearied Chilton proceeded to narrate how he had managed to stop the meeting, and to create the "political crisis" already described.

The reader is probably aware, that there has been an arrangement made to instruct the youth of our navy in gunnery, and other arts of war, by the establishment of H. M. S. *Pestilent*, for that purpose. There great proficiency is attained in all that belongs to the destruction of human life and property ; and aspirants are examined in their proficiency therein, and their power tested, by their being made to construct rockets, stink-pots, and other combustibles. Mr. Chilton's abilities once fairly directed to the subject, had, of course, gained him

great knowledge of it. He had provided himself, on this occasion, with some of the choicest specimens of his art—had ignited them cautiously—bolted hastily—and, in fact, produced the result he had wished to a tittle. The diffusion of science was an object which this amiable young man always had at heart.

The evening had now advanced to a late hour. There was a volunteer of the first-class (as naval cadets were then called) present, and this juvenile had fallen asleep.

Chilton was one of those fellows who appear to “wear their hearts upon their sleeve,” yet, with regard to whom, it is soon found by “daws,” who try to “peck at” them, that the heart is only a very good imitation, whereat the daws, like the birds that flew at the grapes in the picture of the Greek, take wing again, disappointed, away. He was a good-hearted fellow naturally; no one, for example, could question his liberality; but he was suspicious of the world, and had cleverness enough to deceive it. It was one of his peculiarities, that drinking always made him serious. He was much more like what the world calls a reasoning being, at a certain period in the evening, than at other times.

He now rang the bell, and when the waiter appeared, pointed to the slumbering youth, and said—“Take that boy away, and put him to bed.”

The waiter made no remark whatever, but simply lifted up the juvenile, and removed him from the room.

“Now then,” said Chilton, “I want some rational conversation. Night was obviously intended for thought, or Providence would not have given us all these,” pointing to the stars through the window, “to look at, and hid them during the day. I want to know from you, Carisford, and you, Dobbs, and you, Pereira, now that we are all three together, whether we are to lead this life for ever? If it be action that we want, are there not other countries where action terminates in something else than street-brawls and soda-water? If it be observation, can we not find opportunities of observing man, where he is not fettered by the rusty chains of conventionalism?—And if it be luxury, there are lands where nature’s sweetest gifts are *gifts* in reality, and not as they are here, to be wrung by a golden hand from the grasp of the millionaire—who, in his

turn, has wrung them, with an iron one, from the feeble sinews of the poor."

"Hurrah!" cried Carisford, on whose nature, gay, buoyant, and thoughtless, wine produced just the opposite effect that it did on Chilton's, "hurrah for a foreign country! melons instead of ribstone-pippins—humming-birds instead of cock-sparrows—no taxes—no influenza—no prosy relations—no first-lieutenants—no gooseberry champagne—a country where you make love without being asked your intentions! Chilton, my boy, here's your health! I follow you all over the world!"

Pereira, whose nature differed from both—for though ardent and sensuous, it was silently so, and felt deeply without manifesting it outwardly, till strongly moved, or sharply goaded—rose formally, and shook the hand of both speakers, in token of his agreement.

Dobbs said nothing, though he was much influenced by the enthusiasm of the others. His common sense was strongest of the whole, and he was already calculating those awkward things in every undertaking—the details!

Carisford glanced at him, and filled his glass.

Dobbs drank mechanically.

"What means," continued Chilton, "the dissipation of young men at this time, of which grave people complain? Is it not a practical protest against a state of society which gives us no employment for our faculties? We drink, because you cannot tell us where to act according to the abilities we have. Why, my boys, when we attack the police, we are, in soul, employed against an army; our slumber in the kennel is a bivouac; and when we go to eat whitebait at Greenwich, we are emigrants in spirit, and partake of the same enthusiasm that animated Hengist and Horsa. We must fly Europe!"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Carisford.

Dobbs made his first observation for the evening at this point. It was but one word—"Money!"

Chilton muttered something about a "speculative man."

Carisford said—"Oh, that of course! We must get hold of a capitalist."

Pereira seemed to have been prostrated by the mere word. There was a pause in the conversation.

"My relatives have money," said Chilton; "but it might

just as well be in the Goodwin Sands, as far as fructifying goes. They remind me of the sea, that has all sorts of pearls in it, and doesn't know the value of them. I have some myself, but it's not sufficient for the purpose. To do anything, we must have a yacht."

"I shan't have a rap till I come of age," said Carisford, with a melancholy look.

Dobbs had been for some time in a state of deep reflection. At last, he opened his mouth, and muttered something about his aunt.

The company pricked up their ears. When men are discussing money matters, there is something wonderfully attractive in the mention of an aunt.

"'Gad, I hope you won't fall out with her, as I did with mine," remarked Chilton. "I promised the old lady, when I was going to Malta, to bring her some pebbles from St. Paul's Bay there; and she, unluckily, found out afterwards, that those I brought her were from the beach at Southsea."

Dobbs then went on to tell his attentive audience that his aunt's name was Forrester—that she had got money—that he was her heir, and so forth. To which, he added, that a certain Methodist parson had recently got great influence over her; and that, as she could not be expected to live long, there was every probability of her leaving the money at his disposal.

"Not if I can help it," interrupted Chilton. And a further conversation took place, which resulted in an agreement being made, that the united force of the company present was to be brought to bear in the matter, with a view to the utter annihilation of the influence of the parson, and, if necessary, of the parson himself; and that, in the event of the money falling into the possession of Dobbs, a yacht was to be forthwith purchased, in which the party were to proceed, to find in foreign countries, that "vent for ambition," which, according to their unanimous opinion, was not to be found in this.

"How I long to have an opportunity of benefiting mankind!" said Dobbs, in the full flow of his enthusiasm.

"Ah, Dobbs!" said Chilton, "you are just the man to make that grand desideratum of politicians, a benevolent despot!"

" And now," cried the lively Carisford, " let us proceed to finish the evening."

" Good," cried Chilton and Pereira.

" My gracious!" thought Dobbs; " I should have imagined it was finished already."

After hurrying along for some time, in a direction unknown to Dobbs, they entered a house, and found themselves in a large room, which, from the fact that fiddling was going on at one end, and dancing in the body of it, appeared to be the scene of a ball. This impression, however, was somewhat diminished by the fact, that a considerable number of the company were smoking, and by the appearance of some pewter pots. The room, in fact, displayed, in the language of a fashionable novelist, " the gleam of pewter—the glare of tallow—and the perfume of bird's eye." And yet, those young men who were dancing there, in such eccentricity of attire, and with such still greater eccentricity of gesture, were most of them men who had danced in as proud ball-rooms, as any that lie north of Oxford Street, and west of Bond Street, or within whatever limits exclusiveness may have fixed its boundaries.—There were youths waltzing with partners to whom we decline further to allude, whose ancestors had performed the stately *minuet* in the royal saloons of the *Grand Monarque*; and, to give a more homely illustration of the contrasts afforded by the scene, the blood that flowed occasionally from a tap of the "mawley" from yonder Jew slopseller, was the purest Norman.

There were all sorts of officers there—the good-looking middle-aged infantry captain; the tall awkward ensign; the burly naval master's assistant, with the pestilent stubble of an unshorn chin plainly developed; and the long, insipid-looking, snub-nosed lieutenant of marines, who plays the flute, and calls you into his cabin, to read you Milton's lines on Eve—

" Grace was in all her steps, &c."

and asks you, whether they don't apply wonderfully to Miss Podgers, the unmarried daughter of Mr. Podgers, of Laura Cottage.

There was handsome Harry Bulstrode, Lieutenant, R. N., who got his promotion, as they say, by a *liaison* with one

of the Portuguese blood royal; and stupid squinting young Glacier, son of Captain Glacier, R. N. the worthy officer who asked his midshipmen in the *Tirynthus* to lend him their mess plate, and stopped the leave of all of them, for declining to do so.

The Jews were not there in great force, inasmuch, as not long before, there had been a regular pitched battle between an English and a Jewish champion, which, it is satisfactory to know, resulted in the English champion, a sturdy marine officer, breaking two ribs and the collar-bone of his opponent. After this combat, a humble deputation waited on the officers of the *Pestilent* to request a truce, which was graciously granted.

Chilton, Carisford, Pereira, and Dobbs, returned to the hotel at an early hour in the morning. In the broad daylight, a young fellow came up to them, with the obvious intention of addressing Dobbs.

“Who is that snob?” asked Chilton.

Dobbs coloured, and looked confused.

“Cut him,” said his companion, pulling him by the arm.

“Why, halloo, Jack!” said the stranger, approaching.

Dobbs turned away his head, and the party moved over to the other side.

“Never speak to these fellows, old boy,” said Chilton, in a patronising tone.

Dobbs said nothing, but he felt rather ashamed of himself, for the youth was one of his mother’s relations, one of the unhappy dockyard birds. He was now getting very intimate with his new friends: had he not sacrificed in honour of them, one of his own family?



CHAPTER III.

THE SERIOUS AND THE LUDICROUS.



Remorse. His conscience smote him, but, unfortunately, just at the same moment, the waiter smote the door.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the waiter; "breakfast quite ready. Mr. Chilton wants to know whether you take brandy with your soda-water? Some take curaçoa, sir, but he says it's an affection."

Dobbs gave an involuntary sigh. "Nothing just now, thank you," he said. "Tell Mr. Chilton I'll be down to breakfast directly." So, completing his toilet, he descended to the coffee-room, and looking round for his friends, the waiter came up to him.

"This way, sir—private room, if you please. There's a commercial traveller in the coffee-room, sir; daren't show Mr. Chilton there."

"Hail to thee, Dobbs, who shalt be king hereafter!" cried Chilton, as he entered the room. "Sit down, my boy, and take some spatch-cock. By the way, how capital that was of Jigger, of the *Bustard*, the other day; he wanted to pass himself off as a sporting man, and began talking about shooting spatch-cocks. Poor Jigger! he is always in the rear during the march of intellect, a march, which by-the-by, a friend of mine calls the rogues' march, on account of the number of radical rascals that stick themselves in it, and pretend to be leaders."

Dobbs sat down, and was very soon in high spirits again. The attention that these youths showed him, pleased him excessively. They seemed to sneer at all mankind, but to have a great respect for him. It was this which chiefly enabled them to have such an influence over his mind. The breakfast went on very merrily; and Dobbs soon forgot, that just about that hour, his mother was going to dinner, and that his place was vacant. The conversation soon turned to the project started the night before. What a delightful thing it is to have a project, however impracticable, in one's head! Building castles in the air, is at all times a pleasant amusement; but to have two or three architects of the same age as oneself, employed at the same time, that is delightfully exciting.

"Now, *carissime*," said Chilton, "pardon the quibble; but instead of your returning to your mother, suppose we return to your aunt. You remember last night giving us a glimpse of a Hampshire El Dorado—let us have the particulars." Where-

upon Chilton pulled out a pocket-book and pencil, ready to register them with the minuteness of an auctioneer.

Dobbs went on to give him an account of his aunt's name and position, adding, that there was a sectarian preacher domiciled in the house, who, since his arrival, had gained an extraordinary ascendancy over her opinions.

"Hem!" said Chilton, "a black cloud in the horizon! Well, I shall devise something or other soon. You must introduce me; we'll all go down, and have a quiet day or two in the neighbourhood."

Dobbs did not appear to hail the notion with any very great enthusiasm; he felt a little frightened; but he answered—"Certainly, that will be capital!"

"Hollo!" cried Carisford, who had been sitting, having a little quiet abuse of the first-lieutenant of his ship, with Pereira at the window, "who's that queer-looking old dame?" and he directed their attention to an old lady, who was bending her steps towards the hotel.

They rushed to the window to look out, when, to the astonishment of all, and the unquestionable horror of one, the object of their attention suddenly looked up, and, shaking the umbrella, cried—"Oh, Johnny! that's where you spend your time away from home, is it?"

It was with difficulty that Carisford and the others restrained their laughter, as Dobbs's look of horror met their eyes.

He coloured with shame, hurriedly said—"Good bye! I'll write you a note soon," to the party, and in a few minutes was seen being led away captive by the apparition.

"The mother, I suppose," said Chilton.

"I suppose so," said Carisford. "I hear that his father made a queer match. They used to call him 'Goosey Dobbs' in the *Maraschino*. The son seems a very good fellow, however; and we must keep our eye on the aunt business. I think we had better go on board now."

This prudent suggestion was immediately acted on. Indeed, it did not do to play any tricks with the distinguished officer who commanded the *Pestilent*; that zealous man was so deeply interested in the welfare of his officers, that he actually liked to know what they talked about in the midshipmen's mess. In this laudable anxiety, he positively used to take the trouble

to avail himself of the services of a steward, whose auricular advantages were beyond the usual average ; our friends, therefore, were naturally careful about their proceedings, and went quietly off to the vessel, on this occasion, taking care, when they got on board, not to talk too loud about their adventures on shore. Had they not taken this precaution, who knows but their zealous commander might have frustrated their project ; and where would have been the history with which we trust to interest an intelligent public ?

Brokesby Hall, at the time of which we are writing, stood on the summit of a small elevation, in the county of Hampshire, about twelve or fourteen miles from the cottage of Mrs. Dobbs. The appearance of the place was rather bare, thanks to the prudent conduct of one of its proprietors, at an early period. The absence of trees, however, was not particularly disagreeable to Mrs. Forrester, who tenanted it at the date of our story. She had lived in town nearly all her life, and had grown accustomed to the absence of the beauties of nature, as a man gets accustomed in time to an ugly wife.

About a week after the capture of Dobbs at the —— hotel, as above narrated, a man of sombre appearance might have been observed pacing slowly along the avenues which led to the door of Mrs. Forrester's mansion. He was dressed in black, with a white neckcloth ; his face was decidedly intelligent, but it was marked with the small-pox, and had an expression which a careless observer would probably pass over, but which a clever man would see at once to indicate cunning.

While he was sauntering along, the postman came through the gate with a letter.—“Miss Dobbs, sir,” said the postman, handing it to him.

The gentleman in black thanked him, and walked into the house. He went up stairs. There was an elderly lady sitting there by herself.—“A letter for your niece, Mrs. Forrester,” said he.

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Tartan ! She will be down stairs directly. Indeed, I was just going up to speak to her, and I will take it up.”

“Perhaps,” said Mr. Tartan, with a deferential glance, “you will allow me to have the pleasure of delivering it myself.”

Mrs. Forrester smiled slightly, with a goodnatured air, and went out of the room.

As spring follows after winter has departed, all fresh and all beautiful—so, after the departure of the elderly lady, a girl, who was all loveliness and life, came in. The difference between her and Mr. Tartan, was the difference between Proserpine and Pluto—and Tartan, luckily, was not a god, and could not pass for one, even in Hades.

“Here is a letter for you, Miss Dobbs,” said Mr. Tartan, and he gave it her with a look which was intended to be winning.

The girl took the letter, but took no notice whatever of the look.

Mr. Tartan did not appear pleased exactly. Such is the presumption of the human race. An ugly man ought to be glad when he passes unnoticed.

Miss Dobbs read the note, and hastily quitted the room. She went up stairs to read it to her aunt, Mrs. Forrester; and, indeed, it was a note well calculated to excite surprise in so quiet a circle. It was nothing more nor less than the following:—

“DEAR CAROLINE, I am afraid (having consulted some friends on the subject) that aunt must be very dull down there. You too (as they tell me) must also think country life anything but lively. Society (I am told) is necessary to the proper enjoyment of life, and therefore (under the influence of friendly advice) I propose to come down to Brokesby soon, bringing a friend, Mr. Chilton, R.N. (no ordinary man), with me. We shall probably reach you soon after this letter.

Your affectionate brother,
“JOHN DOBBS.

“P.S. By-the-by, I almost forgot to say, that Chilton and I will be accompanied by Mr. Carisford, R.N., and Mr. Pereira, R.N.”

The above note, as may be easily imagined, was written by Dobbs, under the immediate influence of the society of the Chilton set. Dobbs had been so deeply offended by his mother taking him away in such a public manner from the hotel, that

he had broken out worse than ever. Indeed, there had been a small family quarrel between himself and his mother. She had been cautioning him against dissipation, and he had broken out in favour of his independence. "Why shouldn't I go about and enjoy myself, as well as Mr. Chilton and his friends?" Dobbs asked.

"My dear," argued his mother, "they are in a different position to you."

"My father was a gentleman, at all events, and in the position of one," said Dobbs, angrily; and this gave rise to a slight tiff between them. Besides, the youth whom he had so deliberately cut, though he was his relation, on his return from the adventures narrated in our second chapter, had been speaking to Mrs. Dobbs about it; and Dobbs, when questioned on the subject, had been incautious enough to speak of him as a "plebeian." In short, he had been getting more and more uncomfortable at home, and, in flying to the society of his naval friends for consolation, fell more under their influence than ever. A *méalliance*, though justified by common sense, religion, and philosophy, is frequently found in the long run, to justify the society which is blamed for condemning it; its bad consequences fall upon the next generation.

"Well, aunt," said Caroline Dobbs, when she had finished her brother's letter, "what shall we do?"

"Why, my dear," answered Mrs. Forrester, "your brother is, of course, welcome in my establishment; and as to his friends, why, those who are recommended by relations, ought to be received with—with—courtesy."

The old lady still retained somewhat of the oratorical turn, which distinguished her when she first captivated her deceased Forrester; but she had been tainted by his stupidity, and she was growing old, and now she had little but the form of her primary superiority to the more shrinking of her sex.

"Caroline, Caroline—I forgot—surely, they won't interfere with that worthy man, Mr. Tartan?"

"I hope not," said Caroline, with gravity; she was not particularly partial to the sectarian parson, who had obtained so much influence over her aunt.

The old lady was wonderfully governed by him. In fact, she had been so much in the habit of ruling her stupid husband,

that the cunning Mr. Tartan, a much cleverer man, obtained more power over her, in proportion. When in town, she encountered no one who attempted to exercise any spiritual influence, and now that she was in the country, leading a secluded life, and overshadowed by the fear of death, as her years advanced, Mr. Tartan naturally became an important person in her eyes.

They were still speculating on the matter, when the shrill sound of a horn was heard in the distance, played obviously by some practised performer; in another minute, a cloud of dust rose in the avenue, the pebbles rattled in among the laurel bushes in the shrubbery, and a drag of elegant construction flew up to the door. Dobbs and his friends had arrived.

Mr. Tartan went to the window, and gazed with an astonishment that did not diminish, when he saw handed out a portmanteau of no ordinary bulk.

Dobbs walked up stairs—*quantum mutatus ab illo*, who had stolen quietly up the same stairs a few weeks before! It was Dobbs, it's true—but Dobbs, in a green cut-a-way, with brass buttons, and with everything about him betokening the lively man of pleasure. He had now, in fact, become one of the “gang,” as Chilton and his friends used to be called. He had raised the devil of dissipation, and found, that of all evil spirits, he is the most difficult to lay.

He showed his friends up to a bedroom, where, during some preparations that they made, Chilton and Carisford took an opportunity of schooling him as to what he was to do. “Introduce us, old boy,” they told him, “and we'll manage the rest.”

They descended to the drawing-room, and were introduced, in due form, to Dobbs's aunt and sister.

Mr. Tartan stood near the window. He was terribly annoyed at the arrival. He calculated on a diminution of his influence.

Dobbs advanced to him, with Chilton, while the rest of the party were in the centre of the room together.

“Chilton,” said Dobbs, who always felt bold enough for anything, when he had Chilton with him, “let me introduce you—Mr. Tartan—Mr. Chilton.”

Tartan bowed stiffly, and with something of that air of

patronage, which some middle-aged gentlemen think it their duty to assume to young men.

"Very happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Tartan," said Chilton, with a pleased look.—"A relation of yours, eh, Dobbs?"

"Not a relation," interrupted Tartan, quickly.

Chilton looked at him.—"Oh, I beg pardon!"

But there was something in his look, which Tartan interpreted as meaning a great deal; indeed, that was just what the young man intended; he saw that Tartan was a cunning man, and he wished him to understand by the look—"Oh, then, my friend Dobbs is master here!" and the parson understood it accordingly, and, *secum multa revolvus*, moved away from the window.

Then there was a little group formed round a sofa, on which Mrs. Forrester sat with great dignity; and, in pursuance of a previous arrangement, Chilton led the conversation to naval matters, and then, by an easy transition, to the life and adventures of her brother, Lieutenant Dobbs, R. N. Dobbs himself did not know half so much about these, as Chilton appeared to do, and listened with an interest as great as that of his aunt or sister, to the flood of narrative which he poured out; and whenever Chilton seemed at fault, Carisford or Pereira, strangely enough, recollected the missing link in the story, and off he went again. In fact, it perfectly revived Mrs. Forrester to hear so much about her brother. The old lady had been so gloomy in her country residence by herself, that the youth and liveliness of the party seemed to revive her.

"Really, Mr. Chilton," she said, "my nephew and niece ought to be much obliged to you, for telling them so much about their father. We never heard half his adventures down here, did we, Mr. Tartan?"

"We certainly did not," answered Mr. Tartan, gravely; and Carisford quietly pressed Pereira's arm, and directed his attention to the sombre countenance of the dark gentleman.

"Nay," said Chilton, modestly, "one ought to know the history of one's own profession."

"But how capitally he tells them!" said Dobbs, with an enthusiastic gaze at his friend, which made the party laugh;

"why, you could write a very good story, founded on the sketches you gave us."

"Mr. Chilton certainly appears to have remarkable talents for fiction," said the grave Tartan.

Carisford playfully shook his fist at the speaker from behind him, to the amusement of Dobbs, who alone witnessed the performance.

"I am gratified by your compliment, Mr. Tartan," was Chilton's reply; "but, after all, as has been often quoted, 'truth is stranger than fiction'; and probably appears stranger still, when presented to those who are little familiar with her countenance. Hence the incredulity of the ignorant and the bigoted—a notable specimen of whom was the old woman who would not believe in the existence of the flying fish." Chilton made these remarks in a quiet philosophical tone.

Carisford, the lively, gave a gay laugh, which startled the circle; Dobbs looked hard at Chilton; Tartan grew a shade darker; Mrs. Forrester seemed puzzled; and Caroline glanced with a sweet timidity at the speaker's face.

"I quite agree with you, my dear boy," burst out Carisford, "about fiction being not so strange as—as truth, didn't you say? Yes, by Jove! (I beg your pardon, my dear madam—no harm though, Jove's dead!) the best fictions are, consequently, 'founded on facts,' as the phrase goes. Indeed, indeed," continued Mr. Carisford, blushing, for everybody was looking at him and listening, "fiction's like a sweet pea!"

"A sweet pea!" said Dobbs, opening his mouth as if he was going to swallow the pea, though with difficulty.

"Yes, to be sure," answered Carisford; "or like a vine, because, though very beautiful, it cannot grow without a support. Fiction is the pea—truth the stick to which it is attached." Having delivered himself of the simile, Carisford relapsed into silence, and looked very red.

Mrs. Forrester glanced at him kindly. He was an attractive and good-natured-looking boy—effeminate and delicate, but handsome—the kind of youth, in short, of whom you would predicate (to use a pedantic phrase) that he had beautiful sisters.

"Talking of truth and fiction," said Chilton, who had relapsed for a moment, after Carisford's remarks, into abstrac-

tion, "something occurs to my memory. It is strange, how that which we consider the most homely and common place, may have something associated with it as romantic as ever awed the fascinated fancy in the long tales of a northern winter's night. For instance, look round us." The company stared. "We are surrounded here with everything that breathes of England, of modern days, of wealth, of home. Nowhere would one less expect a ghost. Nay, even look through the window—that magnificent tree, whose arms stretch towards heaven, as if he wished in them, like Ixion, to embrace one of the clouds—ancient and venerable as he is, has a board on his trunk, announcing that 'all trespassers on the ground will be prosecuted.' In fact, we are surrounded by the practical on all sides."

Mrs. Forrester laughed. She was a thoroughly practical woman; but she was pleased at having her house invested with a mysterious interest, and she said—"Well, Mr. Chilton, go on."

Chilton continued—"Yet this very place, your Brokesby Hall, Mrs. Forrester, was long ago the scene of a strange story. It was then in the possession of an elderly gentleman."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Chilton," said Tartan; "your stories are interesting, but I think, in this case, we ought to have the authority."

"Very true," said the narrator, with a grave air. "You will find the story in *Porcellus, de rebus extraordinariis, que in Anglia gestae sunt.* Folio. Amsterdam, 1742*."

Mr. Tartan shrank back into silence; and Chilton's friends looked at him with curiosity.

Carisford's thoughts were, that there was something about Chilton that even he did not understand yet.

"Well," continued Chilton, "the old man was a Roman Catholic, and his possessions were considerable. It was generally believed that they had not been honestly obtained, but that, in fact, they were the result of active and unscrupulous crime. Nevertheless he was eagerly courted by a neighbouring priest, and his possessions sought by the Church notwithstanding."

* We have looked into the Catalogue of the British Museum for this work, but, we regret to say, without success.—AUTHOR.

standing ; for you have no doubt remarked, that vultures will attack and devour a carcass, be it never so tainted."

Mrs. Forrester bowed in acquiescence. She was a strict Protestant, and cordially welcomed everything against the Roman Church.

" As the old gentleman grew older, he became more and more influenced by the priest. It was the result of his fears. Why do we, I wonder, find timorousness thus showing itself in so many, even among the best of us ! Strange, that as we grow older, and draw nearer God, we should suddenly begin more and more to distrust his goodness ; stranger still, that distrusting Him, we should make no scruple of confiding ourselves wholly to one of his creatures !

" So thought the old gentleman's nephew, or son, I should say (*filius* says old *Porcellus* !) when he returned from abroad, and heard the state of affairs. Before going to see him—he had not seen the old man for years—he made inquiries about him, in the neighbourhood. There, he could not learn much, for the neighbours were afraid of the priests. The very next morning to his arrival—I suppose the priests must have heard of it—there was a grand funeral. ' It was the last religious ceremony, that the old gentleman would figure in,' said the neighbours. He had died just before.

" The will was examined ; the possessions were left to the Church, and the son was left a beggar. Often and often, he went to the ' religious ' house, as it then became ; and (as *Porcellus* says, Mr. Tartan,) '*lacrimis effusis, ut panem sibi darent, precatus est*,' begged bread, but he could not obtain it.

" One night, he had wandered towards the spot, where he hoped to have stood as master. There was revelry going on there ; for these old priests of former days, though they denied the cup to the laity (it is part of their creed), took very good care to have a cup for themselves. They tell us that our notion of jovial monasteries is an absurd one, a piece of bigotry. Bah ! I have seen myself, orgies worthy of the monks of the days of Erasmus, in a monastery perched high on one of the rocky hills of Greece, a fine heavy old grey building, clad in a garb of verdant mossiness, while round and among, and over the jutting rocks, the wild vine twists and clammers. It would be a fine

retreat for devout old age ; but at present, is a snug tavern for cowled and senile dissipation.

“ To return : the orphan wandered desolately along, when, just outside the walls (they do not exist now) that enclosed the house, he saw the crooked figure of an old man hobbling, with a stick in his hand. His wrinkled face grinned in the moonlight, and he was looking for something on the ground.

‘ What do you seek ?’ said the wanderer, to the rickety old figure.

‘ My grave,’ was the reply. The orphan started. He was about to ask an explanation, but he soon read one in the wandering light of those eyes, which were no more conscious of the objects they glanced on, than the moon’s rays, which glittered upon the wall.

‘ Look here,’ said the old man, taking the arm of his companion in his bony hand. ‘ Am I not dead ?—They say so. Yes, it must be so—and, after all, the dead dream ! What, is there no rest even in the grave ?’ The old man paused, and then said, ‘ Go to the churchyard, look at the stones, and come back and tell me whether one of them has the name of BERTRAND WYOMING !’

‘ Poor old maniac,’ muttered the stranger. ‘ And thou, then, art my father !’

* * * * *

There was a pause when Chilton reached the *denouement* of his story.

“ These priests were artful men,” he said ; “ their funeral was only a pretended one ; and they had dispossessed the old man of his property, and kept him in confinement till he lost his reason. They used to bring him out occasionally, and amuse themselves with his imbecility, and then he had picked up those wandering ideas which, being accidentally outside the gate, he had uttered to his son.”

“ Well, how did it all end ?” asked Carisford.

“ Nay,” said Chilton ; “ you must consult Porcellus.”

“ Let us thank Providence, that the days for priestly machinations are gone by,” said Dobbs.

“ Are you sure they are ?” asked Chilton, looking round at the party.

Mr. Tartan rose and left the room.

"He does not seem to like your story," remarked Mrs. Forrester, who had listened with the greatest attention to it.

"Oh, perhaps he is a Jesuit!" replied Chilton, carelessly.

The idea seemed to flash on her at once, and in her face Chilton distinctly read suspicion—suspicion, so easy to raise, but, oh! how difficult to allay.

The party had arrived towards the close of the afternoon, having dined before they came, and it was now getting late; Mrs. Forrester's household was of very early habits, and the hour of retirement drew near.

When the party broke up, Chilton lingered at the door as Caroline passed out.

"Really, Mr. Chilton," she said, in a moment of unheard colloquy, that they obtained, "after your tale, I am sure I shall see some terrible priest in my dreams."

"It is bad enough to be obliged to do so in one's waking hours," he answered; "and the modern hypocrite is more dangerous than the olden one; the laxity of the practice of his 'reformed' creed, gives him an opportunity to talk of love."

He held out his hand to bid her good night. The pressure which she returned to his was warm and soft, and the memory of it lingered pleasantly in his fingers, as the fragrance of a rose lingers in the grasp that has crushed it.

When the friends reached their apartments, in a distant part of the building, to which the prudent housekeeper had consigned them, they began to hop and jump about in one of their rooms, with that elation which characterizes youths of eccentric habits, when they escape from the decorous regularity of society.

"Who, in the name of fortune, was Porcellus?" asked Carisford.

"My dear fellow, few people are more intimate with him than yourself. He's a sad dog, I'm afraid," and Chilton and his friends burst into a loud laugh.

"This is a deuced early hour for retirement," said Carisford. "Dobbs, do you know the whereabouts of the cellar?"

But a look of such unmistakeable horror and alarm flashed on the face of Dobbs, who was not skilled in concealing his

emotions, at the question, that Carisford said—"No, no, old boy, I was only joking; we had better turn in."

They dispersed accordingly to their rooms; Carisford stayed a few moments in Chilton's, and whispered—"What a delicious creature his sister is!" More than one of the party made the same reflection, as they closed their eyes for the night.

* * * * *

"Now, for the parson," muttered Chilton, as they descended to breakfast in the morning.

But Mr. Tartan had gone away early, "on business of importance," as he said. The joy of our friends was unlimited. They talked all breakfast-time with the greatest liveliness. There was no end to their suggestions for the improvement of the garden, &c. Carisford's sisters had an aviary, and Carisford showed how one might be established, and grew learned about foreign birds; and the thoughtful Pereira became animated and enthusiastic; and Dobbs himself began to look about the estate with the air of a landed proprietor. They admitted daylight into a billiard room that had been shut up for years, took the cover off the table, and rubbed up the cues with sand paper.

Judge then of their disgust, when, at two in the afternoon, a peremptory summons to return to the ship reached the house! By sunset they were on board; and Dobbs was talking in a melancholy mood to his sister.

* * * * *

Rap, rap, went the knocker. Enter Mr. Tartan—"Dear me," said that demure gentleman, "have these interesting young men gone? Miss Dobbs, will you give your aunt this little parcel of tracts?"

* * * * *

CHILTON TO DOBBS.

*"H. M. Brig ——, Spithead.**"DEAR DOBBS,*

You would never guess all that has happened to me, during the three months that have elapsed since we were so abruptly separated at Brokesby Hall. When we got on board, I found that I was appointed to the *Magnificent*—how, goodness only knows. Such a set of puppies I never came across in my life, as the fellows there! I had not been on board three weeks, before they got up a petition to the Admiralty, to let them have a milch cow on board, a request that was almost enough to make Benbow tremble in his grave. Now old M ——, the First Lord, could not be expected to have much regard for the Magnificents, seeing, that when he visited the ship, they had the gun-room all strewed over with the opposition papers, in which he was at that time being daily lashed, with the greatest ferocity; accordingly, we were all of us distributed to small craft, and I was condemned to herd with barbarians in the ——. Here we are after a cruise, and, for mercy's sake! let me have a line to know how you are, and *how affairs go*. *Verbum suf.* I am sick of Europe, and long for opium-clipping, slave-trading, or anything; but we must have gold. The "root of all evil" has the pleasantest blossoms possible. Carisford is in the *Pestilent*, with his leave stopped. Poor Car., who has always been too lazy for the bar, and too loose for the church, now declares that he won't do for the service either. He has grown a desperate republican, and swears that he can no longer breathe the air of kings. As for Pereira, that youth is in Haslar Hospital, recovering from a fever. I am told that there has been a marked improvement in his morals, ever since he wandered through their museum, and saw a jar there with some substance in it, marked, "THIS IS THE BRAIN OF A DRUNKARD;" which subsequently proved to be the *cerebrum* of an old friend. I don't believe it. What is your sister's opinion of affairs? Write immediately."

Such was Chilton's letter ; and the next day brought an answer, hurried, blotted, scrawled, nervous, but not too late.

* * * * *

“ Bob,” said Limp, the attorney, in his office at Gosport one morning, “ saddle my pony !” The boy disappeared.

Limp combined the lawyer with the man about town ; in a word, he was a “ fast ” attorney, than which there lives no animal more despicable. He was not stupid—far from it ; he was sharp in seizing an idea ; but he was pert in enunciating it, and a bore rather in enforcing it. He was certainly what the world calls clever ; but we may better describe him, by saying, that he had, what Mr. Carlyle calls “ that sharp attorney-cunning, which mistakes itself, and is sometimes mistaken for real talent, which yet it is not, and never can be.”

Limp was ashamed rather of his profession, and tried to sink it. He wished to be thought an independent man of pleasure, and assumed airs to his two clerks, which were quite amusing to witness. It was not without giving due effect to the order, that he demanded his pony on the present occasion. The pony was brought, but he did not mount it till he had attracted the attention of two or three of the neighbours. Then the stirrups must be lengthened : finally, with a spring, which he had practised, at the expence of some scores of clumsy tumbles, in a riding-school, Limp vaulted in the saddle, and cantered down the street.

Before he got out of the town, however, he descended at a tavern ; there he asked some questions about the garrison races, or the yacht squadron, or something of that sort, and partook of a glass of ale, after which he set off once more. The business he was on was business of importance, but he was far too vain and impudent to let that disturb him much. Limp would have sauntered away superciliously from the earthquake at Lisbon, with nose turned up all the way, though all the while secretly trembling with dread. Impudence hides many deficiencies—as dirt will stop up holes, if laid on thick enough.

He cantered on, out of the town, along the broad road, be-

tween the hawthorn hedges, under the arching trees. Nature smiled around, but she did not please him. The birds sang, but he did not listen to them ; the river murmured, but it did not soothe him. The trees only suggested injunctions against cutting down timber, and the river reminded him of an action about a water-mill.

Suddenly, a spark of human feeling lighted up the soul of Limp, as the gaudy sign of a little country inn flashed in the sun, through the trees in front of it. The pony was thirsty, and so was he, and "refreshment for man and beast" was a welcome announcement : he gave a sudden start forward, to reach the door at a gallop. As he did so, a young man, who had been watching out of the window, suddenly drew back his head inside. Limp did not perceive the motion. He entered the house, leaving his pony in charge of the ostler.

"Up stairs, sir, if you're going to sit down," said the landlord.

He nodded, and bounded up quickly ; but an awkward servant had spilt something on the steps ; as he reached the top step, he stumbled, and fell forward. There was a crash. He started up, put his fingers in his waistcoat pocket, and drew them out bleeding—he had smashed his watch ; and in that one fall, away went the profits of two ejectments of poor tenants—one washerwoman sold up—the prosecution of a couple of poachers—the utter ruin of a distressed needlewoman—and the defence of a drunken prize-fighter, for assault on two different occasions.

As he regained his footing at the door of the room, it was opened by a stranger, a young gentleman of unquestionable elegance of appearance.

"Not hurt, I trust," he asked of Limp, who was gazing at his wounded finger and broken watch, and thinking what a pity it was, that he could not bring an action against himself for assault.

Limp groaned ; but it would not do, he thought, to appear to feel any great sorrow for the loss of a watch, before a stranger, obviously of birth, and possibly of fortune, so he merely said— "Oh, no, sir, a trifle. I've smashed this little *bagatelle*," said he, supereciliously. "However," he looked up at the clock in the

room, "surely, that cannot be right!" and then he glanced at the ruins of the watch once more, but nothing could be gathered from them in the way of information.

"I believe that clock to be quite right," said the young gentleman.

"It's earlier than I thought, then," said Limp; and having rung the bell, he procured some of his favourite refreshment, ale. As he glanced round the room, his eyes lighted on a betting book—and, what the Koran is to a Mahomedan—what Terence was to Erasmus—what a blue book is to a political economist—the *Times* newspaper to a fund-holder—or Bulwer's last novel to an imaginative girl—that, and more than that, was a betting-book to Limp. He turned the conversation at once to the next race, and his companion joined in it with the greatest apparent relish.

Limp, in a quarter of an hour, was delighted; for this young man was apparently a master of the subject. Not only did he tell Limp to whom each horse belonged, and what were its chances, but where it was bought, and how much was paid for it. Nor did he confine himself to races at home. *Estut infelix angusto limine mundi!* He dilated on the hurdle races of old days at Gibraltar, and the runs of the Calpe hunt in the edges of the Cork forest. He described the sporting at Malta, along the water's edge at Slima—how a barb, that had a few months' before toiled patiently along the *Strada Reale* in a *caleche*, won the most important races one great year—how Jacky Splay, of the *Blunderbuss*, used to go on shore at daylight, without leave, to gallop one of his horses in the morning, in preparation for the event. He then made an excursion to Corfu, where the race-ground (of more pretension than that at Malta) is actually of turf; and wound up with a glowing eulogium on racing, as a means of diffusing capital over the surface of society, and improving at once the breed of horses and men.

"Sir," said Limp, "you express my sentiments to a T! Sir, I honour you!" and Limp drank to the stranger with a (Tottenham) courtly air, and a graceful bow.

Some time passed in the interchange of congenial sentiments, when suddenly, from the depths of the soul of Limp, dawning

the feelings of the attorney. He remembered his business ; but how was he to break away abruptly, from this accomplished stranger ? He fidgeted restlessly in his chair, fingered the remains of his watch, and then jumped up, and muttered something about going on.

His companion said, looking out of the window at Limp's pony, which, in the charge of the ostler, was peacefully awaiting his master in front of the house—" Oh, it's easy to make up lost time with that animal !"

While Limp smilingly welcomed the compliment, a noise on the road, in the direction opposite to that in which he had come, attracted the attention of both ; and, at some distance from the house, they saw a horseman, splendidly mounted, flying towards the town, at a furious pace. He neither paused nor looked up at the inn. As he passed, Limp gazed with admiration ; his companion drew back behind him, and when a turn of the road left nothing visible but a whirling cloud of dust of the horseman's flight, burst into a loud laugh. Limp looked round rather suspiciously at this shew of untimely merriment.

" I was thinking," said his companion, " what capital fun it must be, for that fellow to find himself too late, after such a ride."

" Too late !" repeated Limp, mechanically ; and then he started up ; " I'm afraid I must be too late also—that clock must be wrong."

" I'll see," said the other ; and he left the room, as if to make an inquiry.

Limp paused a moment, and then went to the door himself. He paused again, for it was locked. This seemed inexplicable. Then he pulled the bell ; but there was no sound. He tugged again—and again, and down came the rope. He looked at it, and saw that several of the strands near the top had been severed with a penknife. Then he went to the window ; his misery reached its climax. Where was his pony ? He gnashed his teeth—and set down his late companion as a highwayman.

At last he resolved to escape by the window ; and with that object, carefully secured one end of the bell-rope inside

the room, and lowering the other end outside the window, prepared for his descent.—“ False imprisonment, by Jove !” muttered Limp, as he crawled over the lower sill. Then seizing the rope, and gradually lowering his long legs, which sprawled along the wall, like the branches of a vine, he commenced descending. Half-way down he looked towards the ground, and his eyes met those of a remarkably-fine Hampshire pig. He then felt a thrilling vibration in the rope, and looking up, saw a hand, a very white hand too, peeping over the edge of the window, armed with a knife, with the apparent object of cutting the rope. Limp then felt that, literally, his fate hung on a single thread. He plucked up courage, and let himself fall. Down he came ! The poultry below cackled—the pig grunted, and ran off, passing rather awkwardly between his legs—but he stood among them unhurt.

“ Thank God !” muttered Limp, finding himself all safe ; and at this moment he heard a laugh above—a silvery laugh, and marvellously like a girl’s—one of those laughs which, to use what all “ judicious ” critics will condemn as an extravagant simile, are a kind of human bells, that summon the heart to the worship of beauty, and the devotion of love.

Limp found the house closed up ; but he saw his pony grazing in a field, and securing him, started again on his journey. The most unexpected annoyance he had been subjected to, weighed heavily on his spirits, and terribly wounded his vanity ; and, as night came on, the shadows growing deeper and deeper, darkened his spirits. He rode on as fast as he could, feeling a presentiment that he was too late. When half the distance, he saw, from the direction whence he was tending, a sudden gleam of fire. He looked anxiously, and there burst across the heavens, from the darkness of the horizon, a rocket ; it shot into the air, in a curved stream of fire, glittered for a moment in an arch of sparkling drops, burst into a blaze of brightness, and vanished into the gloom of night.

Limp knew not that a human life had vanished just before it—that this plaything of men was, in this case, a signal of fate—and that the dark trees round about his journey had been lighted up that instant by a brilliant messenger of death ; that though he knew not this, yet, from some feeling which he

could not explain, he rode on, with a heart heavier than before.

Meanwhile, ere Limp had long left the inn of his discomfiture and delay, the room which he had lowered himself from had been tenanted by a party deeply interested in his proceedings. The party consisted of three young gentlemen, known to the reader as Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira. They had met, like the witches in Macbeth, for the purposes of mischief.

“By Jove,” said Carisford, “you did it very well, Chilton! But might not he reach yet in time?”

“Hardly possible,” said Chilton, who was very pale and nervous.

They stood at the window, which was open, and looked into the night.

“How lucky that Tartan did not stop here on his way,” said Carisford; “but, however, we would have served him in a similar manner.”

Chilton did not reply to the remark; but he muttered, from one of the beautiful poems of Chatterton—

“Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briared dell below;
Hark! the deth owle loud doth sing,
To the night-mares as they goe!”

“No,” said Carisford, “I think—

‘We long to hear the raven,’

would be a more apt quotation.”

“Hush!” said their companion, Pereira; “don’t remind us, more than you can help, that we are committing a sin!”

At this moment, the rocket that Limp saw burst into the air; it was the signal that they were looking for, and told them that Mrs. Forrester had died intestate.

“Blessed be all irresolute old women!” said Chilton; “she could not make up her mind till it was too late; and our securing the attorney, has secured the money to Dobbs: but it was a hazardous game, and very wrong!”

"Wasn't it a capital rocket?" asked Carisford, who did not seem capable of a serious impression. "That rocket was of my construction, and, by Jove, it's a credit to Her Majesty's service!"

Thus do the serious and the ludicrous jostle and influence one another in life; and thus our friend Dobbs became an inheritor of property through a schoolboy freak of his friends. He did not know how it was managed, as Chilton was afraid of flattering what he called Dobbs's "prejudices," by the narration. Dobbs went into elegant mourning; and Caroline may be said to have been like the sable-plumed swan, so beautiful did she look in the "garb of woe," as those ironical gentlemen, the undertakers, call it.

It certainly was very kind of Chilton, to behave so attentively as he did on the melancholy occasion. He wrote a consolatory letter to Dobbs (intended for the mother's eye of course), that excited the admiration of the whole house by the beauty of the composition. They were touched by the tender melancholy which breathed through the whole, while the philosophical resignation inculcated charmed the moral sense. The letter ought to have been good, for it was judiciously compounded from the best authors; and, probably, had Dobbs been familiar with a celebrated letter to Cicero, on the death of his daughter—not to mention one of Swift's on a similar occasion, and various compositions of the same sort—he would not have admired his friend's talent so much as he did; but luckily for the writer, the parties to whom the letter was addressed, met with these sentiments for the first time; and the borrowed feathers were praised for natural plumage.

And now the object of the ambition of Dobbs and his young associates seemed to be within their reach, and they availed themselves of it.

A yacht-schooner, rigged, was promptly purchased by Dobbs, Carisford insisting on her being fumigated, because she had been last in the possession of a serious family. The difficulties experienced in preparing her would occupy a long detail: a discussion of four hours, at least, was held on her name, long before anybody of the party knew even what her tonnage was,

or had any useful information concerning her qualities at all. Pereira suggested something poetical—the Snowdrop, for example. Carisford stuck out boldly for having her named after some celebrated female ; and the association was nearly divided by a quarrel on the subject.

“ What do you say to Messalina, then ? ” asked Chilton, ironically.

“ She was very likely an injured woman,” remarked Carisford, in perfect seriousness.

“ Perhaps, then, we had better call her the ‘ Elizabeth Brownrigg,’ at once,” pursued his friend.

“ Oh, call her ‘ Joanna Southcote,’ if you like,” said Carisford ; “ you are destitute of imagination ! ”

“ Thank God, I’ve got common sense, at all events. Why, we’ll be the laughing-stock of Europe, if you have it all your own way ! ”

“ Let us have something eastern,” said Pereira ; “ the ‘ Bulbul,’ or the ‘ Pomegranate.’ By the way, we intend to treat in a future number of the *ORIENTAL TRAVELLER, VIEWED AS A BAGMAN.*

Dobbs, whose only duties were to pay money when ordered to do so, took but a small part in these discussions.

“ Suppose we call her the *Baboon*,” said Carisford ; “ men are often called so ; but I do not recollect such a ship in the Navy List.”

It was finally settled that the vessel should be called the *Baboon*, which title, being in ostentatious defiance of public opinion, was unanimously approved of.

A sailing-master was next chosen. This man was a Scotchman, one Mr. M‘Mizen, of long nautical experience, and who though he had been successively a whaler, slave-trader, smuggler, and a pirate, was a great patriot and a strong Presbyterian. He took the situation with eagerness, remarking that he would “ take care of the lads.”

The next point settled, was the important one of the Constitution of the society ; and it was decreed, that Dobbs should be King ; and that the others should form an Executive Government.

Chilton was appointed the Prime Minister.

At last the *Baboon* was completely ready for sea. She was a vessel with a long low hull, and painted inside a bright orange colour—outside, she was perfectly black, with the exception of a thin white riband which encircled her like a thread. No wind ever wantoned on the water more airily and delicately than she did ; and her canvass was as brilliantly white as a summer cloud, such as you may see floating softly as a breath, over the bare head of Lebanon. Chilton and his friends left the Navy, and the final preparations for sailing were made.

Meanwhile, the gradual progress of the *Baboon* had attracted attention in various quarters. Some whispered that she was being prepared for a pirate ; others, worse still, that she was going out with missionaries. Stories were told about guns being taken on board in the dead of the night, &c. &c. and many ingenious lies, like ebony, at once black and brilliant*, were narrated at dinner-tables in Portsmouth, touching the vessel and her proprietors : it was thought advisable by Government to keep an eye on her, and H. M. brig *Tulip* was sent round from Sheerness to watch her.

When the *Tulip* arrived, she hovered about under easy sail. The first night after her arrival, while she was dodging outside the Isle of Wight, it chanced that the middle watch fell to the lot of Lieutenant Bulbous. Bulbous felt sleepy, and Bulbous was rather drunk ; so, Bulbous quietly went below, and comfortably went to bed. The quartermaster of the watch seeing such an excellent example set him, composed himself to sleep in the hammock-nettings ; the midshipman, of course, went below ; and the man at the wheel lashed the helm a-lee, and took a nap as coolly as the rest of them.

The brig, being left to her own resources, began to wander round and round, and waltz on the ocean, for her amusement. The captain, hearing the flapping of sails, and plashing of water, rushed on deck, and summoned the officer of the watch, to demand an explanation.

“ Why, sir,” said Bulbous, “ I came on deck—found it blowing—raining—I can’t do it for the money !”

* A thought suggested by Balzac’s remark on the style of Tertullien.

In the interim, the *Baboon* had dashed down the chanel, passing them as swiftly as Mercury bearing a message from Jove.



CHAPTER IV.

PROGRESS OF THE "BABOON."

This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or *sailors turned to swine*.

MACAULAY'S *Virginia*.



MORNING dawned, black and lowering, on the *Baboon's* first night at sea; the clouds hung like patches of dirt in the watery sky; and the sun, when their flying masses disclosed his face, glared between them, looking like one great round drop of blood. In short, it was a morning that on shore merely disagreeable — at sea, was absolutely sublime. On shore, the dense smoke of cities, mingling with the wet clouds, hid the sun's face and stayed his struggling rays — at sea, the winds drove away the wet clouds before them, and every instant the sun's face shone upon watching seamen, like a ball of fire. On

shore, huge cities began slowly to awake to the dull duties of a dark day. Sordid trade with gloomy activity went to its tasks, and wretched uncared for poverty shivered along the streets. Flying leaves and whirling dust, hid the country and clouded the landscape. The peasant plodded through dirt to toil, and forlorn birds huddled themselves in their naked plumage, under dreary hedges. At sea, the descending light of the morning showed the green surface of ocean sparkling with white sails ; no flying leaves, no whirling dust hid *that* expanse ; ships rested on the bosom of their mother ocean, and seamen, sheltered by the stout bulwarks of their oaken dwellings, went sturdily to their work ; the porpoise leaped headlong and exulting through the waves ; and the sea-bird swept along their surface, in proud and exulting flight.

If a ship be to a seaman a prison, with a chance of being drowned, what, after all, is his cot to the labourer, but a prison, with a chance of being starved ?—a better chance too, as affairs go, and a worse prison.

Morning found the *Baboon*, as the wind gradually declined, in the fair-way of the channel, as was shown by the sand and shells, which the faithful “lead” brought up when hove ; and morning too, as it became more advanced, became more agreeable. The sublime merged gradually into the beautiful ; the colour of the sun grew paler, yellower, as warmth began to breathe itself into his milky rays ; gradually, too, his orb dilated, as you may see dilate the pupil of a lustrous eye ; gradually the blackest clouds went—nobody cared where ; gradually the wind got softer, sky more blue, air more dry. The *Baboon*’s canvass changed gradually from the brown hue, which rain had given it, to its primitive white, as a dun falling cloud freezes into snow. The drops on the rigging, first glittered, then dried in the sun. Finally, it became a beautiful morning, and high time for breakfast !

So thought Chilton, who had kept the morning watch, for he and his friends, Carisford and Pereira, had organised themselves into the orthodox three watches. In fact, it was their object to establish on board, as near an approach to man-of-war discipline, as they could. We cannot assert of them, however, that they ever carried their enthusiasm on the subject to the pitch, that a late noble lord did, who bargained with his yacht’s

crew, to pay them extra wages, for the privilege of flogging them when he thought proper. Probably, their education had not been sufficiently aristocratic, to enable them to appreciate such an expensive luxury.

Chilton, finding the morning looking so fine, summoned Mr. M'Mizen, who had not been in his hammock the whole night, and indeed, seemed not to have any intention of sleeping at all—"Mr. Mizen."

"*MacMizen, if you please, Sir,*" said the fastidious functionary, whose Scotch we translate ; "M'Mizen of Bluter, sir, in the Stewartry, near Knock, son of M'Mizen of Humph, whose father was Laird of Unco, and died just at the time of—

"The har'st afore the Sherra Muir ;"

concluded Mr. M'Mizen, not able to resist the temptation of quoting Burns as a wind up.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. M'Mizen," said Chilton, who was always, on system, more courteous to an inferior, than to anybody else ; "will you be good enough to call the gentlemen below ?"

The sailing-master departed for the purpose, and in a short time Carisford and Pereira made their appearance with him ; Pereira rather indignant at Mr. M'Mizen's having come forward to help him up the ladder, with an exclamation of "Puir wee lammie !"

"Good morning, boys," said Chilton to his friends : "well, how did you sleep, after your watches ?"

"Somewhat badly, owing to the howling of the ocean, and the snoring of Dobbs," replied Carisford.

"Well, it's satisfactory to know that he got to sleep at all, poor fellow !" said Pereira ; "he was terribly ill when I went below at twelve, and I applied brandy, and persuaded him to come up for a little fresh air."

"Let us leave Mr. M'Mizen in charge, and come below to breakfast," suggested Chilton.

They descended, and found their servant, a youth whom they had engaged, and who being dressed in a livery which comprised the liveries of all his masters in one, looked rather

like a harlequin—busy in the preparation of the morning meal.

The centre of the white china plates was painted with the arms of the SOCIETY, which, for the information of future heralds, we describe as follows: shield *argent*; three skulls *or*, with tumblers pendant from the noses thereof, *gules*. These arms were not chosen without reflection, or reason; far from it. The shield was *argent*, viewing *argent* as a symbol of purity: the three skulls represented the skulls of Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira, and their being *or*, had reference to the golden value which these youths set upon their heads, respectively. Why there were tumblers on the coat of arms, may be easily guessed—they were emblems of conviviality; and coloured *gules* with reference to the colour of a favourite liquid. The motto of the society was, *Per ardua ad alta*; a motto, which we have reason to believe to be a very good one.

“A very nice cabin indeed,” said Chilton, looking round with a patronising air: “nicely decorated. Pereira, you had the amenities under your charge, I believe?”

Pereira bowed.

“Sir, you have deserved well of the Republic. Let me see; you, Carisford, took the victualling department?”

“Yes,” said Carisford, “I know my responsibility to be great; but I flatter myself that I have acted as becomes my position. Try that ham—taste yon bitter ale—or deeply dive into yonder pie—a miracle of the pie order of architecture!”

“Capital, all!” said Chilton; “but let us breakfast now; and afterwards each member must report on the state of his department. Let us waken old Dobbs. Boy, go up, and tell Mr. M'Mizen to report any change, or anything that heaves in sight, to me.”

All three then went forward to a cabin next the chief one—the cabin devoted to purposes of sleep. They advanced to one of the little berths, and gently drawing aside the green silk curtains, the three youths gazed on the tranquil figure of their slumbering monarch. Good-natured Dobbs's honest rosy face lay on the pillow, with that sort of mixture of good nature and intelligence on it, which you may see in the expression of some of Mr. Landseer's dogs. (The comparison is no insult.) There was something so helpless, so benevolent, so simple, in the look

of this fat good fellow, whom they had dragged from his quiet home and hearth, that the three friends surveyed his sleeping figure with a half-feeling of remorse.

“ Bless the old boy !” said Carisford, enthusiastically, “ I could hug him !”

“ Sleep on, sleep on, a thousand times sleep on !” said Chilton, breaking into an extemporary parody of Don Quixote’s famous address to the slumbering Sancho ; “ thy honest, and withal rather caroty head, is troubled with no strange speculations. Thou hast not to deal with scheming guardians, nor ingeniously to prepare for the taking up of accommodation bills. Thou lovest no unapproachable heiress in hopeless resignation : neither dost thou torment thy brain with political fantasies ; nor rack and dim it by metaphysical speculation—but all thy thoughts are centred on—”

“ Breakfast,” said the servant, entering the cabin.

The laugh which followed on the interruption awoke Dobbs. He stared at his friends, and then uneasily round the narrow cabin.

“ Good morning—here’s a beautiful morning !” said Chilton ; “ how capitally well you look !”

Dobbs, finding the vessel far more quiet than she had been during his agony of the preceding night (he had been terribly sea-sick), rose up cheerfully. In conformity with an ancient regal custom, his courtiers handed his clothes to him, in spite of his protestations against it. They then all walked into the cabin, and seated themselves to a very good breakfast.

“ Grill, Dobbs ?” said Carisford.

“ Thank you—I’ll take some.”

“ *Le Roi le veut !* ” said Chilton, gravely, passing the plate over to him.

The meal then proceeded in a most promising manner, considering that it was their first one at sea ; and Mr. M’Mizen having reported that the breeze kept fair and steady, the associates remained in the cabin to examine their stock, and discuss future proceedings.

The *personnel* of the vessel, and the more serious matters generally, had occupied Chilton’s attention. He had not manned her, as ships are sometimes manned in the navy, where commanders have been known to send officers to make the un

employed men about the sea-ports drunk in the taverns, for the purpose of cajoling them out of their good certificates, and thus compelling them to enter ; no, had he had the power fifty times over, he would not have resorted to this despicable practice, which is as wicked as impressment, and has an additional baseness, peculiarly its own, and the property of those who invented it, and those who carry it out. But he had judiciously sought his men, by large promises of pay to old experienced sailors ; and as there are many very singular characters among these persons, the crew of the *Baboon* comprised several hideous and eccentric villains.

But let us have his own explanation, that morning delivered to the Society.—“Gentlemen,” said Chilton, “a bear is all right, so long as he is well fed and decently treated—

‘ The patient ass, up flinty paths,
Plods with his weary load ;’

but we want a nobler animal. Who knows what we may require the crew to do ?”

A groan from Dobbs.

“ Accordingly, I have been obliged to overlook certain considerations, for the sake of certain other considerations, in providing men. In fact, among the lot, we have two fellows who have committed bigamy—”

“ Luxurious dogs !” exclaimed Carisford.

“ A whaler, two smugglers, a sprinkling of slave-traders, and only one pirate, I assure you. I limited myself to that solitary luxury !”

“ And, pray, who is our Mr. M‘Mizen ?”

“ A dash of all—but not a bad fellow,” was the reply.

Pereira, having taken under his charge all that pertained to the provision of the amenities, reported next ; and had a box of books brought up from the hold. And here, again, we must remark on another difference between the management of the *Baboon*, and that of some men-of-war. The library of the *Baboon* was well-chosen, and speedily arranged for use ; whereas, will our readers believe it ? the persons who organize libraries for the men employed in the service, actually introduce works of religious controversy ; and, in many cases, the books supplied are never hoisted out of the hold during the

ship's commission. Pereira had fallen into some slight errors, having once obtained a *Comic* instead of a *Nautical* Almanac (a defect only repaired at the last moment); and having, in his anxiety to secure an *Orbis veteribus notus*, nearly forgotten the charts. He had also ordered a dozen superfluous copies of one work; but was graciously pardoned by the SOCIETY, on pleading that an opportunity would probably present itself of exchanging them for niggers.

Under his dictation they hung up the portraits of celebrated men, which had been selected for the ornament of the cabin. There was one of Captain Cook, who was murdered by savages in the South Seas; and one of Admiral Byng, who was murdered by savages in England: these were the martyrs, and were hung up together. Then there was a portrait of Admiral Collingwood, the best man ever produced by the English navy, and who would have been far more admired, if he had *not been* such a good man. But these portraits, in honour of nautical men, were not the only ones; for our SOCIETY did not aim at being nautical only; and our record of their proceedings will not be found to be a tar-and-pitch narrative. We shall not intrude nautical slang wholesale into our pages. There will be no shivering of timbers—quids will be avoided—and pig-tails cut—as they very properly were, in the navy, many years ago. Briefly—this is “no fable” (as our motto to this chapter declares) of “sailors turned to swine.”

Carisford's report on the provision department was, upon the whole, as satisfactory as that of any of the others. A captain of the old school would have shuddered at the catalogue of the preserved meats, and fainted at the list of wines. Had such a stock been in a midshipman's mess in the navy, the commander would have tried to make the enjoyment of it as little as possible. The lieutenants would have condemned it—and dined and supped on it, whenever they could get a chance.

When they had all three thus given an account of their various exertions for the common weal (Dobbs, by the by, was checked in a detail of the sums paid), it was resolved to go on deck; and then they took the opportunity of teaching the King (monarchs are, alas, hard to teach!) various details connected with the management of the vessel. The lead was “armed,” and hove for his instruction, and he was shown how to “mark”

a lead line—white bunting at five fathoms—red at seven—how nine fathoms was “a deep,” and ten marked by a piece of leather, &c. Next, the log was hove, for him to learn that operation; and Chilton expatiated on the misery of heaving it at midnight, when going at the rate of nine or ten knots, and how his delicate fingers used to be hurt by the sharp cold flying line, when he was a midshipman of the watch in a man-of-war. Dobbs was not slow in learning these details; and then, as the day advanced close on the hour of noon, Chilton took the opportunity of producing his quadrant, and further showing Dobbs how to take the sun’s altitude.

“Now, my boy,” he began, “suppose yourself midshipman in a man-of-war, instead of Monarch of this Society, which (as your late aunt would have said, in Johnsonian language), combines the enthusiasm of the Crusaders, with the courage of the Norman conquerors, and the talents and acquirements of the Jesuit missionaries. Well, of course, you would have to go through this operation every day, and send a return to the captain—not that he would feel any anxiety as to your improvement in navigation, but then, his insisting on the return, would give him an opportunity of boring you. You begin, by taking a glass of “swizzle” in the berth (boy, some swizzle!) then you come up to the poop, and commence bringing the sun down to the water’s edge, thus—where you keep him dancing on what is strangely called his ‘lower limb’—there, you see, you have him rolling on the horizon, like a golden skittle ball!—Having accomplished that, you wait till he dips below, and then read off the apparent altitude. You can employ the interval till he dips, in chaffing one of the marine officers, if any of them happen to be up at the time. Thus, for example, you might complain, that the cock-pit was infested by bugs, and suggest seriously that they probably came out of the marines’ caps, which are kept in the beams there.—Ah,” Chilton cried out, “he has just dipped!”

“Strike eight bells,” cried Carisford; and the yacht’s bell rang over the water. The crew then went down to their dinner, and Chilton proceeded to show Dobbs how the latitude was ascertained from the altitude of the sun.

The King observed a laudable inquisitiveness, and kept asking the “why” of every step of the calculation.—“Why

does the adding, or subtracting the declination to, or from the true altitude, according to circumstances, produce the latitude?" asked Dobbs.

"Oh, my dear fellow," Chilton replied, "mathematics is not my *forte*! We weren't taught the theory in the ships I served in. Depend on it, Dobbs, that of the thousands who have taken the sun's altitude to-day, not one in every two hundred knows anything about it, or is in the least acquainted with that magnificent system, which embraces Creation in a net-work of triangles!"

"I don't feel any the worse for it," observed Carisford, in a consolatory tone. "Ignorance is bliss. What is a chicken? what is the fire that roasts it? what is the spit that it turns on? above all, what is the cook who superintends it? whence and whither does he come and go? is he an immortal soul, or simply a transitory and perishable cook? don't let us bother ourselves on such subjects, but eat the chicken, and be thankful."

"Carisford, you're an ass," said Chilton sententiously; and Car. took huff, and went below to the cabin, where he played all sorts of wild airs on a piano there, which we forgot to enumerate among the amenities provided by Pereira. But, in a short time, happening to play one, which Chilton had heard Miss Carisford, his friend's sister (a sweet girl, as all admitted, and some knew too well), perform in the mansion of old Carisford, Chilton became suddenly seized with a touching feeling of remorse, and dived down the hatchway to the cabin, where there occurred one of those pathetic reconciliations, which are only a shade less ridiculous than the quarrels which precede them.

"I was entirely in the wrong," said Chilton. "Your remark was singularly philosophic in tone, and brilliant in expression."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. It was a useless and absurd observation."

"Nay, excuse me. I was a complete boor."

"Far from it; you were right, and I was an ass."

"I am of opinion that you are both in the right, now," observed Pereira, which had the effect of finishing the conversation, and the mended friendship was cemented by a glass of

Curaçoa. Indeed, these little trifles always formed a rather plausible excuse for a similar indulgence.

In the afternoon, they all assembled on deck, and employed themselves in watching the various ships which were scattered over the channel in sight of the *Baboon*. Dobbs had then an opportunity of acquiring a further knowledge of some nautical matters. They pointed out to him the difference between a ship and a barque—a brig and a schooner, and gave him hints on the various destinations of each, and the nature of the people on board.

“What’s that great big one, with the three masts, Chilton?” asked the King.

“Oh, that’s an East Indiaman, outward bound.”

“And what cargo do they carry?”

“With the more plebeian details of trade,” replied his prime minister, in a dignified manner, “I am naturally unacquainted; but I know that their outward cargo, as far as I have ever learned anything of it, consists, in no unimportant degree, of Indian officers returning from furlough, ditto ditto cadets going out to join the army, various adventurers in different lines of business, young ladies departing to seek husbands, and, occasionally, missionaries bound to the Cape.”

“They must find it what you call slow!” remarked the King.

“From what I have heard of it, yes; but they manage to rub through with it; so, that even the quiet young men who make up their minds in anticipation of its being dull, to study Hindustani on the way out, generally find, when they arrive, that they haven’t had time, and not unfrequently that they have learned *écarté*, or whist, instead. Then, you know, they publish journals on board sometimes, and libel each other, and some intellectual distraction may be found in sleep, flirting, brandy-and-water, and cigars.”

“That thing’s a brig?” pursued Dobbs.

“Yes,” said Chilton, and he surveyed her through a glass; “and a neat brig, too, probably bound to Madeira. I dare say that there are eyes looking from her now, which will never see these waters again; for Madeira, you know, Dobbs, is the refuge of the victims of our English consumption, a disease

transmitted us, together with our share of the national debt, by our ancestors."

" Both originating in a tendency to waste," said Carisford.

" Talking o' Madeira, sir?" began Mr. M'Mizen, who had gradually moved a'ft to the group, with a calm, shrewd, deferential smile, completely Scotch.

" Well, what of it, Mr. M'Mizen?" Carisford said, receiving the veteran very courteously.

" I mind an anecdote no altogether wi'thoot a certain interest touching ane o' our Scotch gentry, wha went there in a consumption. I hae a note of it here," and M'Mizen produced a black tome, which he had gone for when he heard the turn taken by the conversation, and turned over some blank leaves at one end of it, written on, in ink that had faded, till it was as yellow as an old woman's skin.

" Why," said Pereira, glancing at the book, " it's a Bible!"

" Weel, sir," said M'Mizen, " and shall a man not hae ane book, at all events, wi' a note o' his family's names in it?"

" Quite right," remarked Chilton, who could not help laughing at Mr. M'Mizen's reasons for preserving his copy of the scriptures. (M'Mizen has his companions, reader).

Mr. M'Mizen having refreshed his memory, not without illustrating his observation by casting a long glance of interest on the Davids, Peters, and Alexanders of the M'Mizen race, whose names figured in the pages, proceeded.—" Sir William Marling o' Glumcairn was see far gone in the disease o' consumption, that ye might say his legs were nae thicker than a linnet's. Sae he resolved to go to Madeira, and try and prolong his stay in this world some few weeks longer. He embarked a' his luggage at Liverpool, and last o' all (Sir William was aye eccentric), he brought on board his coffin. The sailors didna half like it; it was a feydom sign! The ship sailed, and Sir William grew waur and waur. At last, he gaes to the surgeon, and asks him to speak downright plain out to him, how long he might hope to live; and the surgeon made naething o' telling him, that he had but a few days at langest. Sir William said naething, but he just went, and had his coffin lifted out o' the hold."

" What an extraordinary old man!" interrupted Carisford.
" Well, did he die?"

" I'm coming to that," replied Mr. M'Mizen, who was naturally a little annoyed at the interruption ; " he had the lid taken off, and the coffin, that awfu' emblem o' mortality, was found to be naether mair nor less than choke fou o' the verra best clarrit."

Here the introduction of the claret induced M'Mizen to proceed to draw a brilliant picture of Galloway, in the last century, when quantities of that princely wine were smuggled there, by an enterprising population. We omit this part, suggesting the miserable contrast of to-day's state of affairs, and drop at once the claret and some *lagrima*.

" What was the end of it ?" asked Chilton.

" He drank, and drank, like a real old Scotch laird, a' day lang ; and the strangest thing of a' is, that he perfectly recovered, and returned to Scotland, and lived for ten or twal' year, respected and beloved by the whole country round. Sae you see, sir," concluded M'Mizen, judiciously introducing the moral of the story, " there's nae cure for consumption but liq'or ; and I wauld na' assert, that I ha'e na a sma' touch o' consumption mysel."

Mr. M'Mizen's hint was not lost on the quick ear of the Society, and he was duly supplied with a tumbler, for his private enjoyment, which he took off to his berth.

" I think we had better now go down to dinner ?" suggested Chilton, to his friends. " What says His Majesty ?"

" I am for any thing you please," said that indulgent King.

" Bravo !" cried Carisford—

" Send him victorious,
Boozily glorious,
Sometimes uproarious,
God save the King !"

So they went below ; and the servant in the harlequin livery before alluded to, was occupied busily enough for the next two hours.

They were seated at dessert, having apparently forgotten that they were at sea at all, when a slight lurch, which capsized the wine-glass of the incautious Dobbs, recalled the fact, and they went on deck.

It was within an hour of sunset. The breeze was fresh and lively ; and the yacht, with all her sails set, reeled and swagged along—soaring like a bird, when she rose on the surface of the waves—diving and flying like a fish, when she sank into the trough of the sea. The light pines that formed her lithe top-masts, bent beneath the wind—as they had bent before it, ere they were stripped of the glory of their leaves, or plucked from their bed of earth, in their native forest. Reeling like a Bacchanal, flying like a lightning-charged cloud, dancing like a goddess, and bounding like a deer—swift indeed must the vessel be who shall catch thee, oh, *Baboon!* glory of the Simious race !

“ Crikey ! how she grins !” exclaimed Carisford, unpoetically, as a certain officer in the West Indies used to exclaim, one who was a great hand at “ carrying on ” a dangerous amount of sail, till the Admiralty got so deuced particular about making people pay for the spars which they lost in so doing. “ This is glorious !” he cried. “ By Jove ! I’ll have a crack at the birds round about.” So he went down to the cabin, and returned with a double-barrelled gun, which he loaded.

“ Don’t shoot *me* !” cried Chilton.

“ Bah ! Do you think I don’t know a sea-gull from a goose ?”

As Carisford looked round for a chance of a shot, he perceived a bird flying right towards the ship, from the direction in which they had seen the brig alluded to above. The brig was a long distance off, and lay between the *Baboon* and the French coast. Carisford waited on the look out.

The bird came on in a direct line, which it kept with the accuracy of an arrow’s flight, but it flew neither swift nor high.

“ Don’t kill the poor thing—it’s a pigeon !” Chilton cried out, as it was just crossing the ship ; but his words were unheeded.

Carisford fired. The steady flight was stopped ; the soft plumage rudely torn, and the bird of Venus fell upon the deck : the warm blood dropped from its yet fluttering heart, oozed from its still bright eyes, sparkled in red oily drops, on the rich soft covering of its breast, and the whiteness of its delicate wings.

Carisford ran and picked it up. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, which startled his friends. They surrounded him in curiosity, and he drew from beneath the wing of the slaughtered bird a letter. The letter was tied round with a piece of silk—not sealed : on the outside of it nothing was written ; the paper was of singularly delicate texture.

“ Is it wrong to open it ? ” asked Dobbs, with simplicity, when they reached the cabin with their prize.

“ Are you mad enough to have a doubt on the subject ? ” asked Chilton, in return, hastily. “ Why, how the goodness can we deliver it to the person to whom it belongs ? ”

Chilton took the letter, and carefully untied the thread, and unwound it. To watch the care and curiosity of the party in the operation, would have reminded you of the ingenious scholars, who employ themselves at Naples in endeavouring to decipher Greek and Latin, on the ashes of the MSS. dug up at Pompeii.

Meanwhile, Carisford had thrown the dead bird overboard. Such is the gratitude of man !

When they opened the letter, a piece of paper fell out, which proved to be Chinese rice paper, and on it was the portrait of a young man. The face was singularly delicate and youthful—dark and melancholy ; it was the delicacy of illness, and the darkness of the shadow of death.

“ Not a bad-looking fellow,” said Chilton, “ and not unlike you, Car., when I look at him more closely.”

Carisford looked at the portrait, and smiled at Chilton’s implied compliment ; but as he gazed longer on the face, his looks grew dark and sad. He laid down the paper, and said—“ Do you know, Chilton, I feel that some ill will come of this ? I am sure that that portrait has something to do with me—I mean, that the person whose portrait it is, will have some influence on my fate.”

“ My dear fellow,” said his friend, with great deliberation, “ here are you, who were only this morning counselling us to be content with the practical—you, whom I have always thought to be, for a man of imagination, one of the most prosaic in your general views I ever knew—now taking up with the most superstitious notion that any old woman ever formed. Now for the mysterious portrait—here goes ! ”

So saying, Chilton took it up, and raised himself, kneeling on the table, to reach a lamp which hung from the beams of the cabin, folding up the paper, to burn it there. As he did so, a gust of wind blew it out of his hand ; it fell on the deck, and Carisford picked it up, and put it in his pocket.

Chilton laughed.—“ Well, I’ve got the letter, at all events.”

“ Don’t read it out !” cried Carisford.

“ Nonsense,” said the other. But he began to read it over to himself, and it was observable that he did not propose to read it to Carisford again.

“ What’s that noise ?” cried Dobbs, suddenly.

They jumped from their seats.

“ Now, don’t be frightened,” said Chilton ; “ it’s a gun.”

At this point, M’Mizen came down the companion-ladder with a lantern, enveloped in a huge great coat.—“ Maister Chilton, hae ye got the papers—the ship’s papers, ye ken ?”

“ What are they ?” asked Dobbs, in affright.

Chilton turned rather pale—“ Come on deck !” he cried to his friends.

They all hurried up together, and found the whole crew assembled, gazing to windward, where there lay the heavy form of a large revenue cutter, with three lanterns hoisted perpendicularly in her rigging.

“ Good God !” exclaimed Chilton, “ why did you let her get to windward of us ? D—n the moon !” he continued, as that luminary, shining clear in the heavens, threw a most distinct light on the elegant figure of the *Baboon*.

“ Why, sir,” said M’Mizen, “ it’s o’ nae consequence ; of course ye hae the papers. How’s the cutter to ken that you’re no’ a smuggler, or even a pirate ? It’s only a form.”

The smile that passed over Chilton’s face short and quick, and luminous in its scorn at these words, was singular ; but it was nothing to the feeling that passed across his heart. With one glance, he took in the whole position, as his eye dwelt on the cutter, the assembled crew, the calm gaze of M’Mizen (wherein was much to be noted), Carisford and Pereira in startled silence, unhappy Dobbs awe-struck with terror, and knowing not where to look.

Carisford saw Chilton’s glance, and came up to him. In friendly grasp, he took his hand, as he whispered—“ You may

have thought from what passed in the cabin that I am timid ; try me now ; what you will, I am ready to act."

Then two men came forward from the crew, to speak to Chilton.

" Well, Hartly, what have you to say ?" he asked.

" Why, sir," said the fellow, a huge man, with black whiskers, who looked as if he had the strength of a Titan, and an equal readiness to use it against heaven, " me and my friend doesn't understand this ; we don't want to be shoved in limbo. What we does, we does : we want no humbug. How about that 'ere cutter ?"

Both the vessels were now laying to, the cutter occupying her windward position. The situation of Chilton, and his friends, became alarming. Here was the poor *Baboon*, that had been suspicious in her appearance—watched by the *Tulip*, telegraphed, probably, down the coast, from station to station—now with a government vessel to windward, and two of the best men of the crew in a state approaching to mutiny !

" Oh," said Chilton, " I suppose the ass takes us for a smuggler. We must send our papers on board. What an infamous thing, that a gentleman's yacht should be interfered with in this manner ! Mr. M'Mizen, get a boat ready, and show a lantern on the weather bulwarks." Chilton then went below ; and coming up again, gave some documents to Hartly, and said—" Go on board the cutter with these, and Mr. Dobbs's (the owner's) compliments."

The boat was brought up to the lee gangway. Hartly and the sailor who had come with him to speak to Chilton, went into it with the papers—shoved off, dropped astern of the *Baboon*, and pulled towards the cutter, on board which the lieutenant in command, who had watched every movement, prepared to receive them.

It was just then that Chilton had two moments most anxious and earnest communication with M'Mizen. What passed in that brief important period, we are unable to say precisely ; but certain it is, that it had the most important influence on the sailing-master. We have heard it asserted, that there was then made a haul upon the funds of Dobbs, which everybody declared to be most monstrous ; certain it is, that long afterwards, M'Mizen was accustomed to wink knowingly.

when any one mentioned the moonlight night, in which the revenue cutter *Yahoo*, met the large and brilliant schooner *Baboon*. Indeed, it is further said, that the snugness of M'Mizen's present cottage in Galloway, where that retired warrior reposes on his laurels and his four-poster, is to be partly attributed to the tip which he then received. Probably, also, it is to the same source that may be indirectly traced, that "wee-bit croft" near the cottage in question, where browse two kine of the famous Galloway breed. And, perhaps, it is for his good fortune, on that occasion, that M'Mizen is so anxious to return thanks when he wends his way on Sundays, wet or dry, to the kirk of Bluter.

The boat pulled towards the expectant cutter—but soon the *Baboon* lay to no longer; over the quarter glided the huge boom; the jib sheet flowed free forward; smart hands rounded in the weather-fore- topsail brace (she was a fore- topsail schooner), the gaff- topsail rose like a balloon to its station; the water foamed beneath her bows, dashed along her sides, quivered in whirling eddies and sharp curves in her wake; a kind cloud hid the moon's face—and when it shone again on the *Baboon*, she was rushing in solitary sovereignty through the waters, headlong on, towards the stormy bay, which dashes on the shores of France, the accumulated terrors of a thousand miles of waves.

Meanwhile, the cutter having caught a glimpse of the retreating *Baboon* was in such a hurry to chase her, that she rolled heavily on to the boat, which Chilton had dispatched, experiencing of course a vexatious delay, and with difficulty saving the lives of the men, whose screams compelled her to lay to for the purpose.

In the cabin of the yacht, what a party there was at midnight, when all signs of the cutter had disappeared!

"Pity we lost a boat," said Carisford.

"Yes," Chilton said; "but we got rid of two rascals, and evaded the cutter."

That night Dobbs slept sounder than ever. Carisford dreamed of the strange fine face, which the portrait had presented to him; the ardent smouldering enthusiasm of Pere-

ira's nature found vent in prayer ; and Chilton, who had the qualities of all of them, governed by an indomitable WILL, kept watch long on deck, perusing by the light of a lantern, with a countenance more grave than usual, the letter that had been found under the wing of the dead bird.



CHAPTER V.

NAPLES. A SEA-LARK.

Vois-tu comme le flot paisible,
Sur le rivage vient mourir ?

LAMARTINE.

See'st thou, how the peaceful waves
To the bank approaching, die ?

NORTH's *Translation*.



In a certain latitude and longitude, to be found in any map (sold by all respectable booksellers), there stands a certain city—a city not without a soul—a city, like Bacchus, ever fair and young. It is surrounded by the freshest green country, fairest plains, thickest and softest foliage—the plumage of the earth—and rests, like the nest of a sea-bird, on the borders of the ocean. A bright, broad, blue bay heaves lazily and voluptuously before it. At a modest distance stands a mysterious mountain, over whose head roll, in sombre vapoury wreaths,

clouds of smoke ; but the smoke is not as the smoke of towns—it hangs not heavily like a pall, but vanishes far into the air. Once that smoke was worse—when Vesuvius put on the **BLACK CAP** to pass sentence upon the doomed cities. Now, the mountain is but a show for the gazers of Naples—a piece of scenery from an old tragedy, to amuse and interest the leisure of a gay and indolent people.

And how gay, and how bright the scenes, where that comedy of life is acted ! Naples is the gaudiest picture in Nature's magic lantern ; there poverty itself is brilliant, and superstition sparkling ; all the rags are bright, and all the black—ebony ; for the sun is the poor-law commissioner, and keeps the paupers happy ; and as to the superstition, if there are such beings as saints, which we in England naturally doubt, why, what place on earth are they more likely to love to watch over than Naples ? It is a creed that the people there form naturally from what they see around them ; and “if to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all*,” so, to worship foolishly may claim a similar superiority.

Well—one morning, some weeks after the date at which we left the *Baboon* flying to the Bay of Biscay, there might have been observed, at the window of an hotel in Naples, an elderly gentleman, of dignified appearance. He had just breakfasted very luxuriously, and had come forward to the window, to look out upon the bay, over the beautiful gardens which stood between the road in which the hotel was situated and the sea. These beautiful gardens, among whose trees glisten the white forms of marble nymphs (the very chastity of whose appearance, in such a place, is more voluptuous than all that colour could effect elsewhere), form, as it were, the flounces of the city's dress.

The old gentleman threw open the window, and sniffed in the air luxuriously : it is probable that he would have enjoyed it more, but that he was in the habit of taking snuff. However, he did enjoy it very much, as was evidenced by his soliloquy.—“ What a scene ! Ah, if one could but eat it !” He was a materialist philosopher, this old friend of ours, and referred all pleasure to the pleasures of the senses. He put an

* *Pendennis*, No. II.

uncommonly vulgar construction on what people call love ; and stoutly maintained, that every idea of Beauty, Good, or any other abstraction, was nothing but a fanciful, vague exaggeration of an actual sensual pleasure. For example—when his son, with whom the reader is, as will shortly appear, already acquainted, used to talk, as some young men will, about the Ideal and the Beautiful, he used to cut him short with—“ Pray, sir, what does your Beautiful mean ?—I will tell you. Your cousin Polly (by-the-by, Tom, she has £5000) is a pretty girl ; she has a good nose, bright eyes, a mouth small and rosy ; yet altogether she is not a beauty ; she does not reach your Ideal of the Beautiful. Well, sir, just shape her nose till it grows more Greek—give a little more lustre to the eye—chisel the mouth slightly ; do this in imagination—there is your Ideal. That is your process. But, remember, that Polly, as at present existent, is the basis of the Ideal : the Ideal is in reality her, somewhat altered.—Now don’t go off into any gabble about innate ideas. What have you in you but what the spoon put in you ?”

This last query generally used to silence the youth, particularly as the enthusiasm of the father used to partly vent itself in sending the bottle round with a jerk along the mahogany.

This old gentleman (to come to details) was Mr. Chilton, senior, parent of our friend Chilton, of the *Baboon*, prime-minister under the limited monarchy of King Dobbs. He was a widower, with no other son ; a country gentleman, of good family, and some £4000 a-year. He always lived, abroad, and was very fond of convivial society. He used to be nicknamed “ Toe ” Chilton, because (as it was asserted) he was in the habit of forming the acquaintance of strangers, by the singular and original plan of treading on their toes, and begging their pardon. It was no wonder that his acquaintance was extensive, under these circumstances, considering the populousness of most European cities ; nor, considering the prevalence of gout among the higher orders, is it remarkable, that he had twice been knocked down by a crutch, and once winged in a hostile encounter arising therefrom. He usually followed up, what may very properly be called his first step to intimacy, by asking his new friend to dinner ; and being a gentlemanly, well-

informed old Englishman, secured, in course of time, a terrifically large connection, and was never at a loss for a house to breakfast, dine, or sup at, all over Europe ; so that his life, spent in an interchange of friendly hospitalities, was one perpetual round of good dinners and agreeable parties ; and while yet in the very spring of existence, as regarded his body generally, he had advanced to autumn unquestionably—in the tip of his nose.

A strange father for the enthusiastic, sarcastic, bold, and eccentric youth of the *Baboon* !

Having cooled his countenance (which altogether was not unlike the setting sun) in the breeze from the bay, Toe Chilton walked down stairs, and marched out. He took his way to a reading-room, where English travellers were in the habit of going to peruse the journals of their native country.

His appearance there was not very agreeable to some of those assembled, for he was in the habit of at once entering into conversation with anybody he could catch, which rather spoiled the pleasure of any other gentleman who happened to be reading at the time. There was therefore an audible sigh from an elderly gentleman, who was engaged on the *Edinburgh Review*, when the portly figure of Mr. Chilton appeared at the door.

The elderly gentleman was a clergyman of a serious turn : let the reader fancy his feelings from the following little scene—

Elderly gentleman (reading to himself).—“ The notion promulgated by Hume, that our idea of power, as *cause* producing effect, is, in reality, only derived from our having seen certain operations succeed each other in nature——”

Toe Chilton (to a friend).—“ Ha ! good morning, captain. What a capital dinner Limsdale gave us last night ! What Burgundy that fellow has, to be sure ! ”

Friend.—“ I’m glad you’re come, Chilton. I have something to show you here. Here is the *Malta Snail*, of the — instant.”—(*Exit elderly gentleman*).

The elderly gentleman having disappeared, the conversation became gradually more noisy, inasmuch as the talking couple very soon found themselves alone in the room. Then Mr. Chilton asked what it was that had attracted his friend the captain’s attention in the *Malta Snail* ?

“Why, sir,” said his friend (a half-pay captain in the navy), “they say that the Mediterranean has been visited by a dangerous pirate. A set of young fellows are going about in a slashing schooner, armed to the teeth. They call her a yacht, but, by George! they might as well call my bull-dog, Nelson, a King Charles’s pup!”

“Well—what of it?” quoth the philosophic Toe Chilton. “They can’t take Naples—can they? I fancy that the fort here would blow them out of the water.”

“Yes; but suppose they should capture any of the gentlemen’s yachts, cruising about at this season of the year? There’s Mr. Mango and his family—three such daughters!”

“Ah!” exclaimed old Toe, with a twinkle in the eye, which seemed to indicate that he, for one, should not view it as any very heinous offence. “But, however, you saw it in a Malta paper. Well—remember how they lie. Why, they announced that I was going to marry a widow—when I was there!”

“Now for the point, or rather upshot of the story,” continued his friend. “If I didn’t know that you had no relations——”

“No relations!” cried his companion. “I beg your pardon. What put that in your head?”

“Why, here we have known each other these ten years, and you have never alluded to one of them!”

This was the actual fact; for Toe Chilton’s affection for his son Tom was not of the paternal sort. He liked him very much as a companion and friend—gave him money—paid his debts—never presumed to dictate to him—and always told him that he was a deuced clever fellow, and a credit to his family. But you would never have thought that they were relations, or anything but friends and boon companions. The interest they felt in each other, in fact, was not tender. It was kind—and kind only.

“Oh, perhaps not,” continued Toe; “but I have a deuced fine son, sir—Tom Chilton; and that reminds me, that I have not heard of, or from the fellow for a long time. I should like to see him; and if I had him to dinner, I would give him a bottle of Burgundy—a capital fellow is Tom!”

Here some glimpse of a paternal feeling *did* irradiate Toe’s

soul, and he went into touching reminiscences of Tom's childhood, which infinitely amused his friend, the captain.

"The boy, sir," quoth Toe, "began his career by killing his mother."

The captain started.

The old gentleman skilfully paused, to let the remark have its due weight, and continued—"She died in bringing him forth, and I brought him up in my chambers, in St. James's Street. What an awful nuisance he was, to be sure, when I used to have friends to dinner. Jack Lesley rocked his cradle one night, after three bottles, and rolled the poor little devil out. Then, the nurse that I got to attend him, used to go out, and leave him by himself, and the neighbourhood was alarmed by his howling. He was a clever fellow from the first, and punned in small-clothes, I verily believe."

"That reminds me of a remark of my uncle Toby, when his brother was haranguing on precocious children," interrupted the captain*.

Chilton senior's enthusiasm died; and he concluded with—"Just fancy me growing paternal!"

"Now, for my remark, long impending," said his friend: "the *Malta Snail*, which loves a sounding period, concludes the article about this so-called pirate, thus:—'We hear, from a gentleman who has arrived from Gibraltar, that this dangerous vessel is commanded by a youth called Chilton, one of those desperadoes occasionally appearing in the world, the torch of whose genius shines only to scorch their fellow-creatures—men, who live without respect, and die without lamentation.'

"Bravo, Higgins!" concluded the captain; "the horse-whipping from that fellow in the Heavy Baboons has improved his style."

Here the captain paused, probably afraid that the sudden announcement would shake and startle old Toe.

That worthy, however, betrayed no emotion, but coolly remarked—"Ah, that's sure to be Tom! he was always of an

* Uncle Toby's remark, however, we dare not quote, in the present moral age. By-the-by, very few people read "Tristam Shandy" now, which is probably the reason that we hear some living writers talked of, as equal and superior to Sterne.

eccentric turn, and I should be surprised at nothing he did. If Tom founded a monastery, or established a seraglio, called out the Pope, or ran away with the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, it would surprise me equally little. But Tom is a clever fellow, and I like Tom."

Having made this remark, the father rose, and the two old gentlemen left the room together.

Many a shake of the hand, from the slight formal pressure of the fingers, to the friendly crushing grasp of old acquaintance, did Toe Chilton exchange, as he walked along the pleasant road which leads towards Baia—many a nod—from the sharp short jerk of recognition, to the profound obeisance of respectful salutation. He knew, in fact, almost every body, and was stopped every now and then, with—“ Ha ! Chilton—here ? I thought you were in Milan ;” or, “ Dem it ! who would have expected to see you, old boy ? heard you were at Palermo ! ” A slight smile would glide over proud faces in English carriages, as he came in sight, excited by reminiscences of his appearance at great balls in his yeomanry uniform. To figure in that military garb at royal balls and everywhere else, was his one weakness (Burgundy he would not admit to be one) ; and then, he was so fond of dancing, and made himself so conspicuous when he did dance, by the peculiar energy of his movements, that, what with his singular figure and singular uniform, human gravity could not stand the spectacle. Indeed, his friends, sorry to see so really sensible and so thoroughly jovial an old boy expose himself to ridicule, used to resort to harmless artifices to prevent the exposure. A further bottle would be artfully produced by his host, or asked for by his guest, when the hour of dressing for a ball drew near. His servant used to receive instructions from intimate friends of Toe to take away his master’s sword furtively ; and of course, Toe could not think of going to a ball, any more, than of marching into action, without his weapon.

It would be difficult to do justice to his feelings on this occasion, as, walking along the road, he met party after party of pleasant acquaintances, or old friends. His spirits rose proportionately ; and he soon found that he succeeded in the great object of the day—getting an appetite. His next consideration was where to dine. He was not of the vulgar order of *bon*

visants, who think it their duty, and make it their pride, to dine out, like Gulosulus in the *Rambler*—whenever they can get a chance. No. It was his first object to take home a friend to dine with him—his second one, to go out to dinner at the house of another. Accordingly, as the hour drew near, he stopped in his walk, and addressed his friend Captain Ropesby, with a request for the pleasure of his company to dinner.

“Really, Chilton, I must go home. You know I have my family here.”

“But, my dear Ropesby, I dined with you the day before yesterday. I did you that favour—do me one now.”

The captain smiled.—“Don’t you think you could, just for once, dine by yourself?”

“God bless me!” said Toe, with a look of terror at the mere suggestion; and his friend, remembering with compassion how Toe had once, in his desolation, taken home a gentlemanly-looking stranger, who had made him fuddled, and subsequently removed himself with the spoons, consented to go.

Three hours afterwards, their friend, Mr. Limsdale, called at Chilton’s hotel, and found the friends seated at their dessert. The table was enveloped in a golden web of sunset light, that streamed through the window.—“How do you do, Ropesby? How are you, Chilton?” he said; “I have come to ask you to go to the opera: my box is at your service—come along!”

“Quite impossible!” ejaculated Toe, lazily.

“My dear fellow, do. Sapphini is in such voice.”

“So am I,” said Toe, commencing a fragment of King Cole.

Mr. Limsdale renewed the request.—“What, my dear friend—leave Burgundy like this?”

Mr. Limsdale knew that there was now no chance of moving him, and departed.

Meanwhile, what had become of our friend, the *Baboon*? She had kept a splendid wind in her quarter, and had made direct for the Mediterranean. The Society had been at first quite undecided as to where they ought to go. The King, being of course incompetent to determine the question, his three friends had held a council on the subject. Chilton was for the Mediterranean, Carisford for the coast of Africa, Pereira for the West Indies. In this dilemma, they summoned M’Mizen, but

as he was for turning back and proceeding to the Scotch coast, his remarks were dismissed with ignominy.

“ Let us try the *sortes Virgilianæ*, an ancient and honourable practice,” suggested Chilton.

“ Where the chances would be all in your favour,” observed Carisford.

“ The West Indies teem with luxury,” said Pereira.

“ And the coast of Africa with wild adventure,” added Carisford.

“ The Mediterranean derives a most profound interest from antiquity,” said Chilton.

“ I owe a tailor’s bill at Malta,” said Carisford.

“ Pay it,” rejoined his friend.

“ Look at the interest of the slave question,” pursued Carisford.

“ Think of our Eastern policy,” answered Chilton.

“ Who likes good rum?” inquired Pereira.

“ No gentleman prefers it to lagrima, and no poet to Samian wine,” said Chilton, decisively.

Thus, the debate went on, and, at last, it was determined by the force of circumstances, in favour of Chilton. A tremendous gale came on, and the *Baboon* found it the best policy to run through the “ Gut,” and anchor at Gibraltar.

The Mediterranean, our readers are aware, is thus reached ; in fact, that sea resembles, in this respect, many men whom we meet in the world—the way to its heart is through the gut—an observation, for which those who first named the Straits the “ gut,” must be held responsible.

Now, the extraordinary rumours regarding the *Baboon*, which we have alluded to, as having appeared in the *Malta Snail*, had their origin in some circumstances harmless and ludicrous enough. The fact was, that to while away the tedium of the voyage, it was the custom of our friends to have on the sea something of a nature akin to what is called “ a lark” on shore, but on a far more magnificent scale. It was one of their amusements to hoist a black flag, which struck terror into the hearts of humble merchantmen. They then turned the *Baboon’s* head towards the vessel frightened, and made all sail in pretended chase, till having arrived at her, just as the crew had given themselves up for lost, and had loaded a rusty

little gun with tenpenny nails, preparatory to a final resistance, they made off again, with roars of laughter, playing a popular air on a French horn.

We are sorry to add, that one great element in the fun enjoyed from such exploits, was found in persuading Dobbs that they were perfectly in earnest, and intended to devote the object of their chase to plunder and destruction. Dobbs thought that by committing himself to their care and companionship, he had become justly liable to any consequences that might flow from it, and used to take his share of the proceedings quite naturally, though in a frightful state of remorse, and with some terrible apprehensions.

One evening, when they were at Gibraltar, on the look-out for amusement—in modern parlance “on the loose”—they went into a little wine-shop, where were assembled, besides some private soldiers, and three or four black and yellow-looking Spaniards, two or three sailors, and the mate and skipper of a merchant ship. These did not put on any look of very cordial welcome at the entry of the Society, obviously considering them interlopers; but the idea of their looks in any way affecting the feelings of the lofty heroes of the *Babooz*, would have been preposterous.

They entered with an air of careless command, Chilton as usual leading the van. “Come in, boys,” said that youth; “Will your Majesty be seated?” he continued, to the blushing Dobbs, who sat down on a form. “*Le Roi le veut!*” he cried out as Dobbs complied with the request, and the company stared at the new comers in astonishment. He then ordered in some red wine, a liquid which appeared to be the most popular among the company, and addressed himself to conversation with the skipper, a little black fellow who didn’t appear at all inclined to be friendly or convivial.—“Rather squally weather we’ve had lately!” he remarked.

The skipper puffed out a great cloud of smoke, and said—“More afore long, perhaps,” and glanced round at his friends with a wink which seemed to signify that his words had some metaphorical meaning.

There was a kind of little grunting laugh from the other sailors.

“That’s a devilish neat brig, lying off the Old Mole,” pur-

sued Chilton, conjecturing that she possibly was the vessel of the little man, and willing to propitiate him.

“Perhaps she is, and perhaps you an’t a judge,” was the uncourteous reply.

Carisford jumped up, and cried out—“ ‘Gad, this bears out what we hear of the number of apes on the rock !’ ”

“Apes bite, young gentleman,” said the skipper.

“Yes, my friend,” said Carisford; “and I’ll show you a *Baboon* that bites deuced hard, some of these days.”

“What do you mean?” growled the fellow, and rose and left with his friends.

Chilton and the others followed at a convenient distance, and watched them take a boat. They then followed in one themselves, and traced them to a brig, apparently one of those which bring currants from the Ionian Archipelago, from the brilliant warm Zante—or the long low fields of richness, against which dashes in warm kisses, the blue water of the Corinthian Gulf. Chilton saw that preparations were being made on board her for going to sea, and ordering M’Mizen to get ready for sea at once also, summoned a council in the cabin.

“I wish,” he said, very gravely, “that she was homeward instead of outward bound.”

“Why?” inquired Dobbs.

“Why!” repeated his friend, in affected surprise; “because she would have her cargo on board, to be sure; at present she may have dollars, which would be even better; but I am afraid that her money for purchase is in bills, which we could not be able to negotiate.”

Dobbs grew suddenly very solemn, and looking round at the three young men, lowered his voice, and whispered—“But about the crew, eh? What could we do with them?”

Chilton looked him in the face, and drawing his finger across his throat with a meaning solemnity, pointed significantly downwards.

Dobbs thrilled with terror—“What!” he exclaimed; “you, so kindly, with so good a heart, you stain——”

“Hush!” said Chilton, in a low tone; “my friend, you can never understand me; even now, in the moaning of the night-wind round us, my ear is saluted by the haunting voices

of the dead ! Follow me," he cried out, running to the ladder.

Carisford and Pereira went on deck after him, and they all three had a good laugh together at the state of fright into which they had thrown Dobbs.

In a short time, the brig—the doomed brig, as Dobbs considered her—was under weigh, and disappeared gradually. The *Baboon* was very soon on her track.

"The blood-hound scents his prey!" exclaimed Chilton, pointing her out, on the horizon, to Dobbs.

The wind was fresh, and bearing down with all her canvass, away went the *Baboon*, a mass of flying whiteness, on the surface of the sea. In a very little time, the brig, at first looking like a black speck, loomed gradually, and her skipper could be seen distinctly from the bows of the *Baboon*, gazing over the taffrail, with a telescope, obviously unable to divine the meaning of the yacht's bearing down upon her, in such a manner. Both vessels were running free, and there was no other craft in sight ; the superiority of the *Baboon* in sailing, was so splendidly manifest, that it was obvious she could reach the chace under half an hour.

Chilton summoned the men on deck, and went forward and spoke to M'Mizen who gave a dry leer, as he received his secret instructions. Carisford took his station forward ; Pereira in the waist ; Chilton carried on aft ; and Dobbs, ignorant of what was going to be done, anxious with fear, uncertainty, and remorse, stood by his side.

"Haul down the gaff-topsail, and lower the fore-topsail yard on the cap," cried Chilton ; "we'll give the poor devils half-an-hour's respite," he added, pulling out his watch.

The orders were scarcely given, before the shivering fore-topsail trembled in the wind, as the yard slid down—and the gaff-topsail started from its height, like a white bird starting from a tree. The slackened pace of the yacht was instantly perceptible, and the brig's distance began to increase ; still, however, right on her track followed the *Baboon*, and still the telescope of the brig's skipper rested on her taffrail, pointed towards the inexplicable stranger.

The skipper of the brig was a plain, surly sailor, acquainted with little but the Mediterranean trade. He had heard, indeed, and knew very well, that there were pirates, dangerous

ones too, on the Barbary Coast—but that a vessel, so beautiful, so *gentlemanly*, as the *Baboon* (a vessel, as the little skipper subsequently remarked to a wondering audience in a tavern at Malta, that might have belonged to a lord!) should be a pirate, seemed ridiculously improbable. In the Mediterranean too, where there was a fleet! But yet, this persevering pursuit—what did it mean? Was she a pirate that had boldly entered the Straits in an hour of desperation, and now waited only for dusk to plunder his craft, and dash away through the Gut? The little sailor was awfully agitated; he scanned the horizon all round; not a vessel that might assist him was to be seen; nothing was visible, but the vulture and his prey.

The little skipper resolved to die game; and, to the most unlimited amusement of Chilton and Carisford, though by no means to that of Dobbs, he was observed, from the *Baboon*, preparing for his defence. A little black gun, mounted on a shaky carriage, was loaded, and pointed towards the *Baboon*. The young men gathered together forward, with the anxious Dobbs, to look at him.

“By Jove!” cried Carisford, “he’s got a match up. Egad! the little fellow’s game!”

“D—n his impudence!” said Chilton. “The little black dog won’t surely have the pluck to fire. Clap a hand or two on the main-brails, Car.,” continued he, “and have a good haul up. We must not keep within range.”

The order was attended to.

“Now for a little closer fun!” said Chilton. He then gave some instructions to M’Mizen, who proceeded to execute them.

A brass gun, of the newest description, made its appearance. Ho! then the gossip of Portsmouth was not so false, after all!

“There’s a beauty!” exclaimed Chilton, as the little gun of the *Baboon* (“How many more have we below?” wondered Dobbs) was rolled forward, on its carriage, to the bow.

“Make sail!” cried Chilton; and up the top-mast rose the top-sail yard; and away to its station flew the gaff-topsail once more. “Whew!” cried Chilton, as a bright flash, like lightning from a wintry cloud, broke from the little brig.

Dobbs clasped Chilton’s arm with a jerk; and just on the lee bow they saw the breast of the sea torn and dashed, as the

motley contents of the gun struck it, and threw the sparkling water up in jets.

"This is getting fun!" cried out Carisford.

They then looked again at the brig. Her deck was in a terrible state of confusion. The little black gun, sole defence of the little black captain, had, ungratefully resenting its master's attempt to make it serviceable, recoiled so violently as to capsize its carriage, and now lay a useless encumbrance on the deck.

This was seen from the *Baboon* with the most intense satisfaction. Her full press of sail now crowded on her, bore her down with the wind, and from her mast-head streamed the black flag, like a fragment torn from a funeral pall—dread emblem of freebooting ferocity, saddening to the soul of Dobbs!

The helpless brig (with rueful little black captain, dismally looking at the triumphant *Baboon*) rolled under her heavy press of canvass in the sea. All chance of resistance by cannon was now over; the schooner had it all her own way. Chilton and his colleagues (well armed) stood proudly on the deck.

Chilton felt a touch on his arm, as he gazed over the bulwarks: he turned round, and saw Dobbs, rather pale, and obviously very nervous—"May I speak with you?" inquired he, with modest timidity.

"Certainly, old fellow!" and Chilton took his arm, and walked aft.

Dobbs stammered a little—"Perhaps," he began, "I have no right to make a remark. I—I—Excuse me, my friend, but spare my conscience! Don't let us have guilt on our souls! If it's money, you know—" and here Dobbs fumbled nervously in his pocket, and produced a pocketbook.

Chilton felt the greatest difficulty in preserving his gravity when Dobbs gave a sudden start, as the sharp ring of the brass gun on the bow was heard. They turned, and saw Carisford laughing, as the smoke cleared away, with a match in his hand.

"Good God!" cried Dobbs. "Have you killed any of them?"

No answer was given to his question; but the real fact was, that there had been nothing but powder in the gun. In the terrified state of mind, however, of the skipper of the brig, even

the report affected him much ; and immediately his vessel was seen with colours hauled down, and main-topsail backed, calmly surrendering herself to the destroyer.

"The day is ours !" exclaimed Chilton, drawing his sword ; while a cry of—" Be merciful !" broke from the lips of Dobbs.

Chilton took the speaking-trumpet, and hailed the vanquished foe.—" Send your captain on board !" he cried.

The *Baboon* then hove to, to windward. Not many minutes elapsed before a little boat was seen bobbing over the waves from the brig. A line was got ready on the lee side of the schooner, and in another moment the little black-faced skipper stood on the deck, opposite the Society assembled there.

"The prisoner will remove his hat," began Chilton, gravely. The ludicrousness of the extreme terror of the little man was such, that Carisford was obliged to turn his head away to conceal his laughter.

"Now, sir," continued Chilton, " we have met you again, you see—in a position where we are likely to have a proper degree of civility."

The little man winced as he remembered his uncourteous conduct at Gibraltar.

"You see that you are completely at our mercy. That gun would sink your craft in ten minutes ; and what would there be to prevent us from running through the Gut to-night, and hanging you in the morning ? There is no man-of-war nearer than Malta ; and if there was, nothing that swims could touch the *Baboon*, except the *Inconstant*, which is in the West Indies, and some of the Symondite small craft, which are in the Levant. Your life is at the disposal of His Majesty." Here the speaker turned round to Dobbs.—" What is your Majesty's pleasure ?"

"Oh, let him go," said Dobbs, eagerly.

"You hear that His Majesty is graciously pleased to pardon you," continued Chilton. "Have you any passengers on board ?"

"Yes, sir," the skipper replied. "One young gentleman—a Mr. Limsdale, going to Malta, for the benefit of his health."

Chilton mused for a moment.—"Limsdale—I know that name. I'll give you a note to take to him."

Chilton went below to write it; and, in the mean time, M'Mizen advanced to the skipper, and took him forward to his cabin, where he supplied him with a glass of brandy, which contributed materially to raising his courage.

The following was the note which Chilton gave him to take to his passenger:—

“ Mr. Chilton has to apologize, on the part of his friends, Mr. Dobbs, of Brokesby Hall, and two other gentlemen (proprietors with himself of the yacht *Baboon*), for the annoyance which they have no doubt caused Mr. Limsdale, by their chase of the brig in which he is a passenger—a chase intended only as a frolic, and certainly began and continued in total ignorance of the fact, that there were any passengers on board, or likely to be on board, the object of it. Will Mr. Limsdale (who has probably heard of T. Chilton, Esq., of Rocket Castle, Worcestershire), do Mr. Chilton and his friends the honour of accepting an invitation to take a passage to Malta, or wherever else he may feel inclined to go, in the *Baboon*? Mr. Limsdale is requested, if he accepts this, to cause a white ensign to be hoisted to the brig’s peak, on which signal a boat will be sent from the yacht, for himself and luggage.”

Chilton read this singular specimen of cool and easy politeness to the Society, who received it with roars of applause.

“ Only a frolic!” ejaculated Dobbs, delighted.

“ Yes, my dear fellow. Excuse my having trifled with your feelings.”

Dobbs was only too glad to be relieved from his apprehension, and accepted the apology with great joy and thankfulness.

The little skipper jumped with no slight alacrity into his boat, and put off to the brig, holding the letter at a respectful distance, that in the event of its being of an explosive nature, or at all similar in its principles of construction to an infernal machine, its going off might injure his body (above all, singe his whiskers) as little as possible.

“ This here’s the rummest go as never I’ve seen, up and down, from the Gut to the Arches, come twenty years next anniversary of the death of Nelson!” rattled out the small man, with great fluency, when he reached his deck. “ A letter for

you, sir, from them piratical gents," he said, advancing, with a bow, to a dark young man, who was leaning against the bulwarks.

" For me!" said the young man, in astonishment. He opened and read it, and a smile passed over his features.

" Well, Mr. Barlow," his passenger said; " I'm going on board her. Hoist a white ensign at your peak."

" What, sir! aboard that infernal craft? No, sir. Take my advice, and don't go. Depend on it, sir, it is not all right there."

But his remonstrance produced no effect on Limsdale. The flag was hoisted. A boat came from the *Baboon*, with Pereira in it, for him. The cockney skipper had had his passage-money all safe, and was not sorry to get rid of the schooner on any conditions; and Mr. Limsdale descended into the yacht's boat, where Pereira received him with great courtesy.

When he reached the *Baboon*—he was not quite a stranger, for he was recognised with astonishment as the original of the portrait that had been found in the mysterious letter.

The vessels parted company, and by night-fall the *Baboon* was left alone with the waves and the stars.



CHAPTER VI.

THE "BABOON" AT NAPLES.

In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already
blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve.

SARTOR RESARTUS.



THE Mediterranean, tranquil as it generally is, can indulge occasionally in storms of the most hideous description—as certain delicate creatures that one meets with in life, are capable of violent bursts, perplexing the observers of their ordinary phenomena. The analogy is com-

plete ; in both cases, the soft breath changes for the fierce gale—lightning darts from the blue heavens, and from the blue eyes.

The Society in the *Baboon* were not long in experiencing the changeableness of the Mediterranean climate. The morning that dawned next, after the day on which they pursued the merchant-brig, brought with it a tremendous gale. Dobbs was prostrate with sickness, and lay in his berth, attended by the faithful servant of the Society, who had the strictest orders to administer a spoonful of brandy to his Majesty, whenever he showed the slightest sign of animation. M'Mizen, who considered the whole wisdom of the world to be comprised in two things, his own experience and his black bible, cautiously insinuated to Chilton, that "it was far frae improbable they had a Jonah on board," which gave rise to Carisford's remarking, that it was "very like a whale," to the extreme disgust of the "strong Presbyterian." Chilton dealt with him in a different way, by insinuating that it admitted of inquiry, whether he, M'Mizen, was not the Jonah in question, a suggestion which produced a grim smile on his visage, and led to his speculating no farther on the subject.

The *Baboon* flew before the gale under reduced canvass : one whole night she lay to ; and the delay she experienced in various ways was such, that the merchant-brig reached Malta before her ; and as Malta has a soil peculiarly fertile in the growth of lies, though despicably barren in its general nature, our readers may easily believe, that astounding assertions with regard to the *Baboon* were speedily afloat there (with the other scum) on the surface of society.

Chilton, who knew that island well, revolved in his mind the probable results of the entry of the *Baboon* into the Grand Harbour, and called a council on the subject, when he had found by calculation that they were within a day's sail of the island. Behold, therefore, the Society assembled on the after part of the deck, to discuss the subject, their guest Mr. Limsdale with them.

"Do you begin your discussions without your king?" asked Limsdale, seriously. The bad weather, since his arrival on board, had prevented him from getting much insight into the real state of affairs.

Chilton smiled.—"His Majesty will most likely give his

royal assent to our proposal. He has scarcely sufficiently recovered from the sickness caused by the late gale, to attend in person." Chilton then went on to open the sitting—" In the harbour," he said, " we should probably find Sir Booby Booring in command, and that wretched old twaddler, whose feeble gaunt carcase trembles in the slightest breeze, like a decaying hollyhock (a pretty commander for a war service!) would probably seize us, on the pretext of our frolic with the brig, to say nothing of what he may have heard of our leaving England, by the overland mail from home."

" By-the-by, I don't understand that affair," said Pereira.

" Probably not," continued Chilton, with a grave expression of countenance. " Well, fancy what our position would be then. I know Sir Booby Booring, and he knows me, and when he heard of our arrival, the old fellow would stammer with passion (he generally slobbers when he is in a rage with any one, as the *boa-constrictor* slobbers over his prey before he devours it), and give orders for the *Baboon* to be detained. Where then would be our brilliant cruises, our gay revelry, and other enjoyments, which we mean to introduce, when Dobbs is a little more like a man of the world?"

" To be sure," said Carisford. " But where then shall we go?"

" Well, Mr. Limsdale, what say you?" asked Chilton.

" Nay," said Limsdale, and his handsome dark face smiled with pleasure, " what right can I have to dictate, a stranger and a guest? But since you ask me, there is one place I should like to visit—a place where I meant to have gone after arriving at Malta—a place where I expect to meet—but that is no matter—heavenly to all men—that town will be more than heaven to me."

" I wish that it was a million of miles away," said Chilton, eagerly; " but only that you might have an opportunity of seeing how readily we would start!"

" The town is—Naples," said Limsdale.

" M'Mizen, the charts!" cried Chilton.

The charts were brought. For a few minutes the points of Chilton's pair of compasses danced over the paper in his quick fingers; then he went to the binnacle; the ship's course was altered; winds and waves were friendly to the good cause, and

the *Baboon* arrived in the bay (which nature and Bulwer have conspired to do honour to) some days after the venerable “Toe” Chilton had seen the paragraph in the Malta paper, which recalled to his paternal eye the image of his son Tom.

“Now,” said Chilton, “I think the best course will be to leave the yacht in charge of M'Mizen, and live on shore, at a hotel, for some time.”

They landed accordingly on the afternoon of their arrival, and took up their quarters at a hotel of a second-rate description. They did this for two reasons:—first, that it was more economical, and secondly, that it was more obscure. Chilton prudently argued, that it would not do to excite more attention than they could help, considering the reputation which, they had reason to fear, the *Baboon* had acquired. To prevent any gratification of vulgar curiosity, also, they gave instructions to M'Mizen, to tell all visitors to the *Baboon*, that she was at present tenanted by an elderly gentleman, of the most infirm health, and who could not bear to be disturbed in the least. The good effect of these instructions, was, however, rather neutralized by M'Mizen's carelessness. That worthy forgot the exact nature of them, and disdaining to compromise his intellectual dignity by applying for fresh ones, went on to supply information of his own invention, to any one who asked questions. Thus the *Baboon* was variously reported, as the property of a Russian nobleman, arrived at Naples on a diplomatic mission; a rich English merchant with his family (which rumour caused numerous inquiries as to the number of daughters, and so on); and of an old lady, in charge of her medical adviser.

The day after their arrival, Limsdale returned from a walk to the hotel, and proceeding to the rooms where the Society had established themselves, said—“I must leave you here. The persons whom I was anxious to meet, are”—here he hesitated a little—“living at some distance from the town. You shall hear from, or of me, at all events, very soon; and, depend upon it, I am deeply sensible of your kindness since I made your acquaintance.” He shook hands with our friends, and departed.

“So Limsdale has gone,” said Carisford, “and we have had no explanation of his resemblance to the portrait.”

“ And nothing has occurred to you, to bear out your melancholy forebodings, when you saw it first that evening in the channel,” answered Chilton, with a laugh.

“ Well, never mind, we shall see him again. What is written, is written. Have you preserved that letter?”

But just as Chilton was about to answer, an announcement was made that the hour of the *table d'hôte* drew near. On this, the company went down stairs, and seated themselves among the people there, who, representing as they did, half the nations in the world, enabled them to form an idea of the first dinner of the Babel workmen after the confusion of tongues. There was a French Canadian and his wife, making a wedding tour round Europe, under the delusive impression (to use my lord Chesterfield's sagacious remark), that they would not get tired enough of each other at home ; there were a couple of Italians (noble most probably), very black, very grave, and very polite ; there was a young Englishman, of a philosophical turn, who stared people out of countenance, by speculating on their phrenological development, and who prevented a bald German, with a good forehead, opposite, from enjoying his dinner, all the time from the soup to the walnuts ; and at one end of the table, seated together, as if for mutual protection against a probable assault, were an English father, mother, son, and daughter, so affectionate, and so disagreeable, that it was positively edifying to look at them. Next these last, Chilton placed Dobbs, and Dobbs was in no very agreeable position, for his friends kept maliciously treating him with a degree of deference, which, coming from youths of their appearance, induced the English party to believe that he was some very great personage, and to show him a profound attention. The fact was, they were the family of a retired tradesman, and duly anxious to get into good society, if possible. Now, if there was one thing in life to which His Majesty, King Dobbs, was totally unaccustomed, it was profound attention. In vain he tried to become familiar with Chilton, drinking a dose of wine, to put himself at ease. Chilton always threw into his manner in speaking to him, a certain air of delighted attention, which seemed to imply, that the familiarity was an honour, which he could not value too highly. When Dobbs gave an opinion, Chilton bowed ; when he smiled, Chilton roared. Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson,

Mr. Thompson, junior, and Miss Amelia Thompson, began to think Dobbs a very great man. The conversation between their party, and the adventurers of the *Baboon*, began to flow, as dinner advanced, in a very lively stream.

"Pray, sir," said Chilton, "is Naples very full now?" He addressed this question to Mr. Thompson.

"Oh, yes, sir, very full indeed," answered he; "we have many great people here. There's lady X——" began Mr. Thompson.

"What, is that hag here?" asked Chilton, in a tone of surprise.

"Hag!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson. His face grew pale at the bare notion of the application of such an approbrious epithet.

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed Chilton. "What is a hag? Do old age, and wrinkles, and rheumatism, and bad character, constitute a hag? Is a hag an old woman of dubious repute, offensive in appearance, and hobbling in her gait? And if this description applies to the person in question, shall we not use the proper phrase, but confine its application to the poor and obscure only?"

Here the philosophic young gentleman, who had been gazing at Chilton's forehead while he was speaking, suddenly struck in, and began to speak slowly on the subject, as if he was extemporizing the article *HAG* for the *Penny Cyclopædia*.—"I apprehend, sir," he said to Chilton, "that you are right in the application of the term hag, to the elderly female in question. Distinguished, as she is, by the attributes of the hag, her social position cannot affect the inquiry. Hag is the *substance* of her being—rank only the *accident*. With regard to the hags of antiquity, we have the Witch of Endor, whom some consider inspired with superhuman powers; some only an impostor, to be referred to the class of the Obeah women of the West Indies. Then look at the Sybils—they were hags, equally interesting, whether we esteem them, with some speculators, possessed by evil spirits, with others, mere fanatics, or, with others again, persons who deliberately imposed on the credulous. That must have been also an interesting class of hags, which Horace seems to have had in his eye, when he speaks in his humorous account of a bore [here Carisford winked at Chilton] in the *Ibam forte*, &c., of a prediction made concern-

ing him, by an aged woman. To come down to later times, the learned James the First——”

“ But Lady X., sir,” interrupted Mr. Thompson.

The philosophical young gentleman drew back in disgust, with a sarcastic glance at Mr. Thompson’s frontal development, and said nothing.

“ Why, sir,” and Chilton lowered his voice, that what he said might reach Mr. Thompson’s ear alone, “ the lady you have alluded to was divorced, to begin with.”

Mr. Thompson felt like a husband, and looked grave.

“ She has always some *liaison*. When I was here last, the youth was a Neapolitan midshipman ; now I suppose it is somebody else. You see, sir, we, as men of the world, don’t care about these things ; but, then, no man likes,” here Chilton glanced at Dobbs, “ to hear a person alluded to who brings discredit on his order.”

Mr. Thompson looked very confidential and knowing, and felt all his impressions with regard to Dobbs’s rank confirmed.

In the meantime, Dobbs had been perpetually flattered by the attention of the Thompsons ; and as there are moments in every man’s life, when the fountains of his soul bubble up into sudden freshness, he began to feel a novel exhilaration of spirits. Dobbs grew lively ; he talked to Amelia—grew friendly to the son—and filial to the mother. It was not very long, in fact, before he was smitten, or, to use a word more applicable to his fat jovial nature, harpooned by Amelia.

When dinner was over, Mr. Thompson turned round to our friends, as the company rose from the table, and, glancing at his wife and daughter, said—“ Gentlemen, perhaps you will do us the honour to come up to our rooms, and spend the evening.”

“ Oh, most happy,” said Dobbs, with a degree of confidence which he had never before exhibited ; and they all went up together.

Then, notwithstanding the heterogeneous materials of which the party was composed, it soon became a pleasant one. Chilton and Pereira engaged the old gentleman in conversation about Cobbett, and it soon appeared that he was a radical of no ordinary intensity of feeling.

Mrs. Thompson sat beside them, admiring her husband’s elo-

quence ; while Carisford amused himself by drawing out the son, who (thinking he had got hold of a congenial spirit) began to bewail the absence of genuine night-houses in Naples.

Dobbs, meanwhile (on whom Chilton cast a look occasionally), was in the enjoyment of the greatest pleasure he had ever experienced. To be sure, Miss Thompson had but little to say, and he himself had less ; but, what with commonplace remarks, answered by very pretty lips, and a touch of embarrassed silence, and then a stealthy glance at Amelia's eyes, generally taken just at a time when she happened to look up, and their eyes met, which caused a fearful blush on Dobbs's cheeks, he managed to enjoy himself very much.

And Amelia was not long in perceiving the impression she had made ; but, proud as Diana, when she had discharged an arrow from her quiver, and wounded a fine stag, she exulted in her victory ; and, desirous of testing her power (women, like doctors, are fond of feeling the pulse, to see the rate that passion's fever runs at), she began to draw Dobbs out.

In five minutes she would have, no doubt, had the whole history of the *Baboon* from him, but that Chilton, whose quick eye saw Dobbs's condition at a glance, suddenly started up, and, pulling out his watch, said—" Well, Mr. Thompson, we must bid you good night."

Dobbs, when plucked from his seat, gave a groan like the mandrake ; but he offered no resistance, and they parted from their new acquaintances, and went to their own rooms.

" Lagrima !" said Chilton.

" Brandy !" said Carisford.

" Cigars !" added Pereira.

" Dobbs, my boy," said Chilton, " you deserve every credit for being so polite to that girl. You were right to patronize the family, after their civility to us. Few men condescend with so much dignity. Most people, when they stoop, are apt to stumble !"

The Society were three or four days at the hotel, before they began to move about the town, except in the evenings, when they used to station themselves in the pit of San Carlos, and when Dobbs heard for the first time music in all its glory, and his

nature vibrated under the strains which rung through that brilliant palace, as a tree trembles in the wind. There, too, the ballet first burst on his sight, and dim sensual fantasies floated in gaudy confusion through his awakening imagination. When, for the *very* first time the light figures bounded on the stage before him, in all the brilliant and graceful recklessness of their sybilline contortions, Dobbs, we must say, blushed ; a little of the colour with which Nature expresses shame on a face that has never looked on sin, glowed on his cheeks. He glanced stealthily round the boxes, but was quite reassured when he saw how many spotless and delicate creatures were gazing (through the very best opera glasses,) on the scene which startled him, with all the calm propriety with which their great mother, Eve, looked on her garden. Dobbs blushed once more ; he was ashamed of being ashamed.

Naples was very full. There were plenty of English there of all ranks ; one section were turning the town into Brighton, another metamorphosing it into Margate. THE SOCIETY OF the *Baboon* began to think that it was time they should assume, what they considered their proper position among the circles there. Chilton talked rather loftily about leaving his card at the ambassador's.

One afternoon, meanwhile, Carisford had gone to bask in the sunshine, and display, like the humming-bird, his brilliancy in the light, when he took his way to the gardens. He wandered along the walks for some time ; then standing in a musing attitude, gazed far over the bay, which heaved with a soft wakefulness of life before him, and fixing his eyes on the misty blueness of Caprea, let his soul wander with his sight, and rove dreamingly about the prospect.

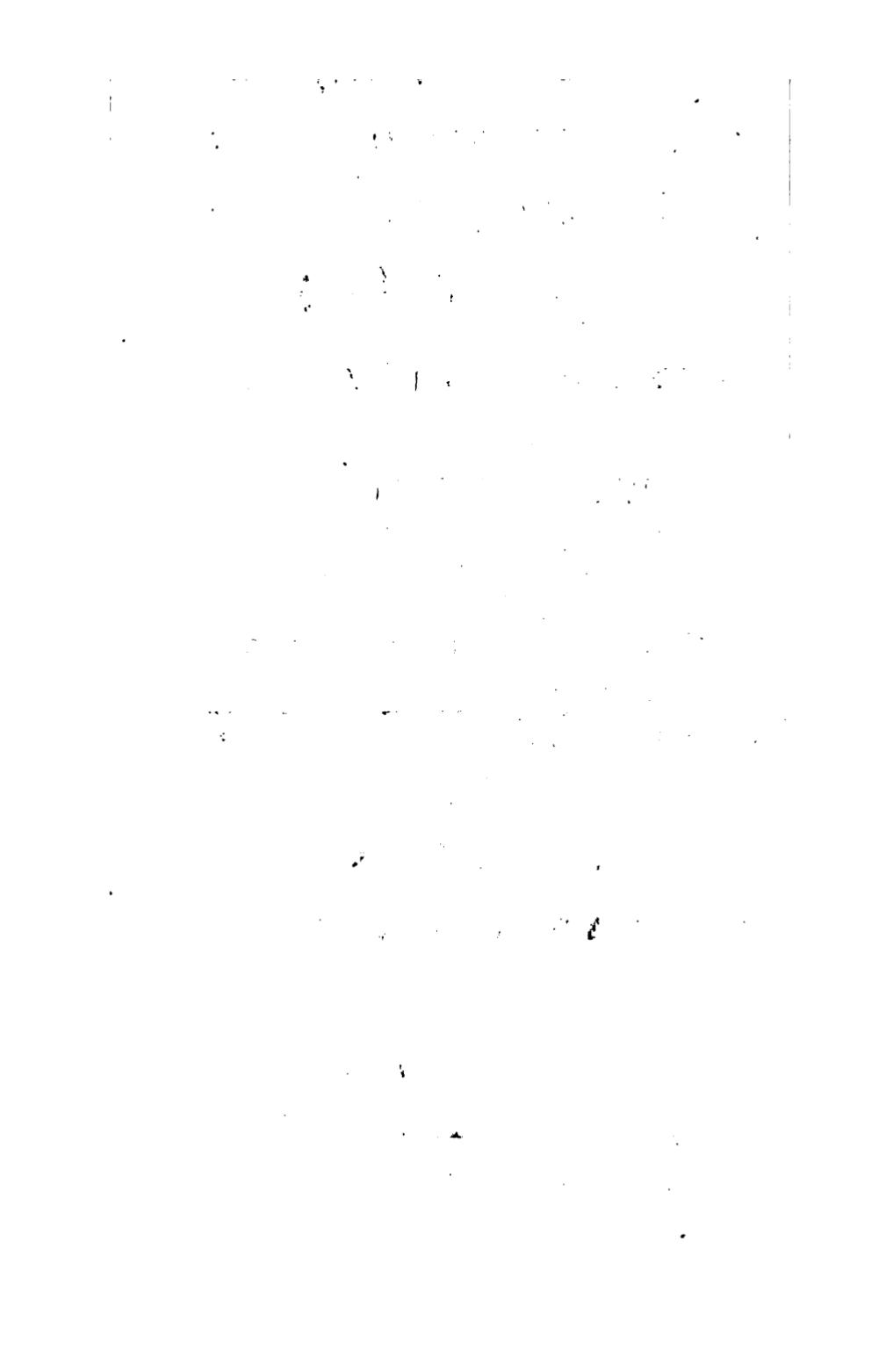
Suddenly, he was awakened from his reverie by the sharp sensation of some one treading on his toe. When he turned round, suddenly, at this very unpleasant interruption of his musings, he saw the offender by his side, a portly gentleman in the prime of mature life, who began pouring out his apologies with the greatest profusion.

“ Really, sir, I must beg your pardon. What an awkward interruption to your reverie—as a lover of nature, no doubt !”

Carisford laughed at the stranger's eagerness to excuse himself.



Making an acquaintance.



The stranger perceiving his good nature, went on—"One gets crowded in these gardens, you see, sir. Naples is very full. You are probably a stranger here. My name is Chilton, sir—Mr. Chilton, of Rockett Castle, Worcestershire. I am staying at the V—— Hotel."

"Chilton! God bless me!" said Carisford, in surprise; "why, then, you must be the father of Tom Chilton of the navy—that is, who was in the navy—a most intimate friend of mine."

"To be sure, my dear sir," said our friend Toe, now quietly drawing his new acquaintance away, arm-in-arm. "Where is Tom, by-the-by; we must have a chat about him, after dinner—you'll dine with me, of course?"

"I shall be very happy, I am sure; but then about Tom you know, sir?"

"Ah, you will have a chat about him—is he in the West Indies?"

"No, sir," answered Carisford, laughing; "he's in the New York hotel."

"The deuce he is—ha, ha! Bravo, Tom!" and Toe laughed very jovially. "Come along then, and we'll bring him to dinner at the same time. Tom's turned pirate, I hear; you're not an accomplice, are you?" So saying, and chuckling inwardly, they proceeded to the hotel; there the father and the son met in the presence of the Society.

There was nothing very romantic in the meeting; Toe was too stout to embrace his son, and it would have spoiled his frill. The hero of the *Baboon* looked a little surprised, but that was all; and they shook hands very cordially.

"Come and dine with me," said Toe, addressing himself to the whole party.

They all accepted the invitation, and Toe proved his paternal love, by the production of his Burgundy.

"Why," said the old boy, when the dessert was on the table, "I heard that you had become a pirate, Tom. Is that your schooner in the bay?"

"That's my friend Dobbs's schooner," said Chilton.

Dobbs looked modest and awkward.

"Well, what did you capture last?" pursued his father, laughing.

"Why, the *Baboon* is one of the most innocent vessels that swims—as harmless as the aquatic birds in St. James's Park."

"The Malta papers tell a different story," said Toe; "and my friend, Captain Ropesby, was telling me the other day, that it was not improbable, old Sir Booby Booring would send a brig after you. So, look out, my boys—and send round the wine."

After what they considered a decent length of stay, at dessert, the Baboonites rose to go to the opera, a proposal which meant, as far as Dobbs was concerned, that he wished to be back at the hotel in time to take tea with the Thompsons, who partook of that homely meal every evening in their rooms. He accordingly rose with Carisford and Pereira; but Chilton (moved by a strong paternal appeal) stayed with his father, and began to talk over family matters with him, over another bottle.

"Tom," said Toe (we prefer giving him his familiar appellation), "at your time of life, having arrived at years of discretion, and all that sort of thing, you ought to be doing something better than this amateur buccaneering. I'll introduce you to my friend, Mr. Limsdale, a very good fellow, but a shade too stiff, perhaps. However, he has a daughter, a very pretty girl, who has just arrived overland from England. You might do worse than marry her. Cut this yacht, or pirate, or whatever you choose to call her, and return to England, and live respectably on her fortune, which is very good, and yours, which is far from contemptible. To be sure, I believe there's a cousin of hers somewhere in the Mediterranean now, who is desperately in love with her; but his life is a very bad one (between ourselves, the Vulture Insurance Company, I hear, refused to grant a policy on it), and old Limsdale would not surely let her marry a fellow half gone in a decline. There's a chance for you."

This harangue, which probably contained more serious speculation than all Toe's conversation for the last six months put together, was received with great attention by his son.

Chilton replied—"Oh, certainly!" to all that his father suggested, though without any intention at the time of acting upon it, and never said one word about young Limsdale's having come in the *Baboon* to Naples—about the letter, or about the portrait, strong reason as he had for connecting them with him and his history; but he acquiesced, and nodded, and

was very friendly, and they sat together a long time, and parted with an agreement to meet next day.

Next day, accordingly, Toe came down to the hotel, and the whole of them set out together for an excursion. Somebody suggested Pompeii, but it was agreed, as that city has been stripped of everything, and now resembles an urn, from which the consecrated ashes that gave it interest have been removed, that it would be better in the first instance to visit the relics of it, which are collected and preserved in the great Bourbon Museum. Compared with that Museum, in its order and arrangement—in its worthiness to contain that which it is intended to preserve—our British Museum, in an obscure street, is a lumber room.

The party wandered through the lofty halls devoted to paintings, arranged according to their schools of art, and visited the library, where, suspended in ribbons, in little cases, hang the mouldering remains of MSS. dug up from the two cities—remains, which scholarship, sharpened by minute sagacity, armed with indomitable patience, and using refined chemistry as its slave, turns into pages of life.

It was while they were in the library, that Carisford, becoming inspired by the genius of the place, felt a fit of classical enthusiasm, and, going up to a priest, who was bending his fine pale brow and dark eyes over a vellum-bound volume, opened a conversation with—“*Loquerisne Latine?*”

The priest, with a glance of animation, drew himself up, and answered—“*Maxime!*”

There the conversation unfortunately terminated, for reasons best known to Carisford, and which Chilton did not fail to ask him for, at the next opportunity.

From the library they proceeded to the remains of sculpture, dug up from Pompeii; not neglecting (what indeed few Englishmen neglect) to visit the room, where, secluded from public examination, and accessible only by special permission, are the works of art, which proclaim the moral degradation, while they testify the artistic industry, of antiquity. Alas, for the profanation of the white marble! more degraded by the fine intellect which worked with it, than by the subterranean dirt of the quarry from which it had been dragged! Yet there is beauty in some of these works of the prostitution of genius;

and the artists may be compared to the Oriental bird—whose excrement is amber.

Having left the room, they descended, and in a short time were pausing before an equestrian statue, of delicate and graceful proportions. It represented an Amazon, mounted on her war-steed, and the artist had chosen the moment, when the death-arrow pierced her heart, and the startled soul gleamed with a strange and beautiful light through the delicate lineaments of her face. With a skill, painful and exquisite, he had shown her limbs, gently relaxing their grasp, as life began to flow away from her form; while her war-steed, unconscious of his mistress's fate, dashed onward, fiery and fast, as a courser of the sun.

“How beautiful!” exclaimed Carisford; and as he did so, there was a light rustling noise beside him, and as he turned his eyes from the enchanted marble, they lighted upon a lovely girl, who had approached. He looked no more upon the marble. Exquisite in its form, faultless in its proportions, what was it compared with that creature of rosy, breathing life?

“My dear Miss Limsdale,” exclaimed old Toe, “how are you? Is your papa here? Ah, Limsdale!” So continued Toe, as a tall dark gentleman emerged from behind a full-length Apollo. Then began a scene of introductions, and old Chilton was in his element. With great *empressement*, he presented his son to Mr. Limsdale and his daughter; and subsequently, Carisford, Pereira, and Dobbs.

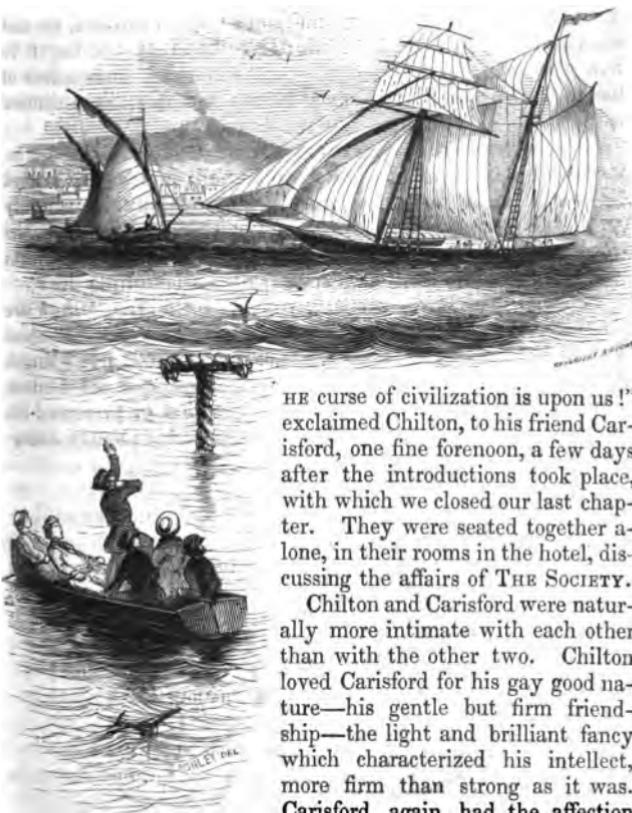


CHAPTER VII.

SINGULAR CONDUCT OF MR. M'MIZEN.

Ridebis, deinde indignaberis, deinde ridebis, si legeris, quod, nisi legeris,
non potes credere.

PLINII *Epist.*



“HE curse of civilization is upon us!” exclaimed Chilton, to his friend Carisford, one fine forenoon, a few days after the introductions took place, with which we closed our last chapter. They were seated together alone, in their rooms in the hotel, discussing the affairs of THE SOCIETY.

Chilton and Carisford were naturally more intimate with each other than with the other two. Chilton loved Carisford for his gay good nature—his gentle but firm friendship—the light and brilliant fancy which characterized his intellect, more firm than strong as it was. Carisford, again, had the affection of a younger brother for his friend, and respect and admiration for

his fine bold intellect—his imagination—his courage—and his strength of will. On the other hand, our friends Pereira and Dobbs were naturally drawn together, as the weakest and least experienced of the four. Pereira had as much affection for Dobbs as the others had ; but his affection was not mixed with that half-good-natured contempt for his understanding which they felt. Pereira, too, had in his nature an enthusiasm more pure—more nearly allied to religious enthusiasm, than his friends Chilton and Carisford, and one which Dobbs's greater simplicity of character, led him naturally to appreciate more than they did.

“ We are wasting our time here, you see, Car.,” continued Chilton. “ I cannot, for my part, drag along a life like my father's—a life passed in a round of dinner-parties. The sun of his existence passes through a zodiac of public-house signs—well, or hotels—it's all the same, only don't spoil my illustration. What say you—shall we start, and leave the Mediterranean ?”

“ Dobbs is in love with Amelia Thompson,” answered Carisford, with a half smile, and a certain expression of perplexity.

“ Indeed !” answered Chilton, rather ironically. “ Poor fellow ! Perhaps Carisford's in love with Flora Limsdale, eh ?”

Carisford smiled—coloured a little, and glanced, not without self-approbation, at the mirror.

“ I thought that was the true interpretation of your speech. So you would wreck yourself on a bank of golden sand—slumber through existence on a bed of violets—become a *cochon à l'engraïs* of a superior sort ?”

“ My dear fellow,” said Carisford, “ you are in love in England. That letter to Caroline from Gibraltar—”

“ Well, perhaps there is some truth in that,” Chilton said ; “ but I am not going to marry her, and become a boy with a lot of children, aping the airs of the middle-aged ‘ father of a family,’ and arriving at thirty, with a wife that has lost the bloom of youth, and become a matron, and common-place, before poetry has left my nature. Turn your thoughts to ambition.”

“ I have an ambition. My ambition is to marry Flora.”

“ Then consider her poor cousin, our guest, wandering in the Mediterranean, because his native climate will not let him live at home. His life is endangered, even by the wind, that

shakes the almond-blossoms from the tree. 'I make no doubt, that the hope of possessing her keeps him alive. Will you make his short lease of life a curse to him? Will you dog him to the grave?"

"I knew," cried Carisford, bitterly, "that his life was destined to thwart mine. You remember when I first saw that portrait——"

"That night," said Chilton, interrupting him, "was the first in which you gave a check to his love-hopes. That was his letter which you stopped in its flight."

"Ah, the letter, the letter!" exclaimed Carisford; "let me see it." Some strange feeling, half remorse, half superstition, had deterred him from looking at it before. But now the stronger one of love prevailed, and he cared no more for the shadows of terror, than Orpheus did for the shades, which met him at the Infernal Portals.

Chilton and he proceeded to read over together the love-message, which had been associated so ominously, from the first, with misfortune and death.

The letter, after expressing the passion of the writer, with a vehemence (alternating with the most womanly gentleness, and varied by the most fantastic capriciousness of jealousy), which almost argued that the writer's reason had been shaken, concluded thus:—"And now, Flora, for my conclusion. This is my determination. Denied to me, you shall be lost to all others! If the short term of that life, of which my Creator is cruelly robbing me, be not passed with you, hate shall keep me alive, when love *will*, and medicine *can* not; and my last days, at all events, will be long enough for revenge!"

"That is the rival you have to deal with," said Chilton, as he read these words.

"I could wish no better," answered his friend. "Give me the letter, and I will visit her now."

Carisford started for the house, just as young Limsdale was entering the city, on his return from Rome, whither some erroneous information regarding the whereabouts of his uncle, Mr. Limsdale, and his daughter, had drawn his impatient spirit.

This attachment of Carisford's was not the only difficulty Chilton had to struggle with, in his attempt to get the gallant

adventurers of the *Baboon* afloat again. Dobbs's attachment to Miss Thompson had become a serious matter; serious because there was a chance of his marrying her, and because the Thompsons were determined to bring it about. Miss Thompson (who had gone through a course of fashionable novels, to say nothing of a boarding-school education) conducted matters with a high hand, and referred Dobbs to her "Pa." The result of all this was, that the Thompsons were for carrying off Dobbs bodily to church, as soon as they found out that he was a young man in such very good circumstances.

This last step, however, frightened His Majesty, and he went to consult Chilton, who, we may be very sure, spared no pains to prevent the alliance.

Young Thompson, meanwhile, having heard somewhere that it was the duty of brothers to come out very strong, under such circumstances, and goaded by his sister into a desperate state of mind, "felt it his duty" to come up to Chilton's rooms, and protest against his interference, in rather singular language.

Chilton listened to him very patiently, for Dobbs's sake, for some time, but as the misguided young man began at last to talk about Dobbs being "completely the *doop!*" of Chilton and his friends, Chilton seized him by the collar, and swinging him round till he had placed his person in a convenient position, inflicted on him a tremendous kick, which sent him flying down stairs, much to the astonishment of old Toe, who had just come to the hotel, for the purpose of asking his son to dinner.

The violent explosion of temper, on the part of Miss Amelia, which followed on this, frightened Dobbs, and made him deliberate, once more, whether he should enter into the holy state of matrimony.

"At all events, try a short cruise first," urged Chilton. "I'll persuade Carisford to something like reason."

Next morning, after breakfast, the whole of them went down to the Mole, where they engaged a boat, for the purpose of going off to the *Baboon*, and seeing what state she was in.

Carisford and Dobbs were both suffering from the "love melancholy," which occupies so great a part of old Burton's work.

Chilton busied himself in keeping up their spirits, as the

boat pushed off from the stairs, and glided into the bay.—“ I wonder how the old craft looks !” he said.

“ Whereabouts is she lying ?” asked Pereira.

“ Eh ?” said Chilton ; and he gazed round rather anxiously. “ ‘Gad, I don’t see her ! Car., do you see the *Baboon* ?”

They all stared round the bay with curiosity—but in vain. A dreadful misgiving came over their minds. What had become of the *Baboon* ?

Dobbs was stupefied with astonishment. There was no *Baboon* in sight !

“ This comes of love-making,” remarked Chilton, with the calm bitterness of a man who feels that he is not responsible for the crisis. “ Of course the *Baboon* has been seized during the night. I’ll go to the English minister ; and, by God ! he shall answer for the *Baboon* with his head !”

How the minister’s head was in any way responsible for the *Baboon*, Chilton would perhaps have proceeded to shew ; but, just at that moment, the quick eye of Carisford descried a schooner, bearing a strong resemblance to the missing vessel, coming down very pleasantly, with all sail set, from the direction of Baia Bay.

“ May perdition seize me,” exclaimed Chilton, “ but I believe that’s her !” He then gave orders to the boatmen, to pull towards her ; and away they went, all feeling the greatest anxiety to have an explanation of this extraordinary circumstance.

As they drew near the schooner, it was quite obvious that they were not mistaken, and that she was, in fact, the genuine *Baboon*.

Whatever mental anxiety was felt in the boat, there was obviously none on board the schooner, which glided down towards them, in all the calm majesty of yachting respectability. Never had her spars appeared so lithe ; never had her canvass gleamed with such a distinct purity of whiteness ; and her bright copper cast just such a golden shadow in the water, as is cast by the kingfisher in his flight.

As the boat drew nearer and nearer to the *Baboon*, our adventurers were further astonished at hearing the sound of music proceed from her ; and music, too, not floating over the water in long, melancholy, dying strains, such as would have har-

monized with the scene ; no, it was lively, sparkling music—melody out on the loose ! In a word, it was dancing music ; and why it was so, was soon obvious, for as the distance between the boat and the schooner lessened, it became perfectly apparent that groups were waltzing on the deck. In a word, the *Baboon* was obviously tenanted by a party of pleasure.

“ Somebody shall suffer for this ! ” said Chilton, ferociously ; and he rose up in the boat, and hailed the yacht in a stentorian voice.

Carisford was nearly dying with laughter ; and as for Dobbs, he looked round, with his usual air of helpless perplexity.

At first it seemed the intention of the *Baboon* to proceed majestically on her way, without taking any notice of the boat ; but, in a few minutes, a telescope was observed, resting on her bulwark ; and, it being suddenly withdrawn, the schooner shortened sail and lay to.

Chilton and his friends instantly went alongside. When they landed on the deck, what a sight presented itself ! That deck, which had been consecrated by the wit of Chilton, and the monarchy of Dobbs—that deck, where the little black cockney skipper had stood, hat in hand, in reverential awe, was now occupied by a miscellaneous party of travellers, who, having had a cruize to Baia, and having had a dance on the deck, were now occupied in lunching !

There they were, old and young, gathered together in groups, investigating cold pies, slicing delicate tongues, and opening sparkling Champagne. The sky-light of the cabin had been shut down, and converted into seats, obviously by bringing up the beds of the Society, and covering them with flags. Carisford’s piano was lashed abaft, in a convenient position ; and a judicious selection from the light literature in the library, in the way of novels and poems, lay variously about, for the use of the more refined of the party. The white China plates, adorned with the arms before described, were in full employment. Huge hampers, with the silvery tops of Champagne bottles peeping through the hay, were to be seen leaning against the vessel’s sides. One old gentleman was mixing a salad in a punch-bowl ; and another was cooling claret, in a portable bath full of cold water. It is almost superfluous to add, that punch-bowl and portable bath were both the property of the Society.



A Nautical Pic Nic.

LONDON, J. & D. A. DARLING, 26 BISHOPSGATE STREET.



This spectacle, we may easily believe, rather astonished the King and his companions. Chilton stood for a moment in stupefied surprise, and glanced at the company with an air of the most sublime disdain.

This, however, seemed to produce but little effect. One old lady looked up at the new-comers: what theory she had formed about them we do not know; but it is certain, that on seeing Chilton, she cried out—"I say, young man, bring them nut-crackers here—will you, if you please?"

"Mr. M'Mizen!" roared Chilton, moving aft; and in doing so, bestowing a kick, maliciously, on a small boy in the way, who was kneeling on his knees, and devouring a fruit-pie; "come here, sir! Explain this disgraceful proceeding!"

At these words there was a commotion among the party at lunch, and knives and forks were dropped in astonishment.

"Mr. Carisford," said Chilton, "go forward, if you please, and prepare to act according to my orders. Pray, gentlemen," he continued, turning round, and comprehensively addressing the party, "are you aware that you are, one and all of you, guilty of the most impudent intrusion; that this yacht is the private property of my friend, Mr. Dobbs, beside me; and that you have, none of you, any more right to be here, than you have to be in that Palace on shore!"

At these words, the old gentleman who had been mixing the salad, came forward, and said—"I presume, sir, we may have what we pay for? Look at that." Here he put into Chilton's hands a card, bearing the following astounding inscription.

"YACHT BABOON, DAVID M'MIZEN, MASTER.

ADMIT¹ BEARER FOR CRUISE.

N.B. Lunch 5s. extra. Children half-price."

It required, in spite of the humiliating position in which Chilton felt his darling *Baboon* to be placed, all his gravity to prevent him from bursting into a roar of laughter at this extraordinary card.

As he was twirling it round and round between his fingers, undecided how to act, he perceived M'Mizen coming up to

him. M'Mizen was attired with singular care, obviously for the purpose of doing the honours of the vessel properly. He did not appear at all confused; but when Chilton said to him, sternly—" Well, sir, what is the meaning of this? How dare you presume to take such a liberty?" he winked audaciously at him, and motioned in such a manner as to imply that he had some valuable communication to make, in private, on the subject.

Chilton accordingly went to the fore part of the vessel with him, alone; when, just as he was beginning to reprimand him, M'Mizen said—" Noo, sir, I joost ask ye to look at that," and so saying, pulled out a purse full of dollars, and exhibited it with the calm air of conscious integrity.

" But, God bless me, sir! do you suppose——"

" Noo, my good young gentleman," interrupted the sailing-master, with a tear drop, or rather a beer-drop in his eye, " just hae some regard for the true principles o' economy! these mony days we hae been in the bay, ye hae no ane o' ye set foot aboard. I'm no a young man, Master Chilton, and I hae some dependen on me for their breed, and sall I no do something honest, joost to leave them a wee bit fortin, puir things?" Here M'Mizen's eyes twinkled with a maudlin pathos of expression.

" D—n the fellow," thought Chilton; but he saw that there was no use in making a disturbance, at least at that time, and he was too much amused by Mr. M'Mizen to be very angry, so he confined himself to asking him how he proposed to get rid of the visitors?

M'Mizen was quite prepared for this, now that he had got his money all safe, and was so grateful to Chilton for his leniency in dealing with him, that he burst out—" Ah, sir, they hae been aboard here, quite lang enough. J'll put 'em ashore, sir. Faith, sir, a guid ducking would do some of them nae harm. There's ane old gentleman wha lunched, as if he had nae tasted for a fortnight."

" I wish we had a good rattling breeze," said Chilton, musingly, holding up his hand, after breathing on it, to catch the airs which were floating very delicately and lightly, and looking anxiously at the strange heavy clouds, which hung dreamily over far Vesuvius.

" Ah, sir," said M'Mizen, " I wish we had! Do ye ken,

sir, we hae joost had nae ither than this sma' win a' day. Ye see, sir," he said, taking Chilton by the button, confidentially, and lowering his voice—" This win was no use to me; I set the big jib afore I brought lunch (here he gave an inimitable leer), joost to tak the edge off their appetites, sir, but it made nae difference; she was as quiet as a lamb."

Here Carisford came running forward to Chilton, and exclaimed—She's on board! come along, old boy!"

" Who do you mean?"

" Why, Flora, to be sure!"

" Well, M'Mizen," said Chilton, " we'll hold on, as we are going, for the present. Keep your eye on me, and do what I tell you."

He then went aft with Carisford, and joined Miss Limsdale, whose father had brought her on board the *Baboon*, for the benefit of the breezes in the bay, of course in utter ignorance of the state of affairs. The fact was, that since the day on which Toe Chilton had introduced them, none of the party had visited at Mr. Limsdale's, except Carisford, who had never said a word about the *Baboon*.

" Is not this a surprise," said Carisford, as they came up to Miss Limsdale, " eh, Chilton? Fancy Miss Limsdale suddenly appearing on deck. Upon my honour, it reminds me of Venus rising from the sea!"

At these words, Mr. Limsdale came up to them, when Chilton took an opportunity of explaining to him the events of the morning. He laughed at the narration, and readily consented to become a guest of the Society for the remainder of the day's cruise. " But how," said he, " are you to get rid of all these worthy people?" directing his attention to the groups of strangers, among whom, some hints of the true state of affairs had diffused no inconsiderable uneasiness.

" Well," said Chilton, " upon my honour, I hardly know what to do. Don't you think, sir, that one could duck a few of them—just by accident? *Nihil tam capax fortuitorum, quam mare*, as Nero's admiral argued, when that Emperor was devising how to kill his mother, you remember, in Tacitus, eh?"

" To be sure," replied old Mr. Limsdale. " Of course," he continued, with a malicious smile, " you can do what you like in your own yacht. *I* have no right to dictate."

At that moment, the long hazel-coloured ringlets of Flora Limsdale streamed out under her bonnet. The canvass of the yacht struggled in the wind; and the *Baboon* creaked and groaned in distress, while the sea foamed at the mouth, like a man in a fit.

“Shorten sail,” cried Chilton.

Here the *Baboon* gave a lurch, and shot an old gentleman head foremost into the champagne hamper.

“Why don’t you lower the fore-top sail?” Chilton roared.

“If you please, sir, there’s a young gent. asleep in the coil of the halyards.”

“Pull the cub out,” yelled Chilton, and Pereira rushed forward, and seized by the leg, the boy who had been employed on the pie, when they came on board.

“My boy! my boy!” screamed a middle-aged lady, seizing him just as Pereira extricated him from the coil.

A moment afterwards, the halyards were let go, and the rope dashed through the sheave-hole, with mad and fiery speed, as the yard came down the mast.

“Take a reef in, and brace sharp up,” said Chilton, to M’Mizen. “We must beat up for the anchorage, now that the wind has set in foul;” and away bowled the *Baboon*, on the larboard tack, through a sea, sparkling like molten glass.

“It was only a squall,” Chilton said, turning to Mr. Limsdale.

“Only a what, sir?” inquired the old gentleman, who had been precipitated into a hamper, and about whose head the hay was still hanging in graceful festoons. It was obvious from his appearance, that he was excessively angry, and he did not look a bit the less ridiculous on that account.

“I said a squall, sir,” replied Chilton, sarcastically. “Ready about!”

“But, sir, when I came on board, I——”

“Helm’s a lee!” roared Chilton.

“This is most disgrace——”

Whew!—here there was a tremendous flapping, and thunder pealed from the canvass as it shook in the wind—then a jerk, and a whirring noise, a heel over, and the boom rolled over to the other side, carrying the angry gentleman’s hat with it, and away went the *Baboon* on the other tack.

"Really, sir," said Chilton, whom the brilliant breeze, and the presence of Mr. Limsdale, had put into a good humour, "I am sorry that you are obviously so little accustomed to salt water. But such accidents are unavoidable."

The angry gentleman looked a little mollified, but cast a long and wistful glance at his hat, which was bobbing away like a buoy in the wake of the yacht.

And now, as we presume that our readers are by this time aware that good-nature was a distinguishing feature of the SOCIETY, we hope they will not be surprised at learning, that Chilton and his friends exerted themselves to make those who were on board as comfortable as possible. M'Mizen was directed to bring up some wine, of a peculiar excellence, only used on rare occasions. It was some which Dobbs had found in the cellar at Brokesby Hall, and it had been bought by his uncle, Mr. Forrester, at a sale of the property of a nobleman, who had reduced himself from some £600,000 a year, to the beggarly pittance of £15,000, and had become, of course, an object of profound sympathy.

The mention of this circumstance by Dobbs, called forth from Mr. Limsdale, the information that the nobleman in question was at that moment in Naples.

As that fact was mentioned, who should suddenly make his appearance from the cabin, but the philosophical young gentleman whom they met at the *table d'hôte*. That youth, who wore blue spectacles—who was a great admirer of Lord Brougham—who dreamed of Jeremy Bentham every night, and thought Carlyle a wild theorist—dearly loved a discussion, so up he came, and renewed his acquaintance with the SOCIETY.

"You were speaking of my Lord Blundermere?"

"Yes; this wine came from his cellar at ——. May I offer you a glass?" said Chilton.

The philosophical young gentleman bowed, and drank one with great gusto—"What a vicious spendthrift he was," remarked he, toying with two or three golden drops, that lurked in the bottom of the glass.

"If he had not been so, we should not have had this wine to-day," said Chilton, laughing.

"To be sure, there's something in that. 'Private vices are

public benefits,' said Mandeville.—Yes, there's something in that."

"There's nothing in your glass, however," said Chilton, filling it again.

The philosophic youth took a dainty sip.—"But why should the aristocracy have such enormous wealth?" pursued he. "What an infamous disposition of property!"

"If all were equal, all would have only moderate means—and who then would have Burgundy like this?"

The youth took another dainty sip.—"Then, how wretchedly deficient they are in intellects and acquirements," he said.

"Therefore intellect and acquirements become more necessary to the state, and get better rewarded; so intellect and acquirements attain Burgundy like this," replied Chilton, filling the philosopher's glass once more.

The youth emptied it, put it down, and walked forward on the deck for a little fresh air.

As his back was turned, Chilton pulled Mr. Limsdale's arm, and said, laughing—"Ah, my dear sir, that's the way to deal with Radicals: the aristocracy should go the right way to work, and stop their mouths with Burgundy!"

While this conversation was going on, Carisford had not been idle. He had strayed with Flora to another part of the vessel, out of hearing of the philosophical young gentleman. Flora and he stood by themselves, gazing far to leeward, over the bay; and Carisford's soul fluttered restlessly in his body, like a Dryad in its leafy prison. He looked upwards to the still eternal blue of heaven, and downwards to the restless and eternal blue of ocean, and then into the blue of Flora's eyes—not eternal, but how much sweeter to him than either. He longed to speak, but was prevented by a strange awe of his beautiful companion; for the beauty of some women appears to have been given to them, for the same purposes that beauty is given to the peacock's tail by nature—that is to say, to frighten away objects of danger. Let those who feel themselves in Carisford's position, be not very sorry when they find their eloquence frozen. For what advantage is it to "break the ice," when the chances are that you will be drowned below?

So, finding it impossible to express what he felt, Carisford took refuge in the common-place, and began to talk about the *Baboon*.—“Don’t you think, Miss Limsdale, that this is a very beautiful vessel?” he said.

“Very,” replied Miss Limsdale, with a demure look, caused by a determined suppression of the smile which Carisford’s obvious uneasiness provoked.

“Then the snowy whiteness of the deck,” pursued Car., venting on the inanimate object the enthusiasm which he felt for the living one before him.

“Well, upon my word, Mr. Carisford,” said Flora, “it appears to have been sadly profaned by your visitors. I am afraid that those are wine-stains on the other side. But what is this deep red mark, Mr. Carisford?” cried Flora, with curiosity.

Carisford moved forward, to look at the spot which she alluded to; and Flora delicately advancing her delicate little foot, pointed out to him a distinct deep crimson stain.

Carisford looked down at it; and his brow grew dark, and he seemed trying to recall some event to his remembrance. Then, suddenly raising his head, while his face flushed to a colour that resembled the stain he had been looking at, he said—“That—that is a blood mark, Miss Limsdale.”

“A blood mark!” said the girl.

“Yes,” said Carisford, with a half laugh. “It’s a poor little pigeon’s blood—such a strange adventure!” And here, as Flora’s gaze of wonder flashed into his eyes, he suddenly stopped short, for, all at once, came upon his memory, not only the incident to which he alluded (recorded in our fourth chapter), but all that bore upon, and might follow from it; the fact, that the letter had been addressed to her—the fact, that she didn’t know that her cousin had come to Naples in the *Baboon*—as all this flashed on his mind at once, he stood for a moment blinded as it were by the light which rushed upon him.

“An adventure,” cried Flora, gaily. “Tell me the story. There is something very inviting to the curiosity, in stories about blood stains.”

“Flora,” said Carisford, beginning his story with a serious sadness, and scarcely heeding the maiden blush—half pleasure, half surprise—which his use, for the first time, of that familiar

address, brought to her cheek—"the finger of destiny does not disdain to move the humblest springs in the machine of life. If all that I suspect be true—if all that I fear be probable, then is it not unlikely that I have been the instrument of ill to you! If so," and here his voice grew more solemn—"then, would to God that those marks had been rather made by my blood, than by that of the bird of which I spoke!"

It was with a start of the most acute astonishment that the girl drew back from him, as he uttered these unexpected words.

Carisford continued—"If I had, by an extraordinary accident, stepped between you and the voice of one who loves you—if a letter—" Here he saw surprise—a strange consciousness, and a shadow of pain appear suddenly on Flora's face. A strong conviction rushed to his mind: impelled by his emotion, blinded by his passion, he forgot himself for the moment, and taking her by the hand, he cried—"Ah, then, you love your cousin, William Limsdale!" A moment afterwards he cursed his rashness and barbarity, as the girl turned deadly pale and trembled. Before he had time to say another word, they were joined by her father and Chilton.

"My poor Flora," said Mr. Limsdale; "the sea-breeze does not agree with you."

"We shall be at anchor, sir, in two minutes now," Chilton said, eagerly.

And now the daylight was vanishing, as the yacht glided on to her moorings. The wind had fallen light again—the sun was setting in a haze of crimson glory; the blue mists of evening were gathering over Capri; and the purple shadows of the coming twilight, danced fitfully on the waters, like ghosts; pleasant to the ear was the strange murmur of the waves that broke upon the shore, sluggishly, as if they were even too lazy to die.

The weary visitors of the *Baboon*, customers of the eccentric M'Mizen, crept shivering and sleepy to the gangway, eager to land, after the extraordinary voyage of the day. As they stepped into shore-boats, some of them felt somewhat of the exultation, which may be supposed natural to a person escaping from the flying Dutchman, with which vessel, no doubt, they most of them compared the *Baboon*.

Carisford escorted Flora home to her father's house.

"There's been a young gentleman, a relation of your's, he said, Miss Flora, here," said the old female servant who opened the door; "he has left a note for you; he waited some time."

With strange forebodings, Carisford assisted Flora up stairs. On the table was a note, in a hand-writing which he knew.

Flora paused before she opened it—she trembled as she read it, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADDIO, MA BELLA NAPOLI.

The wind and the beam loved the rose,
And the rose loved one.

BULWER.



GENIAL and warm light of love, thou art to a rich and gentle nature, what the rays of the sun are to the buds on the almond tree, which they warm into beauty of blossom, and ripeness of fruit. Under thy influence, the fine nature similarly develops itself.

An ugly woman, who is a great heiress, resembles the toad which has a precious jewel in its head.

We are surrounded by mystery, from the light that floats round the candle, to the shadows that gather round the death-bed. We can understand nothing. We cannot discover the original, or author, of anything around us. The book of nature is an anonymous publication !

The ingenious reader, startled at the eccentricity of the above bursts, from a writer so tranquil as his humble servant, is informed, that they were found by him, inscribed in the note book of our mutual friend, Chilton, and bearing date some few days after the events in the last chapter. They obviously were written under the influence of some events of importance to the SOCIETY, whose proceedings we record.

Late on the night on which the cruise of the *Baboon* in the bay took place, Chilton was sitting up reading, alone in his rooms at the hotel. Dobbs and Pereira had retired to rest; Carisford had not come home, and his friend was anxious on his account, and his eyes wandered restlessly from the pages on which he was employed to the door, and to the shadows that flickered on the wall, and hovered in the corners.

At last he heard a step on the stairs; and bursting open the door violently, Carisford came in. His face was flushed, his hair disordered, and his eyes gleamed strangely: their look was something between exultation and terror.—“Ah, Chilton!” he said; “thank God you are up! What have you here?—wine? That’s right!—

“My heart in its thirst is a dying flower!”

Such an evening I have had!”

“Speak on—what has happened?”

“Nay, don’t hurry me. I have been hurried enough this evening!” and Carisford threw himself back in his chair, gave a long sigh, and moved away the hair which clustered over his forehead. “Well,” he continued; “I took Flora home, as you know. There had been somebody there to see them, it appeared; and there was a letter on the table, addressed to her. I recognised the handwriting of her cousin, young Limsdale, immediately: and she, poor girl, began to weep.”

“With joy, or sorrow?” inquired Chilton.

“Well—I could not divine which. You know it is a disputed point, to this day, whether the song of the nightingale is merry or mournful; and these tears gave me a new and similar subject of speculation. At that moment her father came up stairs—”

"Yes—I walked to the door with him."

"He is certainly a most sensible and gentlemanly fellow. He spoke very kindly to me; said Flora was not in very good health—that she must retire early. Would I stay, however, and take supper with him? You may be sure, that I had no heart to do anything of the sort. I apologized and left the house. But I was too excited to go home quietly, as you may suppose; so I strolled along the streets by myself, and turned into the opera, where I took my place in the pit. When it was over, I intended to have come here, but a strange impulse seized me. I bent my way to Mr. Limsdale's, and watched outside the house. There might, I thought, be a light in one of the windows. As I was turning to go away, having found all dark, I perceived the figure of a man hovering about. He watched, and followed me. I walked on, as if ignorant that I was dogged. I turned into a *café*, and ordered some lemonade. In two minutes the stranger was seated at a table opposite; he was joined by a young man, whose face I could not see. They whispered together; and I distinctly heard one of them say—'That's him—the fair young man opposite!' while, at the same moment, the stranger whom I had first seen looked directly at me."

"Well," asked Chilton, "what did you do?"

"Why, I rose from my seat, walked straight up to the table where he was sitting, and I said—'Sir, I am exceedingly flattered by your attentions to my personal appearance!'"

"What?—then he was an Englishman!" said Chilton.

"I am inclined to believe so, from his looks. When I spoke the fellow did not answer; but on his features there came a grim half-threatening, half-impudent frown. Fearing that, in the event of a disturbance, he would have a large party on his side, I thought it most prudent to leave the house—and here I am!"

Here Chilton started to his feet, and opened the window of the room. Carisford advanced to it with him. Chilton pressed his arm, and pointed to the street; and there, standing on the opposite side, were the figures of two men.

"Do you recognise either of them?" asked Chilton.

"Yes," said Carisford; "the shorter of the two is the one I addressed in the *café*."

"It's of no use making a disturbance, and bringing out Mrs. Thompson in her curl-papers," Chilton said; "or nothing would please me better than to call these gentlemen to a most peremptory account. However, now that I know the ruffians by sight, we will hunt them up together. Watch them—there they go."

Chilton drew down the window, as the two men disappeared.

While Chilton and Carisford retire to their *cubicula*, our way lies with the two men, whom they watched from the window. They moved away in silence, and, at last, paused on the *marina*. The taller of the two removed his hat, to let the breeze play upon his brow, and, as he did so, he placed his hand on his bosom, and coughed violently.

His companion shivered a little in the night breeze, and said, impatiently—"Come, Limsdale, let us go away from here. There's nothing to be done now."

"And whose fault is that?" answered the other, savagely. "Twice to-night you were within reach of—"

"The gallows!" interrupted his companion, sententiously.

"Psha! I thought you knew this beautiful town better! An Englishman is going about—he insults somebody—Italian blood is hot—daggers are handy—the Englishman gets stabbed in a brawl—nobody knows the man who did it! Surely the tragedy is simple. It has been acted here often enough, at all events."

"But," said the other, irresolutely, "what occasion have you to injure this young man? You know—"

"Great Providence!" broke out young Limsdale; and in the violence of his emotion, he burst again into a fit of coughing. He paused, and the white handkerchief which he held in his hand was stained with blood. "I tell you that he has come between me and my love!—that he is preferred before me!—that he has thwarted me in the only object for which I care to live—even for the few months which can alone be mine! Cease to inquire further! Answer me, at once and distinctly—will you act, or not?"

"I agree," said his companion: and Limsdale waved his hand, and parted from him.

Left by himself, the man whom Limsdale had been speak-

ing to, sauntered slowly along, musing on his position, and reflecting on the conversation which he had just had.

As it is now a favourite doctrine of writers of fiction (particularly of those whose works have contributed to form that sound and healthy state of public feeling which distinguishes a neighbouring nation), that hideous villainy on the part of any heroic character, is quite compatible with most tender and praiseworthy sentiments, and with much that is laudable and interesting, our readers will be prepared to learn, that Mr. Ruby Yelper was not an unalloyed villain. Yelper, to be sure, would have robbed the mail, or committed a burglary, or even cut a throat ; but the man did not live who could assert, that he declined to stand beer to an old accomplice, or that he neglected to pay his debts of honour (*viz.*—what he lost at cribbage, or shove-half-penny—the *écarté* and billiards of the vulgar). He had been valet to a gentleman who was travelling, but who had dismissed him at Rome, in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of some articles of *bijouterie*. Mr. Yelper was consequently thrown upon his own resources, or, in plainer language, upon the resources of other people ; and, as crime makes stranger acquaintances even than poverty, he had become as intimate with young Limsdale as we have seen. Though quite prepared to execute his wishes, if necessary, he had, nevertheless, made up his mind to try whether he could not effect a profitable bargain, without committing himself so far. Full of speculations on the matter, Mr. Yelper went home.

In the meantime, Limsdale went to his home also, walking slowly, under a load of grief. On his brow, consumption had written Doom ; and as that fatal disorder is but too often associated with a tendency to insanity, he, in incurring it, had not altogether escaped its second curse. Calm on all ordinary occasions—rational and sensible on all ordinary subjects, he was no longer reasonable, when under the influence of that passion, which having plunged him in melancholy, seemed now hurrying him to crime. The sight of Flora seemed to have had such an effect on him, as ancient superstition attributed to the sight of a nymph ; till passion had taken possession of him, he had been calm and pure of soul, for it is with the soul as with the moon, its brightness is eclipsed by the SHADOW of EARTH. But

now, as he walked along, and felt the chill breeze, with which nature had ushered in the morning of a new day, he grew calmer; and with one of those revulsions of feeling, common to his disposition, repented bitterly what he had that evening done. His pride—pride is often a safeguard of conscience—revolted against the co-operation with plebeian criminality, into which his jealousy had betrayed him. As he gained his rooms, and lay down, while the early daylight played round his couch, he exclaimed, mentally—“This evening shall find me—if not a happier—at least a better man!”

* * * * *

It was morning at Naples, and the city sparkled with life, as merrily as the bay before it; and from out the spires of the churches, sounded the voices of bells, which floated through the air, and died far away on the water, and a wave of the most brilliant plebeianism dashed along the Strada Toledo. Through the broad thoroughfare, which runs in a line with the bay, and of which gardens and palaces are the boundaries, were to be seen, flying along, the light carriages of the English strangers, resident in the town.

And, indeed, the gaiety which sparkled everywhere, was not to be wondered at: it was a “great day” for Naples, for on that day a most distinguished prince was to lead to the “hymeneal altar” an equally distinguished princess. This was the reason why the city wore an appearance more than ordinarily brilliant. The populace were overjoyed, and shook their rags in triumph. One would have thought, that they were to have had every grievance under which they laboured, redressed at a blow; yet nothing of the sort was in the least intended; and the mob were in reality howling with joy, because a young gentleman, whom nine-tenths of them did not know by sight, was to marry a young lady, who would not have sacrificed one brilliant from her fair fingers, to have saved them from an eruption of Vesuvius. But mobs are easily pleased; a king’s marriage, or a king’s funeral, are equally holidays to them.

Indeed, to one who chose to penetrate below the surface of happiness and splendour altogether throughout the town, the general state of things would have seemed remarkable enough. Who was happy in the middle of all this? Were the two

great actors in the ceremony happy? It was a mere political alliance; and though we disclaim any unamiable suspiciousness of mind, yet who can view, without some surprise, the haste with which the august prince then married, subsequently bolted from a revolution, leaving his wife behind him?

Then too, consider the petty jealousies, the miserable disappointments to which the happy event gave rise! Mr. Blobbs had a ticket to witness the ceremony, and Mr. Bobbins had not. Here, at one stroke, was raised undue triumph in the heart of Blobbs, and unchristian indignation in the soul of Bobbins. Mr. Thompson, our friend, had strained heaven and earth to secure the admission for himself and Mrs. T. but in vain. So, Mr. Thompson resolved to console himself in the bosom of his family; and did so accordingly, amidst the sneers of his wife and the sulks of his daughter.

And now, while all due preparations are being made for the ceremony—while the vestments of the archbishop, who is to officiate, are being prepared, and that reverend man is breaking fast (*not* on locusts and wild honey), in order to be ready; while the dust is being reverently removed from the rich paintings and gleaming silver of the chapel—while the bride is surveying herself in the mirror, and, in her maiden blush, the blood of a hundred kings mantles in her cheek—while Mr. Blubber (English traveller) is splitting his nether court garments in trying them on—while all this is going forward, we proceed to the New York Hotel, where, seated at breakfast, are Chilton, Pereira, and Dobbs, all in brutally plebeian ignorance of the great event impending.

“Well, *carissime*,” said Chilton, to the king. “How are you, by this time? Nearly ready for leaving Naples, eh?”

“Yes,” said Dobbs, with a sigh. Since the termination of the negotiation between Thompson, junior, and Chilton, in the very abrupt manner recorded in our last chapter, there had been a cut between the Thompsons and the SOCIETY. Young Thompson had talked of “satisfaction,” but, as he was scarcely able to load a pistol, and as Chilton could with ease drill a dollar at the regular distance, he had abandoned the idea; and Miss Amelia had cut Dobbs, as an impostor—a bad customer, as her parent said; so that now the two parties did not “pass the salt” at dinner at the *table d'hôte*, and were obliged to resort

to extraordinary artifice to avoid any communication during that meal.

"And you are content to leave *Amelia* behind?" continued Chilton, with a grin.

Dobbs sighed again; and bisected a fried sole, with a pathetic expression of countenance.

"Ah, my boy, when I was at your age," Chilton said, (he was a year older)—"I often had these little disappointments!"

"If you please, sir," said a tall gentleman, with a moustache, and a manner, equally oily, entering the room—"if you please, sir, there is an individual in the lower regions——"

"A what?" asked young Pereira, laughing.

Now, the tall oily gentleman was the head man at the hotel, an ingenious Italian, who being particularly anxious to acquire the English language, was studying it through the medium of the leading articles of English journals, and of one or two grave English works, which travellers had given him. His English, therefore, was far from colloquial in its character, and was additionally laughable, from its being often incorrect.

"What is the matter, Mr. Dellaria?" inquired Chilton.

"An individual, sir, of whose attitude, I assume him to be professionally mariner, waits, or waiteth, beneath us," said Dellaria, bowing most gracefully and formally as he pronounced this set speech.

"In fact, there's a man you take to be a sailor, down stairs, eh, Mr. Dellaria?

"Yea, sir, sai-lor down stairs," repeated he, to fix it on his memory.

"Bring him up," said Chilton.

Mr. Dellaria looked puzzled.

"Direct him to ascend to us."

And the tall gentleman bowed, as if satisfied now, and departed.

"Mr. M'Mizen!" exclaimed Chilton, as that invaluable sailing-master entered the room. "Well, what news?"

"What news?" inquired he; "hae ye nae heard the bells gaun, this morning, as tho' they would bring down the godless and sinfu' kirks? There's a grand marriage, sir, this morning, and," continued M'Mizen, "they mak' as much to do about a

wee-bit gilpie o' a Yittalian princess, as tho' it was ane of the Hous o' Douglas!"

"But, what of it—what of it?" Chilton asked; for Mr. M'Mizen's Presbyterianism had received such a shock from the sounds of the bells, that it appeared he had forgotten in his excitement, what bearing the marriage had on the fortunes of the gentlemen of the *Baboon*.

"Why sir, joost this," said he, recollecting himself; "the English government must aye ha a hand in a' that tak's place, sae, there's a line-o'-battle ship in sicht, nae doot coming on account o' the ceremonie."

"Whew!" cried Chilton, at this intelligence; "now we must bolt, whether we like it or no—that's pretty clear. Now, my boys, we must go on board. M'Mizen, proceed, weigh anchor, lay to, and send a boat on shore."

The sailing-master departed. And now, there was a scene of bustle and confusion in the hotel. There were trunks to pack, and bills to pay. Mr. M'Mizen's surmise concerning the vessel in sight was perfectly correct. She was H. M. S. *Posteroous*, Captain Ricochet, and had been sent from Malta, by Sir Booby Booring, to do honour to the marriage ceremony, though what possible honour, by the way, the presence of Ricochet could do to any human ceremony, we are at a loss to divine. And, here we may glance, *en passant*, at the honourable conduct of that officer, who on this occasion, so managed matters, that no one belonging to his ship except himself, could get admission to the chapel. But this by the way.

Through the busy brain of Chilton, as he was hurriedly preparing for departure, numberless calculations ran. "Would the man-of-war meddle with the *Baboon*? Had she any power to do so? What was the exact nature of the information that the Admiral had respecting her? Where had they best proceed? Nothing seemed clear to him except the fact, that go they must. Fairly out of the way, nothing very terrible could well happen.

Soon, by desperate exertions, their luggage was got ready, and removed to the boat: and now every thing seemed prepared—but where was Carisford?

This was indeed a question. Chilton had rather rashly assumed, on sitting down to breakfast, that Carisford was lying

late in bed, in consequence of the fatigues and excitement of the previous night before recorded. But he discovered, on inquiry, that Carisford had risen before any of the party, and had gone out, no one knew whither ; gone, too, as Chilton was aware, in the face of danger, wherever he bent his steps.

The three young men had a hasty deliberation. Chilton spoke first.

“ The line-of-battle ship is coming down upon us, and it is quite clear, that we must keep out of its way, at all events. Then, for Carisford, he is almost certain to be heard of at Mr. Limsdale’s. Now this appears our best plan :—One of us must hunt up Car., and telling him the circumstances, take him round to Baia. The others will dodge down the bay, in the yacht, pick the other two up there, and then away goes the *Baboon*, the best way she can bolt !”

“ Very good,” Dobbs said. “ Then, Chilton, I will undertake to look after Carisford. You and Pereira go on board, and leave the other part to me.”

Chilton paused. Perhaps he doubted whether Dobbs was equal to what he proposed to undertake. There is a strong disposition, on the part of those whose qualities are of the brilliant character, whose minds belong to the Corinthian order of intellectual architecture, to form far too low an estimate of the common-sense portion of mankind. Chilton briefly gave Dobbs a short but striking sketch of last night’s events—of what was suspected of, and what might be feared, from the young Limsdale.

But Dobbs only insisted more strongly on undertaking what he had chosen as his part. In the way too in which he urged it, he showed strong sagacity, proving what was said by Dryden, and repeated by Goldsmith, that “ good sense and good nature are never separated.” Ah, who can tell how much sound reason, how much honest feeling and manly courage, go to the composition of what the small minds and sour hearts of the world sneer at, as a “ good-natured fool.”

“ So be it,” said Chilton, when Dobbs had urged his proposition ; and away they went to embark.

When they reached the landing-place, they saw the large hull of the man-of-war, looming black before them, and above

it the stately canvass, towering into the air like a mount of snow.

Chilton and Pereira embarked for the yacht. They reached her.

Dobbs saw her glide away, in the direction agreed upon ; and as she did so, a gleam of fire burst from the side of the line-of-battle ship ; up through the dry air rose fantastic wreaths of blue smoke. Dobbs paused for a moment, thrilled with terror. Again, from the other side of the vast hull, the mouth of a cannon spoke thunder, in a breath of fire ; then cannon answered to cannon over the trembling water ; and in a short time, the forts of the town roared out a savage welcome to the new-comer :—Dobbs perceived that the man-of-war had been saluting the Neapolitan flag, and that the *Baboon* was perfectly safe. So, with a half-laugh, and somewhat of a blush, at his too-hasty apprehensions, he went on his way.

“ Mr. Limsdale is gone to attend the royal marriage, sir,” said the servant at Mr. Limsdale’s house to Dobbs, when he called there, pronouncing the words with a smack of the lips, as if he too partook of the honour.

Dobbs paused ; and then, with a calm easy air, continued—“ And Miss Limsdale ?”

“ She has gone to Baia, sir. Mr. Limsdale has taken a *ous* somewhere there.”

Dobbs felt that it would look very strange to ask for further particulars ; but he was relieved from his delicacy by the servant, who went on to give him some account of the position in which the house was.

Dobbs left, and paused indecisively at some distance from the door. Should he go to Baia at once, on the chance of meeting Carisford at Mr. Limsdale’s house there ? Musing on this point, he strayed into a small street. As he stood still to look about him, he was startled by a sharp tapping at a window of one of the houses, and turning round, saw a person dimly through the glass waving to him. He approached in some surprise, and recognised young Limsdale, his guest of the *Baboon*.

At that moment the door opened ; an elderly woman beckoned to him to come in ; and he entered mechanically, and found himself in a small bed-room, and in the bed was Lims-

dale. The air was heavy and sickly ; on a table, near the bed, were some flowers ; and beside them a plate, heaped with the finest oranges.

It was with great pain that the good-hearted Dobbs gazed on the face of the young man, as he shook his hand. The stamp of illness was upon it with a stronger distinctness than when he had seen him last ; and his large dark eyes, so lustrous and so melancholy, had that strange light, shed from the fire of consumption, which looks as though the soul, conscious of its early departure, gathered itself up for a long gaze upon the world that it is about to leave.

“ Thank God, you are come ! ” said Limsdale. “ I have passed such a night ! ”

“ Have you had bad dreams ? ”

“ I wish to God they had been dreams ! No ; but bad deeds ! But, however, it is not too late. I want you, sir,” said the sick man, formally, “ to perform a commission for me.”

Dobbs hesitated. He remembered what he had heard from Chilton. It might be, that he was intended to be the unconscious agent of a plot against his friend.

Limsdale watched his countenance, and his own blushed.

“ Come,” he said, “ I am not going to ask you to embark in anything that you do not understand to be right. I wish you solely to deliver this note.” And Limsdale read from a piece of paper :— “ Our connection is dissolved. This present from me terminates it. Go, and sin no more ! ”

Before Dobbs spoke, Limsdale, opening a drawer, drew from it a bank note, and wrapping it up with the other, placed it in his hand.

Dobbs determined to do what was asked of him ; and then, he said—“ Well, Mr. Limsdale, we may not meet again. The *Baboon* sails to-night.”

With an energy that astonished Dobbs, the sick man started at these words.—“ And you all go ? ” he inquired, looking earnestly at Dobbs.

“ Yes, all of us, of course.”

Limsdale’s face grew brighter. He passed his hand across his brow, and smiled. “ Carisford removed ! Flora remaining ! ” These were the thoughts that brightened the counte-

nance, as though love had the power to cheat death. "The air to-day is lighter," he said; "ah, I may be well yet!"

"May I give any message to your uncle?" Dobbs asked.

"In the name of God, no!" the young man exclaimed; "a river of blood rolls between us! but if, to-day, you see his daughter, then tell her from me, that I am dying, and that she knows why. And now, God bless you, and go!"

Dobbs left the house, and went whither Limsdale's note was directed. "Does a Mr. Yelper live here?" he inquired, reading the name off the address.

"He is not here," said the person, who opened the door; and before Dobbs had time to ask another question, the door was closed in his face, and locked.

He was in a state of great perplexity, but resolved to proceed instantly to Baia.

While Dobbs pursues his way, let us proceed before him. Were we to pause at every spot that calls up a reminiscence, we should never arrive there. But Love is waiting, and we cannot tarry with Regret. Pass softly by the grave of Virgil. Poor poet! there has been nonsense enough written about thee, to keep thee asleep for ever.

Opposite the little gulf of Baia, in that

Voluptuous valley, where by turns abode,
All that the world as greatest knew*—

there stood, at the period of which we write, a little villa. It was placed in a situation so beautiful, lulled by a silence so profound, surrounded by an atmosphere animated by a soul of perfume so odorous, that it seemed fitted to be the cradle of poetry, or the grave of ambition.

At the window, which commanded a glimpse of the sea, stood a youth and a maiden, Carisford and Flora Limsdale. They were alone. The summer had attained its ripeness, and every product of nature was so advanced, that each breeze shook down fruit upon the bright dry grass. Carisford had told all that he hoped. Flora had heard and answered all. They had plighted their troth, and the tears with which Flora had signed the contract, were dry!

* LAMARTINE. *Golfe de Baia.* NORTH'S Translation.

Carisford had heard the guns of the man-of-war, and strongly kept down the fears which it suggested to his mind. He suspected that danger was at hand, but he was reckless of all consequences. "And your cousin Limsdale?" said he, speaking of him, for the twentieth time.

"Ah, poor fellow!" replied Flora. "If my poor father saw him, he would be dreadfully enraged. There was some terrible cause of quarrel between them, which I never understood."

"But how strange that he should have seen you so often?"

"But my father is a little too careless—poor good-natured man," said Flora, finishing the sentence with a laugh. "Then," she added, "I have always been so afraid of that terrible cousin, and so nervous, lest I should be the cause of some dreadful catastrophe, that I have borne much rather than complain."

Here Carisford sauntered across the room, and took up carelessly from the table, a large shell that was lying there, and placed it to his ear, to listen to the mystic murmur, which a beautiful fancy (arising, like many others, from the mere superstition of the vulgar), has connected with the movements of the native sea*.

"Well, what does it say?" asked Flora.

"It says that I must go," answered Carisford, with a half-melancholy smile. "I fear, that I have many seas and countries to roam through before I reach *my* Ithaca, or live in loving security in the light of my Penelope's eyes!"

There was a sweet, striking smile of arch joy on Flora's small delicate features, but Carisford, who had been gazing through the window, started and cried, "Look there!"

They looked together, and saw the *Baboon* in the bay, and from her mast-head observed a flag, which Carisford knew well. It was one which the SOCIETY had agreed to adopt as a signal of great danger, and he saw at once, that hoisted now, it signified that he must return on board, that something had happened, and that the *Baboon* must go.

We pass over all that he said to Flora—it was bitter and sad.

"Have no fears for me," she said; "my father will be

* Every reader will remember the two fine passages—one in Wordsworth's, the other in Landor's poems,—suggested by it.

here immediately. All that I have hitherto concealed, I will lay before him, for my life is more valuable now, darling, since it is bound up with thine."

Then Flora opened a cabinet, and took from it a small and beautiful dagger. The handle was of milk-white ivory; on the end of it was a lion's head stamped in gold. The bright steel of the weapon had down both sides of it flowers, marked nearly to the point. The sheath was worked over with purple silk and silver stars.

"Wear this for my sake," she said; "it belonged to my brother, and God grant that it may be a safeguard, if ever danger threatens you. After it has averted danger, then let it remind you of me. And now farewell—the future is with God!"

"And for thee," answered Carisford. Through the soft silence of the declining day, there broke the sound of a gentle kiss.

Carisford placed the dagger in his bosom. In another minute, he had passed through the gate of the garden, and was away.

And now the day was on the decline. The *Baboon* lay to, off the shore. Chilton and Pereira watched eagerly from the deck, momentarily expecting to see either Carisford or Dobbs on the beach.

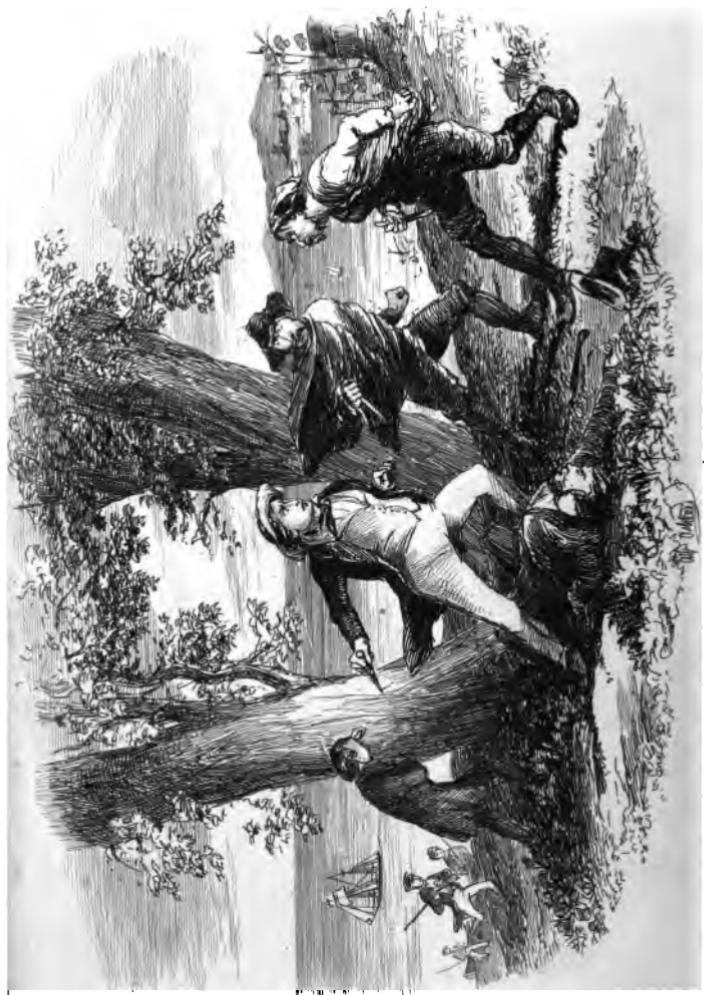
Carisford had some distance to go, and he bounded along swiftly, when, suddenly he perceived emerging from behind a tree, the well-known figure which had dogged him the night before; he stopped—he caught the eye of the villain—he called to him—"Ho, rascal, we have met again! what would you with me, now?"

Mr. Ruby Yelper gave a loud cry, and at the moment there started into sight three men. Their wild tangled black hair, their rough faces, tanned half red by exposure to the sun, their garb, at once gaudy, glaring, and miserably wretched, marked them as choice specimens of that anomalous rabble, which, brutalized by ignorance, darkened by superstition, and ripe for every species of crime, is the appropriate Chivalry that keeps a Bourbon on the Neapolitan throne*.

Soon as they appeared, Yelper, personifying brute cunning

* *Vide* the recent Revolutionary events in Italy.





Die Männer kommen herein.

managing brute force, pointed Carisford out to them. As he was apparently unarmed, one of them stepped forward, without hesitation, and approached him with a knife. But Carisford, at the first glance, had formed a stratagem. With a spring, he bounded away.

Interpreting this as a mere attempt at a cowardly flight, the three men rushed together after him. A chase ensued, when one of them (as Carisford anticipated) distanced the others.

Affecting to be fatigued, Carisford then slackened his pace, and as the ruffian gained upon him, stopped dead short, and drawing the dagger (poor Flora's present) from his bosom, stabbed him with it in the side. Again he was away like the wind.

And now he was in sight of the *Baboon*, and still pursued by the assassins, at all times, eager for gain, and now throbbing for revenge. His breath failed him—he leaned against a tree near the beach. Yelper and the two hirelings were coming up. He was in imminent danger. Alas, for the young lover, with his maiden's gift, dripping blood in his hand! Would no ghost of the old Roman dead rise from the shores to frighten the murderers from their prey? The sea was friendly: the breeze revived him a moment. He started again.

But now there was a manly English shout heard, and Dobbs, who had reached Baia to look for Carisford, found him in this hour of danger. With no other weapon but a stout stick in his hand, he rushed up; with one tremendous blow, down went Yelper, stunned, writhing like a worm cut by a gardener's spade, in the bloody dust. In another minute, Dobbs was at Carisford's side, and had snatched the dagger from his hand. Brandishing it aloft, and using the stick in his left hand, he disabled another enemy, and the only remaining one fled.

A boat from the *Baboon* with Chilton reached the beach, just in time for that youth to have a flying shot at the retreating foe, which wounded him scientifically and very painfully in the calf of the leg.

“God bless you, Dobbs, old boy!” said Chilton. “You saved Car.'s life.”

But Carisford had been wounded. A sickly pallor came over his features; he fainted into Dobbs's arms, and they took him on board.

As they were undressing him, there dropped from his clothes the portrait of young Limsdale, stained by his blood.

"My poor Car." said Chilton. "You remember his presentiment, Dobbs?" And the sick youth groaned faintly.

They laid him down in his little berth with every gentleness.

"Thank God, the wound is not bad! Here, Dobbs, the hot water—a sponge—the lint—Bravo!" said Chilton. "The warm brandy-and-water and a spoon! Capital!"

The work on deck, above, was conducted as silently as possible, that he might not be disturbed; and the yacht dropped away from the shore, as tranquilly as a floating bird.

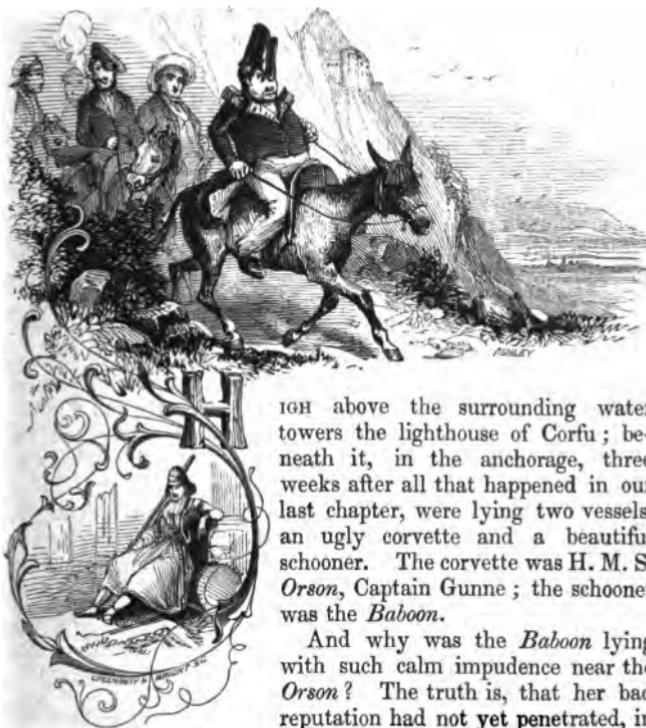
That night the *Baboon* went away from Naples.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "BABOON" AMONG THE IONIAN ISLANDS.—A ROMANTIC EXCURSION.

On the ancient Delphi stands now the monastery of Kastri: but still you discover the terraces, once crowded by fanes—still, amidst gloomy chasms, bubbles the Castalian spring.

BULWER'S *Athens*, Book First.



IGH above the surrounding water towers the lighthouse of Corfu; beneath it, in the anchorage, three weeks after all that happened in our last chapter, were lying two vessels, an ugly corvette and a beautiful schooner. The corvette was H. M. S. *Orson*, Captain Gunne; the schooner was the *Baboon*.

And why was the *Baboon* lying with such calm impudence near the *Orson*? The truth is, that her bad reputation had not yet penetrated, in the form of distinct intelligence, to that part of the station.

Besides Captain Gunne was not a dangerous man to be near. One may reasonably fly from a lion ; but who, in the name of Providence, would ignominiously bolt from an ass ?

The state of Carisford's wound, though it was but slight, was not such as to make it advisable for the yacht to take a long voyage, such as leaving the Mediterranean would have necessitated ; so, all things considered, the SOCIETY thought that it was their best policy to proceed to Corfu.

Here they found the *Orson* lying in command ; she had been on the Corfu station for months. The fact was, that Gunne was related to Sir Booby Booing, in some way or other, so that he just served wherever was most convenient for him—had his wife up to live with him, and made himself completely at home.

The heroes of the *Baboon* soon learned all these particulars from the midshipmen of the *Orson*, who amused their leisure hours, and their mess visitors, by making Gunne an object of ridicule ; and Gunne, indeed, was most admirably fitted for the purpose.

Sir Humphrey Davy has remarked, that a chain of sensitive creation may be traced, link by link, from the polypus to the philosopher. Captain Gunne was much nearer to the polypus of the two. Nothing, in fact, could be more distinct from a philosopher than the worthy man. "Philosophy," says Coleridge, "begins in wonder ;" but Gunne never wondered, except, perhaps, what there was for dinner ; and that scarcely comes within the meaning of the poet's sentence. He had a good-natured contempt for literature, and a benign compassion for poets. He was very fond of threatening to bring his officers to a court-martial, and spoke about it so often, that the threat soon became as ridiculous as the generality of his observations. He possessed enough science to know that the world was round, and that there was no chance of the *Orson* ever tumbling off it (a species of dread common in Drake's time) ; and he was also aware, that there was a law of gravity, which, if he exposed himself outside a two-pair window, would inevitably bring him thundering down into the street. He had a conscience which never interfered with his sleep or his digestion ; and was so far generous, that when he had incautiously bought more grapes than he could eat himself, he used to send the surplus,

as a present, to the midshipmen, just as they began to turn rotten.

The SOCIETY (cheered by the company of the midshipmen of the *Orson*) found that Corfu was not a disagreeable place. It is indeed a very beautiful island, with its rich plains—its white houses peeping through the fields and foliage about them, like the white head of the snowdrop, contrasting with its green stalk. There is one broad road which, shaded by massive arching trees, is singularly fine ; and the traveller along it, after passing by gay farm-houses, and fields where the heavy red grape weighs down the long tendrils of the vine, finds himself, by an abrupt rising, on a rocky summit, from which he unexpectedly sees the silver water of the sea, far below. Corfu owes its chief architectural attractions to what remains of the Venetian sway there. Wherever Venice ruled, she has left behind a beauty which has outlived her wealth.

Of Corfu, socially considered, little need be said. There is nothing very attractive in garrison society ; and not much to admire in dissipation without brilliancy, and scandal unredeemed by epigram.

Chilton and Dobbs went one day over to the Albanian coast to shoot, where Dobbs adventured into a marsh, after some snipe. As he struggled through the long reeds in the swamp, his foot sunk deep, and the unhappy King, in extricating it, discovered that his shoe had found a watery grave beneath : he was consequently obliged to hobble along the shingle to the boat, considerably annoyed by the pebbles, and (as Chilton averred) frequently exclaiming, in imitation of His Grace the Duke of Wellington's celebrated exclamation—"Would to God, night or my *Bluchers* were here!"

But the chief amusement of the Baboonites was to go on board the *Orson*, where the pleasant lively fellows that formed the midshipmen's mess, were at once hospitable and amusing. There was always to be had in that mess, a good anecdote and an old bottle of port. There the worthy Gunne was dissected in discussion, and flayed in invective. His small tricks for intruding himself into the houses of the consuls in the islands, with a view to battenning on their hospitality, was thoroughly known and unsparingly shown up.

In fact, the *Orson's* mess contained some of the cleverest and most agreeable specimens of the new school in the service. They were neither illiterate nor toadies: when Gunne talked nonsense, they laughed at him; when Lady Smithers informed the mess (per card in due form) that she was "at home," they permitted her ladyship to stay at home, as far as they were concerned, unmolested.

It happened, while the *Baboon* and *Orson* were in company, that Captain Gunne resolved on a step, which he had been long contemplating. Under the poop of the *Orson* was a considerable space, which formed a convenient shelter for the men of the watch during bad weather. Now Gunne, whose reasoning faculties were not very dull, when brought to bear on matters affecting his own interest, took it into his head (where, by-the-by, there was plenty of room for it) that this space would do capitally well for a summer cabin, for his own private use; and he accordingly, by a copious use of Government stores, had one built there, very comfortably indeed.

A few days after this, Chilton and Carisford (Car. being now convalescent) went on board, to visit the *Orson*, where they found in the berth, young Royster, a midshipman.

"Hello! glad to see you," says Royster; "I am glad you have come on board to-day. Gunne's last is to be seen to-day! The old boy's gone on shore, and I'll show it you."

So they all went up on deck, and aft on the starboard side, to the outside of the cabin in question.

"There," exclaimed Royster, as they reached it, "behold the den!" Here he took hold of one of the *jalousies* which were up. "The *jalousies*, you perceive, are of ship's wood; yon stuff, with which the cabin is lined, is ship's dreadnaught. Observe the size of the place!" pursued Royster, rising into virtuous indignation; "and see how it is constructed in every respect, with every regard to comfort, and no regard to the service!"

The young men paused outside, close to the cabin, roaring with laughter, and making all sorts of observations on it, and its architect.

"A cunning old buffer, eh?" said Royster.

"Yes," said Chilton, "the foxes of the earth have holes,

you see ; but your seamen, in the watch, will have no place to lay their heads."

" And now," said Royster, " let us look at the interior," and he advanced, and seized the handle of the door ; " perhaps we'll see some of the rotten grapes there, that he destines for his next present."

At these words, the midshipman opened the door, and, advancing a step, stopped short, thunderstruck ; for there he saw, sitting, pale with rage, having heard every word that had been said, and felt every one as if it were a kick, the captain himself. Royster's liveliness was checked immediately ; and the Baboonites thought it best to leave the ship.

We can easily imagine with what zest Gunne " stopped the leave" of Royster for his exploit, and that the youth was not sorry when the ship left Corfu for Patras. The *Baboon* followed her there ; for, as yet, whatever had reached the ears of Sir Booby Booing, that active commander-in-chief had taken no measures against our friends of the *SOCIETY*.

It is a popular remark in the navy, that those who go to sea for pleasure, would go to the residence of his satanic majesty for pastime. Without fully committing ourselves to the same assertion with regard to visitors to Patras, we may yet be understood to be of opinion, that it is not an agreeable place of residence. There is a very dreary tower, which represents the defunct past, and a very dirty town, which constitutes the discreditable present ; there are churches of the Greek establishment, on the walls of which glare dismally, paintings, at once tawdry and seedy. About the town, you may see occasionally patriarchs of the church in top-boots. The inhabitants of Patras enjoy vote by ballot, and have not much to eat ; tyranny and beef are almost unknown to that happy population. The general elections are distinguished by disturbances. There is a great deal of liberty, and very little comfort : the mob suffer, and the respectable residents complain. It would be absurd to take up space here, by enlarging on Greek politics ; suffice it to say, that those who handed the country over to Otho, performed an act, that resembles nothing so much as Wilkes's* impiety, when he administered the sacrament to an ape.

* See Lord BROUGHAM's *Statesmen*. *Art.* Wilkes.

And now, while the two vessels were lying at Patras together, there was an excursion got up, something between a pilgrimage and a pic-nic, to Mount Parnassus, and the seat of the ancient Delphi ; and they weighed anchor, and proceeded to a place favourable for landing for the journey.

There were in the party all the youths of the *Baboon*. From the *Orson*, were also Captain Gunne, Lieutenant Grumphy, Mr. Medley, the purser, old Skunksby, the surgeon, Charley Sycamore, a midshipman, etc. There were a couple of guides supplied with the heavy-hooded cloaks, so common in Greece, called *greggos* (we cannot answer for the spelling of the word) ; and, of course, there were hampers, with a proper supply of provisions. The journey was to be performed on shaggy ponies and asses ; and as the party landed, these were found drawn up, caparisoned in strange guise, with strange wooden high saddles, and bridles of knotty rope. Rough clothes were thrown over them, to help to make the seats of the equestrians more tolerable.

Gunne's donkey gave a shrill bray of welcome, as his portly figure crossed it, and then started off abruptly, making the shingle rattle.—“ Ugh ! ugh ! ugh ! ” ejaculated the nasal warrior. “ Where's the bridle ? ”

“ Stop the donkey ! ” roared Carisford ; and Gunne's donkey was stopped, that the wants of the captain might be supplied.

And then away went the party, their journey lying through scenery of inexhaustible variety. Now they passed through green plains, and saw a little brook, running like a silver thread, reflecting a world of beauty in every tiny bubble. Sometimes they clambered through rocky passes, among which, springing from every patch of earth where vegetation could take root, the vine extended its long thin arms, and struggled, as it were, for a respectable livelihood. Anon—in single line, they defiled one by one down long paths, on rocky mountain sides—on one side the mountain, on the other the precipice ; far below, the rich valley—far away, the distant sunny hills ; and, now and then, amongst the rocks, they found a hewn-out tomb, round which the timid lizard displayed, in the light, its green and golden colours.

“ Who mounts Parnassus ? ” inquired Chilton, as the snowy top of the great mountain of song appeared in view.

“ Parnassus, eh ?” said Gunne, in his sharp pompous voice ; “ that’s Parnassus, eh ?” and Gunne put on an appearance of enthusiasm. “ Very fine, indeed, upon my honour !”

“ Devilish chilly, I should think,” said Sycamore.

They rode to the foot of it, through loose stones and small trees, but very few volunteers were found for the ascent ; and old Skunksby, who was one of them, after fatiguing himself in going up, till he could enjoy nothing of the view, regaled himself with a raw nip of brandy at the top, the result of which, combined with the cold, was that in coming down he felt inclined to take every rock for an arm-chair, and now obliged to be goaded into moving down. Meanwhile, the remainder of the party pursued their way to Castri*.

Castri, *late* Delphi—how much is implied in that change ! a monastery substituted for an oracle—a puddle, in the surface of which green weeds float, representing the Castalian spring. Through the walls of the court-yard of the convent, amongst the modern stones, you may see peep out the fierce head of an old marble lion, helping, no doubt, to supply the want of a brick.

The youths of the *Baboon* gathered in a group round the spring of Castaly. It lies close to high perpendicular red rocks.

Carisford stooped, took some water in the hollow of his hand, and drank to Flora.

“ Now,” said Chilton, “ I am going to perform a religious ceremony,” and he took up some of the water. “ We embarked in the *Baboon* under the influence of enthusiasm ; we have tarnished its purity by vulgar dissipation ; earth-stains are upon us. I will perform a lustration.” Here he sprinkled his friends with drops of water. “ For the future, let us have nobler aims.”

“ And this,” mused Carisford, “ was the site of the Delphian oracle. I wish that we could get a response now. How it would be flocked to, if such sagacious answers could be obtained, as those which cheered on the Dorians to accomplishing the most brilliant revolution of early antiquity.”

“ Why,” said Chilton, “ as to that, something may be

* We adopt the old-fashioned spelling.

learned here, yet, in the way of wisdom, if only from the material objects around the spot. For instance, look at that mulberry tree ; on its rich green leaves, the silkworm spins round its carcass, a neat covering of silk, and lies snug and indifferent to surrounding objects. Thus he represents **CAPITAL**, acting on the present amiable *laissez faire* system. By-and-by, however, come in active gentlemen from the neighbourhood—that is to say, **LABOUR**—and they coolly strip the worm of his wealth, help themselves to it, and put the worm to death ! Capitalists might take a hint here—mightn’t they ?”

“ These are most pernicious doctrines,” ejaculated Dobbs. “ But talking of the ancient oracles, I wonder how the imposture was carried on ?”

“ My dear Dobbs,” said Chilton, “ don’t be so ready to give the name of imposture to what antiquity held to be sacred. The Oracle was wise at all events, and wisdom is a sacred thing, and might reasonably be considered Divine in the highest sense of the word. For my part,” continued Chilton, “ I consider it the highest compliment to anything, now-a-days, to hear it called superstitious. I always laugh at the ‘ liberal-minded’ gentry, who prate about ‘ enlightenment :’ how many I have met, who, though they did not believe in God, yet believed in Jeremy Bentham !”

“ Let us seek a response to guide the *Baboon’s* next expedition,” said Carisford.

“ You have it, there,” cried Chilton, as a sand-piper dashed from its rest, in a hole far up the red craggy rock, and with a shrill piping noise, flew away westward. “ Let the *Baboon* fellow its example.”

A cheer from the **SOCIETY** echoed through the sacred valley.

“ By Jove,” Carisford cried out eagerly, “ the augury from the movement of birds, was popular among the ancients. Now, I think that from the chickens in the hand of yonder Greek guide, we may augur that dinner is in active preparation.”

And so the Baboonites bent their way to the house in the village of Delphi, which had been selected as a resting-place for the night by the party, and here, in the ancient province of Phocis, and on the S. W. of Parnassus, they prepared for dinner.

From out their capacious hampers, came the homely English

ham ; the brown sherry of Campbell and Hedges ; the tart and creamy ale of Bass.

To say that Gunne was in his element would be faintly to represent a fact of importance. He was to be observed mixing a salad, at which he was always great. How delicately he peeled the shell from the hard-boiled egg, how tenderly he divided it, and displayed the yellow pulp of the interior, gleaming like the flower of the crocus !

The party fell to at the repast with great vigour, while up from the grateless hearth the sparks from the wooden fire flew noisy and fast. The conversation rattled on.

“Here’s improvement to Corfu!” said one of the party ; “and next time that an European prince goes there to live, let us hope that the circles won’t find it necessary to have a meeting, to discuss whether his mistress ought to be received into society or not.”

“Merciful Powers!” asked Chilton ; “is it a fact that they had a doubt on the subject?”

“I heard it on very good authority,” answered old Skunksby.

“How I should have liked to be present,” said one of the party. “Fancy the delicacy of the subject ; old Mrs. Yahoo in the chair, all prudery and paint ; the blushing and the heehawing—the keen discussion—and ultimately, a poll demanded by the toady faction, and decency triumphant by a majority of one!”

Some little time after dinner, a tender melancholy came over the soul of Gunne. He began to recall his happy infancy—the peg-top no longer his—the corduroys that had vanished for ever ; and this frame of mind being much encouraged by those about him, as tending to promote amusement, he then advanced to reminiscences of his courtship, the harvest-moon that had shone upon the scene, &c. In fact, the old gentleman became rather maudlin, and intimated to the company that he would probably “dissolve in tears,” which, considering his gross bulk, seemed to threaten no ordinary catastrophe.

As night drew on, *greggos* were spread on the floors of different rooms in the house ; and rolling themselves round in these, the travellers slept. The next morning they began the journey back.

When the *Orson* and *Baboon* arrived once more at Patras, they discovered that there was lying there another yacht, a schooner, being, in short, that of Mr. Mango, to which allusion was made by Captain Ropesby, to his friend, Toe Chilton, at Naples, in a previous chapter of our history.

Mr. Mango "kept himself to himself," as the phrase goes ; so that Captain Gunne, who made various attempts to ascertain all about him, with a view to future dinners—as a sportsman marks the feeding-ground of his game, so as to be able to drop on it when convenient—could effect no approach whatever to intimacy, and looked on Mango as a low and improper character. He accordingly went on with his duties, as British officer, at Patras, which duties were to dine with the English consul, and ride out with him on the sands in the afternoon, and, occasionally, to receive a formal visit from the consul, in his cocked hat, on board. (By-the-by, the cocked hats of our consuls have generally much more effect abroad, than the consuls themselves, and are the most powerful supporters of our admirable foreign policy).

All this while the *Baboon* remained in Patras also ; but this was chiefly that a thorough refit might be made, as they fully intended to take a long voyage, after once starting.

Just about the time that they were ready to start, the mail, from Malta (which touches at Patras, *en route* to Corfu, in going up), became due. How glad they were in the *Orson* when the low curling smoke began to show over the horizon, just as if some quiet cottage were situated there. The man accustomed to half-a-dozen twopenny posts a-day, rattling, like an exploding cracker, along the street, cannot fancy the exquisite excitement of the approach of a mail-steamer abroad.

This feeling was not shared by the Baboonites, whose correspondents knew not where to address them ; and as the steamer rolled in, they viewed her flashing paddles with indifference.

Let the reader now fancy himself in Captain Gunne's cabin, where that officer is opening his dispatches and letters. The captain has put on his spectacles. The midshipmen are in the birth, wading through long, crossed, and recrossed, letters, and hurrying to the part about money matters. One of them is devouring "*Galigrani*."

Gunne goes through letter after letter, with his sharp whining "Pish!" and "Pshaw!" according to the contents of each.—"Heh! Hey!" he cries. "What's this? A pirate in the Mediterranean? Hey! my Gad!"

This dispatch astonished Gunne more than any of the others over which he glanced; and he gave vent to his feelings in a few sharp grunts, and then rang for the first lieutenant.

In a minute an active little red-faced man came into the cabin, and bowed submissively to him, with about as much cheerfulness as can reasonably be assumed by a man, in bowing submissively to a person, his inferior in birth, talents, and education.

"Curious news, this mail, Mr. Baltic. Curious—very, by Jove!"

Mr. Baltic paused—outwardly, in patient expectation—inwardly with impatient execration.

"A pirate is said to be somewhere on the station, Mr. Baltic. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"There are pirates on the Barbary coast," Baltic responded; "and I have heard of a piratical brig appearing in the Archipelago."

"This would appear to be a schooner, according to the accounts which have reached head-quarters; but, perhaps, I had better read you the instructions on the subject," and Gunne began—

(It is with a pride not to be suppressed that we here subjoin the extract. Sir Booby Booing prided himself on his literary qualifications, and was very fond of issuing general orders, wherein the words were big and the ideas small, to the wondering squadron.)

"Among other matters, forming links in the concatenation of your duties (wherein all duties to be discharged radiate)," here Captain Gunne looked puzzled, but thought the words meanted something very fine, "you are instructed to cruise, for the purpose of finding a schooner, supposed to be somewhere among the Ionian Islands, with bad intentions. A pirate, or *prædo*, has been well called *communis hostis*," (Gunne slurred over these words with precipitate haste). "and she,—" ("Who?" thought Baltic), "within a day's sail of Gibraltar, chased a brig, whereof one passenger was kidnapped."

At this admirably lucent statement, Gunne paused, and wiped the perspiration from his anxious brow.—“ Well, Mr. Baltic,” he said, “ pass the messenger. We had better get under weigh this evening, and cruise among the islands.”

In a short time the news had spread among the officers of the *Orson*, that a pirate was somewhere on the station, and had produced a very pleasurable excitement in the midshipmen’s berth, not perhaps, however, so much in the mind of Chilton, who was there at lunch, as in that of the others. He had, in fact, been so perfectly at ease in his mind about the *Baboon*, of late, that the announcement in question came upon him with an astonishing effect. He sat, however, and listened to the triumphant anticipations of the young men about him, and their discussions on the subject, with a very praiseworthy calmness.

“ I suppose you will come with us, Chilton, on the cruise ? ” asked young Sycamore.

“ I am afraid not,” said Chilton, who instantly invented a story. “ The fact is, that Dobbs’s mother and sister, both in very bad health, are at Malta, waiting his arrival, and we must go down there.”

“ Away there, gigs ! ” shouted the voice of the boatswain, following on a shrill scream of his whistle, at this moment.

“ Gunne off somewhere,” said the clerk, who was quietly mixing himself some swizzle.

“ I say, young gentlemen,” said the boatswain himself, rolling in at the berth door, “ there’s one on ye wanted, to go on shore with the captin ! ”

“ Who volunteers for that pleasant job ? ”

“ I must go, I suppose,” Sycamore said. “ Thank God, it isn’t Regent Street ! I would not be seen there with the old fellow for the world ! ”

So saying, Sycamore jumped up, and went on deck. He was required to go to the consul’s with the captain, who was going to discuss the dispatches with that functionary.

In the mean time, Chilton remained in the berth, with Royster, the clerk, and Banneret, a mate, who had quietly gone into the “ sick list ” that morning (after a hearty breakfast), in order that he might enjoy uninterruptedly, the great Irish debate, which figured in the columns of the *Galignanis*, that

the mail had brought. Chilton was engaged in very serious reflections on the prospects of the *Baboon*, when Royster touched his shoulder, and called his attention to a passage in the *Malta Snail*. It was the following :—

“ FRACAS AT NAPLES !!! (The editor loves notes of admiration). By letters from Naples, we learn, that H. M. S. *Preposterous* had arrived there, to attend the marriage between the Duc de la Pernambuco and the Princess di Peniperno. Of the d—g—fl c—nd—t of the C—p—tn of the P—s, *more anon!* There was a conflict, it appears, on the —th instant, between some *lazzaroni* and some English travellers. The *lazzaroni* were wounded. There are various rumours on the subject, but it is confidently believed (this phrase, by-the-by, meant, believed by *us*), that the disturbance arose from an attempt made by the piratical proprietors of the schooner, to which we alluded some time ago, to carry off, from a villa at Baia, a beautiful young lady, and a large quantity of silver spoons.”

“ May all the devils in —” began Chilton, when he had read this paragraph.

“ What’s the matter, my dear fellow ?” asked Royster, and as he did so, and saw the excitement, which was so distinctly perceptible on Chilton’s face, a suspicion began to enter his head ; but Royster had taken a great fancy to the fellows of the *Baboon*, so he determined to do them a service, if possible. He nudged Chilton, and they went out together, and into the office of the clerk, which was situated near the berth, and just abaft, and under the main hatchway ladder. “ I will be quite open with you,” Royster said ; “ I have noticed your emotion once or twice this morning—you know something about this schooner, eh ?”

“ You are a good honest fellow,” said Chilton, warmly, taking him by the hand ; “ the fact is, our *Baboon* is the object, at once, of the dispatch, and the paragraph.”

Royster laughed—“ Well, I dearly love adventures. Now, take my advice and make off ; old Gunne is at the consul’s, he won’t be on board before sunset—nobody suspects your craft—”

As he said this somebody called down the hatchway.

“ Mr. Royster below ?” cried the gruff voice of a quartermaster.

"Here you are, Blumber," Royster said; "what's the matter?"

"Please, sir, is the master aboard?"

"I believe not. What for?"

"Why, the skipper of that ere currant-brig as lies off our larboard bow, has come aboard to look at our mahometan."

"Our *what*?" asked Royster, with surprise.

"Why, sir, the mahometan, or crommeter, or whatever you call it?"

"Oh, the chronometer!" said Royster, laughing; "I see; the fellow has come to compare his time with ours. I'll come up to speak to him."

So Royster and Chilton went on deck together; Chilton determined to take the opportunity of slipping quietly on board, and weighing in the *Baboon*.

"Where's the skipper of the brig?" inquired Royster, as he and Chilton reached the deck and stood together.

"Here he is, sir," said the quarter-master.

And there advanced aft to Royster, a little man with black oily whiskers, dressed in a blue coat, much too big for him, with a red waistcoat, red belcher handkerchief, a blue shirt, and blue trowsers, the ends of which were turned up over a pair of loose-fitting and ugly boots. His hat had a seedy roll of crape round it, and his dirty fingers were made more conspicuous, by blue rings, *tattooed* round them in nautical fashion. He came up to Royster, touched his hat, and opened his mouth, when suddenly he turned pale, and looked transfixed.

Royster looked at him, now that his eyes were fixed on Chilton, with an appearance as if that young gentleman had been a rattlesnake.

And, indeed, Chilton's expression of countenance was not particularly calm, for he at once recognised in this apparition, the skipper, whose brig he had wantonly interfered with, near Gibraltar, and from on board which he had taken young Limsdale into the *Baboon*.

The fact was, that the little skipper, after staying at Malta, where he had disseminated accounts of the *Baboon*, which had soon spread with various additions, and in various forms, all round the station, had proceeded eastward for his cargo of cur-

rants, and after being some time at Zante, had arrived that morning at Patras.

Chilton at once perceived the impropriety of having a scene on the *Orson's* quarter-deck, so he quickly jumped into a boat, that was lying alongside, and went on board the *Baboon*.

Mr. Barlow, the skipper, glanced anxiously through one of the quarter-deck ports after him, and then turned to Mr. Royster, and said — “ Oh, sir ! Do you gents aboard this here ship know what that infernal craft is ? ”

“ Why a gentleman's yacht, of course,” said Royster.

“ Ah, so she looks,” answered the skipper, knowingly (for there actually had been some people in Malta who had guessed the real state of affairs, though the skipper, by way of exalting his own character, rigidly maintained that she was a pirate, and that he had had an awful adventure) ; “ but she's a reg'lar pirate, sir. She chased me with a black flag flying, fires a broadside at me” (oh, fie, skipper !) “ and turns funky at the last moment, and lets me go, cajoling away my passenger, whom, poor young man, I trust they did not kill.”

“ Pooh, pooh, sir ! ” said Royster ; and recalled the little man's attention to the business on which he had come.

But this did not satisfy him ; so, after seeing the chronometer, and having learned that the captain of the *Orson* was on shore, he went off to see him, and tell him the circumstances. He had considerable delay to undergo, however, before he got an interview, for Gunne was out riding with some of the consul's family. At last he met him, coming down rapidly to the landing-place, where his gig was waiting for him, and in a terrible bad humour.

“ Well, sir, well ? ” said Gunne, hastily.

The skipper went on with his story.

“ Oh, stuff, sir ! How dare you tell such nonsense to me ! Sir, I'd bring you to a court-martial, if you belonged to my ship.”

But still the little skipper persisted ; and Gunne was influenced by his perseverance, and determined to make inquiries.

It was now nearly sunset, and Gunne went on board, taking the skipper with him in his gig, that he might take down the particulars from him.—“ What time is it, quarter-master ? ” he asked.

"Just on three bells, sir," (half-past five), said he, giving a jerk to the half-hour glass, through which the sand was running merrily along, under the poop.

"Ah, ah!" ejaculated Gunne, sharply. "Where does the yacht *Baboon* lie now, quarter-master?"

"*Baboon*, sir?" answered the quarter-master, raising a glass, and peeping through it; "she sailed at two o'clock, sir."

"My Gad! indeed!" said Gunne.

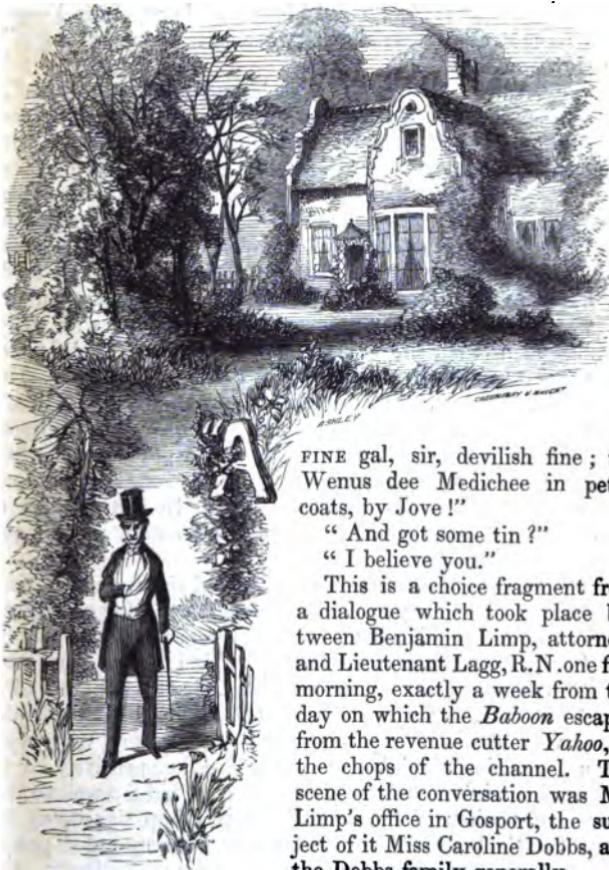
"Yes, sir," said the quarter-master; "she weighed just 'afore two, sir; just as the smartish north-easterly breeze set in."

CHAPTER X.

BEREAVED RELATIONS AND ABSENT FRIENDS.

In England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails.

BURKE on the *French Revolution*.



FINE gal, sir, devilish fine ; the
Wenus dee Medichee in petti-
coats, by Jove !"

" And got some tin ?"

" I believe you."

This is a choice fragment from a dialogue which took place between Benjamin Limp, attorney, and Lieutenant Lagg, R.N. one fine morning, exactly a week from the day on which the *Baboon* escaped from the revenue cutter *Yahoo*, in the chops of the channel. The scene of the conversation was Mr. Limp's office in Gosport, the subject of it Miss Caroline Dobbs, and the Dobbs family generally.

“ And you act as legal adviser of the old lady ?”

“ Yes,” answered Limp ; “ she did not know where to look for one, and I dropped quite naturally into the post, having been the solicitor of Mrs. Forrester. Mrs. Dobbs’s son, whom those fellows carried off in the schooner, partly owing to you, eh, Lagg ?”—

“ Curse the rascals !” muttered Lieutenant Lagg, of the *Yahoo*. “ Became Mrs. Forrester’s heir, it was a narrow squeak, though !”

“ How was that ?”

“ Why, you see,” said Limp, looking somewhat awkward, as he remembered his detention at the country inn, “ Mrs. Forrester was nearly leaving all her money to one Tartan, for religious purposes. A dispatch came to summon me, to make her will. Well, I had been sent for two or three times on the same errand, and the old woman had always turned funky, and could not make up her mind, so I had been obliged to come back without having done any business ; so, I thought I need not hurry myself this time. I stopped at a country inn by the way ; there I met a gentlemanly young fellow, a well-informed man (gad, sir, he knew *Bloater* was scratched for the Hog Cup—put a five-pound note in my pocket—that did). He got into conversation. I stayed drinking, and the fact of it was,” said Limp, hurrying over the catastrophe, “ he locked me up in the room, and when I got on to Brokesby Hall, I found that the old lady had died a quarter of an hour before—had left no will, and that young Dobbs was sole heir. In fact, it was a got up thing by some young fellows of the *Pestilent* ; and now they’re off in the *Baboon*.”

“ But he has provided for his mother and sister, surely ?” inquired Lagg, with an appearance of indignation. Lagg thought, what an infamous thing it would be if the girl had no money !

“ Oh, yes, quite amply ! Brokesby Hall is sold, and the mother and daughter live in a cottage, that they have had a long time, and like very much. But I happen to know,” said Limp, with an air of importance, “ that they are very well taken care of. I think, myself,” added he, pensively, “ of settling down into matrimonial life. I shall bid farewell to the pomps and vanities of the world.” Here Limp sighed, as he thought of the pomps of his yellow gig, his long-tailed pony, and his Mudian-rigged boat, and the vanities of his breast-pin, chain, and rings.

" Well, well," said his companion, impatiently, and smothering some contempt, by a violent internal emotion—" Now, for business!"

And so they went into business matters.

There is a class of Jew slop-sellers in our seaports, who negotiate bills at enormous interest, buy contingent prize-money for moderate sums down, lend cash to green midshipmen, and bully their parents out of it (with interest), by threatening to write to the Admiralty—in fact, who transact all kinds of business, from supplying an outfit to selling a snuff-box, *not* made of wood from the wreck of the Royal George. Our friend Limp did some business, by acting as a go-between—or legal *leno*—between these Israelites and the nautical Gentiles, who were either too shy or too cunning to apply to them directly themselves: he picked up some good things in this way; but it was not money alone that he sought after. Limp was vain, anxious to make crack acquaintances, and no doubt considered an invitation to dinner from a youngster that he had done a stroke of business for, as good as half the commission on it. He was an acute fellow, too, and we may mention one way that he had of introducing himself into " practice," as not without ingenuity. When a man-of-war was lying off Spithead, say, just come home from a foreign station, he used to take a shore boat, arm himself with drawing materials—knowing Limp!—and proceed to have himself rowed round her, apparently busily engaged in taking a portrait of her. Of course, the officers could not help feeling some curiosity to see what art made of their vessel; and thus it frequently happened that he got asked on board, pressed to stay to dinner, and so had an opening afforded him, which led to business.

" Five more," said Lagg, after a few minutes' conversation.

Limp paused thoughtfully.

" Prize-money for the captain and officers of the Santo Pokero, slaver, 400 slaves on board, payable the —th, at latest. Such a gallant action—I got my promotion from that job," said the Lieutenant, apparently with a view to dazzling Limp into an increased advance, by dwelling on the splendour of the affair.

While Limp paused, there was a loud ring at the bell, and his clerk, a tall raw overgrown boy, with long red ears, came

into the *sanctum* from the outer room—" Shall I say you're in, sir?"

" I think—yes," said he, looking at the Lieutenant, inquiringly.

" Oh, certainly," said Lagg ; " I'm off. Say five more, and bring the needful on board with you to dinner. Charley Hatfield will be there."

" Very well—good morning," said Limp, and he had scarcely time to adjust a paper or two, dust the map which displayed the disposition of the property of an intestate, hanging on the wall, with his pocket-handkerchief, and put his top-boots into a spare blue-bag in the corner, before the red-eared clerk announced Mr. Carisford, and a tall gentlemanly man entered the room.

" Mr. Limp," said the tall gentleman.

" At your service, sir," replied Limp.

" I have a son, sir, in the *Pestilent*—"

" Have you?" thought Limp, who was perfectly aware that Carisford junior was some hundreds of miles off, by the latest accounts.

" And I have come down to see him. Now, as I have learned—no matter how, it is a business affair—that you have had some transactions with him, I have thought it right to come to you, in the first place, about them."

Now the intellect of Limp was not a particularly great one, but such as it was, it was active. It was like a swivel-gun, in fact, as young Percival Plug once remarked, not carrying heavy metal, but always capable of being brought to bear anywhere at a moment's notice. He saw in an instant his policy, which was to get all the business between himself and young Carisford settled at once, before the old gentleman should be converted into the frame of mind known as "rusty," by an account of his son's proceedings.

" Just so, sir," replied Limp. " Why, the transactions between us are very slight. The young man being enthusiastically fond of his profession, purchased a boat from me, sir, and I hold his I O U for the amount."

Here Limp opened a desk, while an involuntary shudder came over the doomed parent, and drew forth the document, which was drawn up in rather a flourishing hand, as if the

youth knew at the time that he was "doing the governor," and gloried in it. By-the-by, the secret history of the affair was this,—the boat was an ingenious fiction, a mythical vessel, like the classical ship Argo, and represented a sum which Carisford had received from Limp in hard cash. They had only met on that one occasion, when Car. acquired a knowledge of Limp's tastes, which enabled him to instruct Chilton how to manage him in the inn.

"Hem!" said the old gentleman, looking at it. "Very well, sir; oblige me with a receipt," and he paid the money, pocketing the I O U to show to Car.'s sisters, as a curiosity. "Now," said Mr. Carisford, "do you know, sir, where I could see the Captain of my son's ship? I should like to have some conversation with him."

Limp gave him the worthy's address on shore; and, after conducting him very politely down stairs, he came up again, and said to the red-eared clerk—"I am always out when that gentleman calls—do you hear, Bob?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bob.

And it is likely that he punctually attended to his instructions, for there were sundry ties between them, besides those of clerk and employer. Bob's mother was Limp's washerwoman; and Bob had been employed by him in various delicate negotiations, and so forth.

And now, while Limp locks up his desks, rakes out his little fire in the *sanctum*, and prepares to go out and spend the afternoon with the calm satisfaction of a man who has done a good day's work (for Limp never expected to get his money so soon, a consideration which considerably influenced the amount he gave in exchange for the I O U), let us follow his visitor, who is employed in pursuing his only son.

Mr. Carisford was a country gentleman, of a fortune that would have been a good one, in the hands of any body else; but he did not know how to manage it, or, rather, his wife and children did know for him. The strange thing about this old gentleman was, that in theory he was the most severe, rigid, unamiable being that ever lived, while in practice he was one of the softest characters that you could meet anywhere. His father had been just such a severe character as he thought he was, and had striven to make him the same; but the attempt

had been only so far successful as to be partially injurious, and to give a decided appearance of incongruity to his character and actions. Mr. Carisford was a strong Tory, and went in for Church and State ; but then it happened that the Whig candidate in his county would occasionally be an honest and able man, so Mr. Carisford voted for him, and was set down as a waverer. Mr. Carisford was a great advocate for game preserving, but then he had not the heart to punish a poacher ; so it is easy to guess what become of the worthy man's game. He was a high-churchman—and could not refuse a subscription to a dissenting chapel, when it was eloquently urged upon him. He solemnly believed that the Pope was Anti-Christ (at least he said so)—and had Jesuits to dinner. He *said* that vagrants ought to be sent to the tread-mill—and if he met one out walking, gave him all the change he had about him. He thought himself a perfect Spartan in bringing up his children—yet it was notorious that they were spoiled to all the world. He told his son that he must learn how to maintain himself—and could not bear the idea of sending him away to school.

In fact, very few people understood his character at all. To have appreciated it properly would have required a philosopher. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the old gentleman, was, that with all this, he believed himself rather a severe, unamiable character, than otherwise, and only consoled himself with the reflection that he did his duty.

From the office of Limp, he took his way to the house of Captain Balder Dash, R.N. ; but he found that that officer was on board his ship, the *Pestilent*. It was a great exercising day there.

It was not without difficulty that Mr. Carisford managed to get on board that distinguished vessel, the interior of which presented the appearance of an Inquisition torture-room, from the number of hideous instruments of destruction assembled together in it. There was the eighty-four-pounder, and the thirty-two-pounder, and the carronade, and the long eighteen-pounder, and blunt cutlasses that bruise, and sharp cutlasses that gash, and tomahawks that crunch into the brain, and boarding-pikes that run through a man with any thrust that is at all scientific. Then there were grape-shot, lying together in

Bacchanalian bunches—fine fruit for the devil's wine-press—and “such stuff for clearing an upper deck,” as a warlike little gunnery lieutenant (who was never in action in his life, by-the-by) told him; and there were deafening explosions going on, and cries of “run out!” “load!” “stop the vent!” so that old Carisford, a quiet peaceful gentleman, felt quite certain, that if a whole French fleet was in the neighbourhood, with hostile intentions, there would very soon be an end of it, and no mistake, and, indeed, began to feel rather bloodthirsty himself.

After watching the proceedings for some time, he began to grow surprised that his son was not visible. He had not, when he first reached the deck, made any inquiry after him; for it was a favourite plan with this old gentleman, to excite that sensation among those whom he visited, which is known as an “agreeable surprise,” by courtesy—but which, in reality, is often anything but agreeable. Thus he had once or twice dropped in upon his friends, at times when they least wished to be seen by anybody; and had not unfrequently “agreeably surprised” his son in the enjoyment of calm dissipation among a select circle.

He now asked a young midshipman whether Mr. Carisford was on board, a question which excited a smile, quickly suppressed, and an answer of—“I don't know, sir, I'm sure,” delivered with an air which excited his curiosity. But the midshipman he had spoken to slipped away immediately, with a handful of tubes in his fist, for the use of the guns, before he could ask him any other question.

He then determined to go and speak to Captain Balder Dash himself, to whom he had once been introduced. As he advanced aft on the quarter-deck, he saw that that commander was surrounded by a number of officers, whom he was addressing with much formality. Approaching, to catch something of the flow of eloquence, he heard these words—“Yes, gentlemen, subordination is the pivot, on which the service turns!” Mr. Carisford remarked that there was a frightful emotion visible on the countenances of the auditors at these words, arising from a strong struggle, on the part of each, to keep down a laugh.

The fact was, that this rhetorical figure of the pivot, was the one solitary trope in Captain Balder Dash's intellectual coffers

He was a vain man, and liked to make speeches—a dull one, and consequently made stupid ones—a pompous man, and therefore his delivery was ridiculous. He was constantly spouting to his midshipmen, and on every occasion this solitary *flosculus* of oratory, the pivot, made its appearance. It required great self-command to refrain from laughter, it must be confessed, when the familiar sentence was uttered. Yet, Balder Dash never omitted, never varied it. It was his one Image, and he venerated it with the most servile idolatry. Its ludicrous effect at last became something overwhelming. As the speeches of Demosthenes against Philip gave the generic title of Philippic to all assailant orations, so, the pivot speeches gave the title of "pivots" to all dull quarter-deck homilies. Midshipmen did not say—"We shall have a speech to-day." It was—"Dash will give us a pivot." In the *Pestilent*'s gun-room, the "pivot gun at sea" (the work of some mind of a literary turn) became a popular song. Anecdotes of Balder Dash were called *pivotiana*. The word "Cardigan" applied to an empty bottle was not more common than pivot.

Mr. Carisford soon found that he had some interest in the pivot that was going on that day. He heard his name mentioned. When it was over, he accosted Balder Dash, with a view to making some inquiries about his son.

Now, the captain of the *Pestilent* was not generally inattentive to the parents of midshipmen in his ship, particularly if they were members of parliament, or lords. With regard to the latter, indeed, we may remark, that his sagacity in detecting latent merit in the son of a great or influential person, was as remarkable—as what? well, his dulness in other matters generally, let us say. It has been known, that midshipmen of such fortunate parentage, have joined the *Pestilent* with a six or eight years reputation, for well-tried dulness, and lack of promise of any kind; yet, after they have been there a short time, Captain Balder Dash has "felt it his duty,"—has been goaded, in fact, by his conscience—to recommend them for instant promotion, to the Admiralty, as luminaries of genius, and models of conduct. On this occasion, he assumed, as Mr. Carisford spoke to him, an air of moral melancholy.

Mr. Carisford, who had just come down to see how his son was getting on, and did not imagine that any thing terrible had

occurred, was somewhat taken a-back by Dash's expression of face. However, he bowed, asked the captain how he was, and then proceeded to inquire, whether his son had been conducting himself, of late, to the satisfaction of his superior officers?

"Ah, sir!" said the captain, "I was afraid that you were scarcely prepared for the bad news I have to communicate. Your son, sir, has badly requited your parental kindness." And then, after a few preliminary common places, of the consolatory turn (and the use of the pivot figure), he went on to inform Mr. Carisford, that his son (a youth, he must say of considerable abilities), had obtained permission to go on shore one evening, and had not returned. That, about the same period, another midshipman then in the ship, Mr. Chilton, had forwarded a despatch to the Admiralty, saying, that family affairs required him to abandon the service, and had obtained his discharge. That also one Mr. Pereira, just at that time appointed to the *Booby* brig, had peremptorily declined to join that vessel, and that the whole of these youths were believed to have sailed together in a schooner.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Carisford, with great composure—the old gentleman had a notion that he was a complete Brutus—"then I am to understand that my son is a deserter, sir?"

"Why, sir," replied the captain, with a quiet air, "strictly, perhaps, he may be so described; but in these times——"

"These times, sir! I apprehend that Her Majesty's navy is still under the articles of war, as confirmed, I believe, by an act, passed in the reign of George the Third?"

"Oh, most certainly, sir!" said Dash, with great promptness. He was a rigid disciplinarian, as we have seen, and pricked up his ears at the words "articles of war," like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet.

"Very good—very good," said Mr. Carisford, with the air of a man, who feels that he has a painful duty to perform, but has made up his mind to it. "May I ask what steps you have taken in the matter?"

"I wrote to the Admiralty, informing them of the circumstance; but have received nothing further in reply, than an acknowledgment of the receipt of the information."

"Just like the Whigs—just like that miserable faction," said the old gentleman, while the captain's face assumed an ap-

pearance of terror, and he looked round, to see if the blasphemy had reached the ears of anybody; for he was always a Whig—*when the Whigs were in*—was the high-principled Captain Balder Dash.

“The punishment for desertion is hanging, I believe?” inquired the bereaved parent, with a business-like air.

“Yes, sir,” answered Dash, opening his eyes.

“Just so—just so! Do they hang offenders at the starboard, or the larboard yard-arm?”

Dash opened his eyes still wider at this question; but Mr. Carisford looked perfectly serious; and as Dash’s perception of the ludicrous—like that of all pompous men—was by no means keen, he did not consider the inquiry very ridiculous. He, in fact, began to esteem Mr. Carisford more highly, as a man who had the most correct notions of discipline, and answered him—“The larboard generally, sir,” with considerable respect.

“Thank you—very good!” said his companion; and he proceeded to pull out a pocket-book, in which he entered the words “hanging—larboard yard-arm—desertion—eight in the morning,” with great minuteness, crossing the t’s very formally, and ornamenting the page with a small flourish at the bottom.—“You will be surprised at my coolness, sir,” he said; “it is principle. Our duties are the first consideration—our affections merely secondary. I may be stern, sir, harsh—but my conscience acquits me. Good morning!” On which he moved to the gangway, to go on shore in a boat, declining an invitation from Captain Dash to stay a little while, and see an experiment, with a conical bomb-shell, of improved construction, warranted to blow off the roof of a house, on the most correct principles. Neither could he be tempted to stay, to inspect a curious instrument of the grenade *genus*, so compounded of diabolical ingredients, as to emit, when ignited, a pestiferous odour, that would drive enemies from the lower decks of their ships, out into daylight, at any risk, and consequently make them good marks for shot.

Perhaps it was as well that he did not wait to see any of Balder Dash’s ingenious experiments; for it so happened, that a report having arrived in England not long before, that a shell, supplied from the *Pestilent*, had exploded in the hands of a bombardier, in a war-steamer, killing him, and two other

men, "most unexpectedly," as her captain pathetically stated—it so happened, we say, that after Mr. Carisford's departure, Dash determined to prove the absurdity of such assertions about the *Pestilent's* shells—ordered one to be brought up from the shell-room for examination, the result of which was, that it exploded also, killing a man, whose widow went, in due course, to the workhouse.

Old Mr. Carisford went on shore, to his hotel, full of the most rigid notions of discipline. He was determined that his son should be an example to all posterity; he would insist on the Admiralty's pursuing him, and bringing him to justice. These were not times for lenient examples. The bonds of public order were loosened; society was threatened with dissolution. (The old gentleman had not recovered the Reform Bill). Having established himself, *pro tem.* in an hotel at Portsmouth, he wrote off to his wife, telling her of her son's exploit, and recommending her and the girls to bear the event with firmness, and to be prepared for the catastrophe—to the infinite amusement of the whole of them. He next wrote a long letter to the Admiralty, dividing the subject into three heads, glancing at the past state of the navy, urging on them to carry out the laws providing for the punishment of deserters, and demanding back, at all events, the son whom he had entrusted to them, which he enforced as coolly, as if he were requesting back a carpet-bag that he had committed to their care.

To this communication, he received, in reply, a very big letter, with very little in it, the pith and substance of which was, that his son had chosen to leave the service, and there was an end of it. And when he followed up his first letter by another, which he esteemed a model of stately declamation, and which he had imitated from his favourite author, Burke, the answer was, that "their lordships had nothing to add to their former communication," which, in one point of view, ought to have been satisfactory, for their former communication had been dull and insolent enough, by itself.

He next went on to make inquiries after his son everywhere where he had been known; but this was rather a losing game, as it soon appeared.—"Did you know young Mr. Carisford, of the *Pestilent*, sir?" said he, to Mr. Ruffles the tailor.

"Oh dear, yes, sir," replied the polished trader. "I have

had the pleasure of furnishing him with many little articles," and out came the youth's bill.

But still the old gentleman persevered in getting at as much information about him as possible. He learned the names of the youths with whom he was supposed to have disappeared in the *Baboon*, and strove to learn something of him from their connections. But as each father, mother, or guardian (as the case might be), was at first inclined to be of opinion that his or her son, or ward, was the dupe and victim of the other youths of the party, and was by them being led into perdition, Mr. Carisford found it difficult to establish friendly relations. Altogether, he had been a fortnight, up and down between London and Portsmouth, his native county being a northern one, before he hit on the plan of visiting Mrs. Dobbs.

At last, one evening, he took his way to the cottage of that lady—the cottage whence Dobbs emerged, in innocence, on that evening, on which the project of the *Baboon* first dawned upon his faculties. Mrs. Dobbs and her daughter Caroline were still living there, notwithstanding their increased fortune; for, as to taking up their abode in Brokesby Hall, with its large rooms and high pretensions, they could not think of such a thing, and it accordingly was sold to a tradesman, who was just retiring from business, and beginning life as a gentleman, in the youthful bloom of fifty-five.

Mr. Carisford entered at the little gate, knocked at the homely portal, and was shown into a very elegant little room.

"Miss Dobbs is there, sir," said the servant, and shut the door.

The old gentleman drew himself up in a polite manner as he entered, prepared with his introductory and apologetic opening, as indeed he very well might be, for he had introduced himself, within the last few weeks, to a good many private houses, during his career, as "Carisford in search of a son," the title, which one of the Miss Carisfords subsequently proposed jocularly, to affix to a narrative of his adventures. But, after the door was shut, he paused, considerably surprised, and not a little perplexed; for there, unconscious of the approach of a stranger, Caroline Dobbs was asleep upon a sofa. Here was an awkward situation. As to shaking her by the shoulder, and arousing her, it was not to be thought of; departing seemed a

strange thing to do also ; and ringing for somebody to waken her, had about it an air of absurdity, of which he felt considerably afraid ; so Mr. Carisford remained, for a few minutes, undecided what to do, and gazing upon the sleeping girl, with something between fear and admiration.

And indeed a man might have had a worse employment than looking at such a picture, by the light of a summer's sun, watching how—

“ The *rays* they crept in, and the *rays* they crept out,”

and sparkled on the flowing masses of dark brown hair ;—gazing on the long black lashes, lying so lovingly close to the white cheek ;—and speculating whether the eyes beneath those ivory lids, were luminous black, or lively blue. But there was scarcely a proper time afforded the spectator to have noticed what we have described, before there was a tremendous knock at the door, from some person, not so gentle in his manners as our friend ; and Caroline started from her slumber, and stood considerably flushed and startled before Mr. Carisford.

“ Miss Dobbs,” said he, with a profound bow, “ my name is Carisford, and I have taken the liberty to call, to inquire if you can give me any information about my son—a friend, I am told, of your brother's ?”

The age, appearance, and bearing of the old gentleman, combined in his favour in the eyes of Miss Dobbs ; so she recovered her surprise, and begged him to be seated.

She had scarcely done so, when the servant (who had a way of shooting in a visitor abruptly that was original) announced the hero of the thundering knock, “ Mr. Bilboes.”

“ My cousin, Mr. Carisford,” said Caroline.

Now, Bilboes was one of her relations by the mother's side, and was a young man who held some subordinate post in the dockyard. He had begun to visit pretty regularly at the cottage, since the accession of fortune, and the departure of the King, and, in fact, had shaved the tuft off his chin, cut his hair, sold his terriers, diminished the vulgarity of his attire somewhat, and exhibited other symptoms of his being under the influence of a virtuous attachment. As he felt great jealousy of any one who approached the cottage, he naturally showed Mr. Carisford, on this occasion, some coldness ; in fact, he treated

him, at first, with what he considered *holoour* (to use his own word), but which might perhaps be more justly described as audacity. However, he soon discovered that Mr. Carisford could not be considered a rival, and he grew more polite; and Miss Dobbs informed them, that a dispatch had that morning arrived, from her brother's yacht the *Baboon*, dated Gibraltar.

"If I might take the liberty to inquire——?" began Mr. Carisford.

"Oh," said Miss Dobbs, "I am sure that your son is there, Mr. Carisford. I met him several times before the yacht was ready, and he always intended to be one of the party. But I will read you an extract from my brother's note."

Here she rose, and brought from a cabinet a large envelope, from which she drew a letter, and opened it.

"I am rather deaf, my dear young lady, if you will excuse me saying so," remarked the anxious father.

So Caroline started in rather louder tones than usual—
"There is something in the loneliness of ocean, when the moon's light looks like liquid gold on the surface, that makes love——"
"Oh," said Caroline, stopping very short, "that's the wrong letter!" and, for a moment, roses blushed in her cheek.

Mr. Carisford was too well bred a man to betray an emotion of any sort, much less any awkward surprise on an occasion like this.

But Mr. Bilboes said—"What letter is that, cousin?"

"Not the one required," replied Miss Dobbs, with amazing coolness. "Here *it* is! Now, Mr. Carisford," she continued, with a smile—"Dear Caroline. We have arrived here, all safe, after a quick passage. We are all quite well. Chilton is on shore, dining at the ——th's mess. Carisford has gone out riding, and says that he never knew what pleasure was, before he started in the *Baboon*."

"Indeed!" said the old gentleman, rising to make his *adieux*. "He is wholly unworthy of my care, and is sure to come to some fearful end!"

Caroline looked at the irate father. She was a quick observer of character, and divining something of the nature of the old man, she tried him, by saying—"I dare say your son will be punished heavily enough for the follies he has committed."



The wrong Letter.



“ He must bear it, Miss Dobbs. Life, without discipline, would be a chaos! I may be harsh, but it is my duty.”

“ Of course, I do not know his circumstances; but there may be hardships to be encountered.”

“ The natural consequences of misconduct!” said Mr. Carisford, stoutly, and he bid her good by.

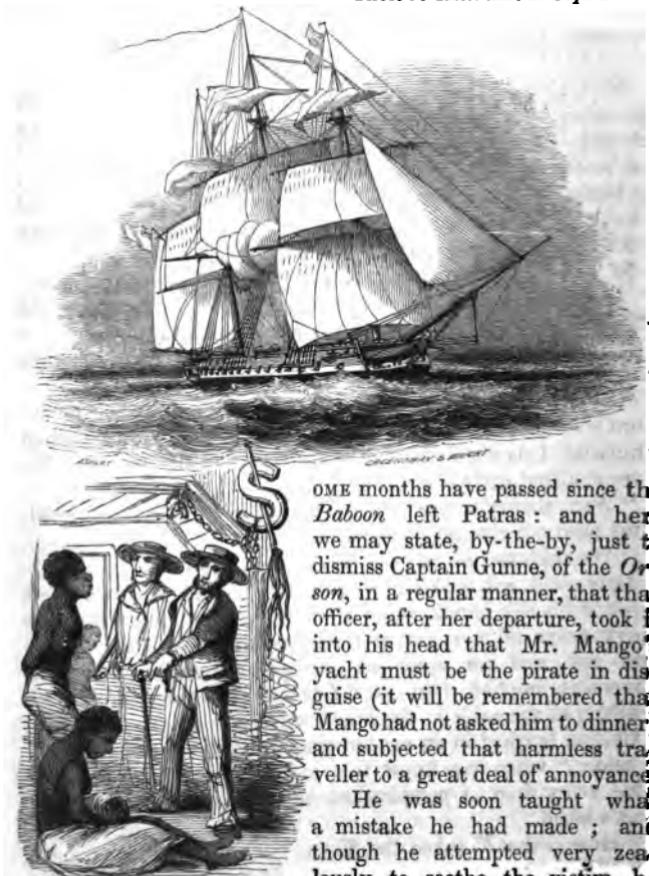
That evening he returned to London, and from thence started home, but not before he had called on the navy agents, with whom he had been in the habit of depositing his son’s allowance, while he was in the service, and informed them, that if his son should have the audacity to draw any more—they might pay it, but they must let him know.

After he had left the Dobbs cottage, Mr. Bilboes availed himself of the privilege of a cousin, to be very disagreeable and troublesome to Caroline. Then Lieutenant Lagg, R. N. called, and Limp came to spend the evening; and, one way or another, in the annoyance our pleasant Caroline suffered from her mother’s friends and relations, her father’s ancestors were thoroughly avenged on *her*, for his memorable *mésalliance*.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "BABOON" ON THE COAST.

Opus adgredior opimum casibus, atrox præliis, &c.

TACITUS *Hist. Lib. 1. Cap. 2.*

OME months have passed since the *Baboon* left Patras : and here we may state, by-the-by, just to dismiss Captain Gunne, of the *Orson*, in a regular manner, that that officer, after her departure, took it into his head that Mr. Mango's yacht must be the pirate in disguise (it will be remembered that Mango had not asked him to dinner) and subjected that harmless traveller to a great deal of annoyance. He was soon taught what a mistake he had made ; and though he attempted very zealously to soothe the victim, he was quite unsuccessful. He even visited his vessel in full uni-

form, to apologize, hoping that his cocked-hat would produce an impression ; but Mr. Mango was a peace-theory and financial-reform man, who held men-of-war in abhorrence ; so, telling the captain that he was sorry such blunders should be made—not for his own sake in this case, far from it—but because the toiling millions had to pay the men who made them, he bowed him over the side.

And now we return to the *Baboon*, no longer floating on the sunny waves of the Mediterranean—no longer dropping her anchor among the purple sea-weed and glittering sand at the bottom of its bays—no longer perfumed by the gales from its lemon groves. Farewell to the olive and the vine ; and hurrah for the scorching sun of Western Africa—the deadly dews, and the slave cargo !

It was on a fine morning, hot of course, but not particularly disagreeable, that the *Baboon* descried Cape Verd, on the larboard bow. They pursued their way southward, and in a few days held themselves in readiness to meet an English cruiser.

“ Well,” said Chilton, one day, about noon, “ except a somewhat increased heat, which rather creates a grateful thirst than otherwise, I do not find much difference between this and the more civilized parts of the world.”

“ And, thanks to our brief stay at Madeira,” said Carisford, “ we need not care about thirst much, just yet.”

“ We shall see, all in good time,” said Pereira.

Dobbs did not make any observation at the moment ; but he drew his silk handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped the heavy drops of perspiration from his brow ; he then gave a loud sigh, and sat down on the gratings abaft ; all which movements implied, that he did not consider the present state of affairs so agreeable as the others seemed to do.

Chilton laughed in an encouraging manner.—“ Ah, Dobbs !” he said ; “ when you know this coast a little better, you will value every drop of perspiration, as if it were a drop of your heart’s blood.”

“ How is that ?” asked the King.

“ Why, you see, it’s when the head’s hot and the skin dry that the danger impends. When I was in the West Indies for

a twelvemonth, I used to examine my wrist every morning ; if there was a little perspiration on it, I considered myself all right ; if it was dry, I took a jorum of hot rum-and-water, rolled myself round in a couple of blankets, and lay down on the lockers in the berth."

" Did you know Hicksly in the West Indies ?" inquired Carisford.

" To be sure. I was there at the period of his great adventure."

" Which great adventure, though ? Do you mean his going for a ride inland somewhere, in his clerk's uniform, passing himself off for a general officer, reviewing the Spanish troops, and expressing himself highly satisfied with their appearance and efficiency ?"

There was a general laugh at this characteristic anecdote of Hicksly, who was known as a very boozy clerk, R. N., from Baffin's Bay to Canton.

" No," Chilton said ; " I mean another performance of the old boy's. He went on shore without leave, but with a couple of bottles of brandy, from the *Spigot* schooner, and was found, two days afterwards, in a state of *delirium tremens*, in a family vault."

With such light anecdotes they were beguiling the time, when from the mast-head (where our friends always kept a look-out man, in regular man-of-war fashion) they heard the expected announcement of " a sail ! " It created some considerable excitement on board, for they were now, as they got southward, in daily expectation of falling in with an English cruiser.

The *Baboon* was now running free, with a light breeze, in smooth water, and making a peculiar chirping noise as she clove through it, and rolled gently and regularly, like the movement of a cradle, from one side to another. The stranger was a point or two away on the starboard bow, and as her tall white canvas rose above the blue line of the horizon, all square, neat, and ship-shape, it became evident that she was a man-of-war. She was close hauled on the larboard tack, beating against the wind, which was bringing the *Baboon* down towards her.

As the distance between them lessened, they saw from the *Baboon*, that she was a brig. Her hull was painted black, with

red port-sills ; her copper was very dirty and very green. She looked enormously over-masted ; her top-sails were patched ; her foremast evidently fished. She seemed to have one anchor missing, and altogether had the appearance of a craft that had seen a great deal of service on the coast, and had better be sent home by an intelligent Admiralty, as soon as possible.

The breeze freshened, and the *Baboon* drew nearer and nearer to her. The Society, with Mr. M'Mizen, assembled at the bow, and watched her carefully. But the man-of-war appeared to take no notice whatever of the *Baboon*, and held on as before.

"There's some dodge in that, you may depend," said Chilton, taking the glass from his eye. "What do you suppose she carries, M'Mizen ?"

"Thirty-two-pound carronades," said the master, "wi' not improbably, two long twenty-fours a-midships. Faith, *she's* no a sma' merchant-brig frae the Levant, and ye had better play nae games wi' her, or ye'll find yersel in Abraham's bosom afore lang." And with these words, accompanied by a sarcastic look, that was even more impressive, Mr. M'Mizen turned round to perform some nautical work, and left the youths staring at each other in astonishment.

"Bravo, Mr. M'Mizen !" cried Chilton, good-humouredly ; "no fear of us. But now we'll see what the brig is thinking about." And rapidly giving the necessary instructions, sail was shortened, and the *Baboon* hauled her wind, and braced sharp up on the starboard tack, apparently with a view to making off to windward.

No sooner had she done so, in fact, the instant after, the man-of-war was in stays. She was about in a twinkling, and, as her sails filled, she ran a gun out of her bow-port, and sent a shot flying past the *Baboon*, which made the water jump as if a whale had spouted ; and, what was more, the instant after the explosion, the youths in the *Baboon* heard the rammer ring in the discharged gun, with a noise most alarmingly and appropriately like somebody tapping with a hammer in a vault. There was nothing for it, so the *Baboon* lay to, like a lamb awaiting the slaughter, and, at the same time, hoisted a white ensign at the peak. Then, the brig backed her main-top-sail,

and the Baboonites heard the shrill pipe, which called away a boat's crew.

"Now," said Chilton, "we must do the respectable; and we shall have an opportunity of seeing what kind of fellows are produced by the Coast Service." He then ordered a line to be got ready for the man-of-war's boat.

"In bow—rowed of all!" was heard from it, and in another minute, the officer jumped on board the *Baboon*, where he was received by Chilton, who bowed with much formality, though he felt very much inclined to laugh at his appearance.

This representative of her Britannic Majesty was a midshipman, apparently about sixteen years of age, excessively sunburnt, with very black hair, and a general appearance, in fact, which suggested the notion, that he was degenerating under the wholesome influence of the Coast, into a kind of animal, somewhat resembling its aboriginal natives—as a breed of sheep, they say, acquires in time something of the look of the goat in hot climates. His uniform, too, showed most distinctly that he had been a long time a crusader against the slave trade. The colour of the gold lace on his cap had waned into paleness. There was an autumnal look about the blue of his jacket, and the buttons on it exhibited traces of tar. His coarse white duck trousers were rather dirty, and the same remark may be extended to the duck shoes which he wore, as suiting the climate. The general effect of his look and bearing altogether was impudence idealized. In a schoolboy it would have been mere impudence, but in him, experience, danger, and thought, elevated it into something higher. He looked something between a gipsy that read Byron, and a Delaware Indian who wrote sonnets.

Almost at the same moment that he reached the deck, six of the boat's crew jumped up after him, some over the gangway, and some through the nearest port-hole. Every man of them had a cutlass. They took up a scientific position, not exactly offensive, but suggestive of immediate readiness to act in any way that might be advisable.

The midshipman came up to Chilton, who not showing the slightest surprise or the least disposition to make any resistance, was coolly smoking a cigar, and had on a fez, with a long tassel of blue silk, which he had purchased in the East.—

“Now, my good man,” said the midshipman, very coolly, “what’s the name of your craft? what’s the tonnage? what’s *your* name? how long are you from the Havannah? when did you see the *Daintie Davie* last? Come, we are rather in a hurry, for we expect some chaps of your kidney hereabouts, and there’s no time to lose.” So saying, the youth playfully drew his sword, and began digging the point of it into the seams of the deck, where the pitch had begun to melt and run like black sealing-wax.

“*Imprimis*,” began Chilton, imitating the coolness of the interrogator, “this is the yacht *Baboon*, belonging to Mr. Dobbs, who, I am sure, is excessively happy to make your acquaintance.” Here he directed his attention to the perspiring Dobbs, who bowed. “We are from Madeira, whither we came from Gibraltar, after a cruise up the Straits. Our object here, is amusement——”

“Oh, indeed!” cried the youth; “this is a new move. Here, Jenkins!” and his coxswain came up to him; “come down below, with those half-a-dozen hands—we’ll search you, my man!” And so saying he marched below, followed by his boat’s crew, excepting a few who were left on deck to look out there.

The midshipman led the way down into the cabin, in the first instance. Then they examined every part of the vessel, routing out even M’Mizen’s berth, to his extreme disgust, and then the midshipman asked for the papers.

Chilton brought unimpeachable documents.

The youth shook his head musingly.—“Gad, I’m afraid we can’t detain you,” and then he looked very hard at Dobbs. “Ah!” he said, “you’re the honestest looking thing on board (in which perhaps he was right), you don’t look like a slaver, nor do I think you would ever make one,” which favourable observations were perhaps less to be attributed to the honesty of the King’s appearance, than to a certain portliness and incapacity, before alluded to, which gave the idea of softness to an observer.

When the midshipman had quite satisfied himself that the *Baboon* was all right, he ordered his men into the boat, but betrayed no remarkable hurry to go himself; on the contrary, he

took a seat in the cabin, and opened a general conversation with the Society.

It was not to be expected that he could be dismissed without hospitality, so Chilton pulled out from the locker a bottle of Guinness's stout and one of sherry.

"Well, upon my honour," said the midshipman, "a devilish pleasant life you have of it—why, on board the *Cowslip*, our brig, we have not such a thing as this; very little rum, and even a scarcity of water, is our fare in the drinking way. Here's to you!" And with this, he drank off a large glass of sherry and water. "Pleasant, very—let us have a little sugar and nutmeg, and make some sangaree."

"Boat's return hoisted, if you please, sir!" said the coxswain of his boat coming down the companion-ladder.

"Like their impudence," rejoined the boy. "Here, Jenkins—give my coxswain a glass of grog, will you? Thank you. Now, Jenkins, go and hoist the all-right signal in the boat. Now," continued he, resuming his conversation, "what are you fellows going to do with your yacht?"

"Well, we don't quite know," Carisford answered; "put down the slave trade, I suppose; that's our best plan, isn't it?"

"Put down the trade winds while you are about it! I have been three years out here, putting down the slave trade; and we have put down some forty of our crew—to say nothing of a lieutenant and the purser. Why, as long as one man wants to sell, and another wants to buy, the produce remaining abundant at the same time, who the deuce is to stop it, any more than any other trade? If people could sell their wives in England, for a considerable profit, do you suppose they wouldn't do it?"

"Well, I can't answer as to that," Carisford said. "Who's governor of Sierra Leone now?"

"'Gad! that's hard to say. Old Sir George Barracoon is under the mulberry, by this time, I have no doubt."

"Under the mulberry?" said Chilton, inquiringly, while Dobbs grew a little pale.

"Yes. You see, all the governors are buried under a mulberry tree, feet in, heads out, forming the *radii* of a circle, of which the tree is the centre, something in the *sub tegmine fagi* line, I suppose you may call it."

"Who's your commander on board the brig?" asked Chilton, as familiarity with this eccentric specimen of the blockading squadron began to increase.

"Our commander? Bibbin, sir; the great Bibbin! blind of one eye, and imported here at an enormous expense, by Her Majesty's government."

"Will he put down the slave trade, think you?" Carisford said, with a laugh.

"No. But I am not without hopes that the slave trade may put down Bibbin; in which case there will be a chance of my getting made an acting-lieutenant, and perhaps getting the command of the brig. Bless you, I'm his right-hand man! He doesn't know a slaver from a palm-oiler; and hasn't got as much brains as a cocoa-nut!"

Here the coxswain of his boat came again down the ladder.—"Please, sir, the boat's return's up again, and we had better be off to the brig: she's dropped half-a-mile to leeward of us."

"Never you mind, Jenkins; wait till I come up. You see," he continued, "I say unto the man do, and he doeth it. A beautiful thing is discipline—and so is sangaree. Mr. Dobbs, the nutmeg-grater, if you please?"

There was a glance interchanged between our friends, as this free-and-easy young gentleman proceeded to make himself at home; and a decided start followed it, as the sound of a gun made the glasses jump upon the table. Overhead there was a noise heard; and M'Mizen came down this time, and announced that the man-of-war's boat had shoved off without her officer.

Proceeding on deck, they found that such was actually the case.

"I see," cried the midshipman: "the brig's after a stranger!"

And so it was. There was a strange craft running in towards the African coast. The brig waited a few minutes, while her boat came alongside, bore up, and then cracked on every inch of sail, and made after her.

The midshipman who had been left behind, meanwhile, watched every movement with the greatest anxiety from the

Baboon.—"What's your best point of sailing?" he inquired, from Chilton.

"Well; I'm not sure. Going free, I think."

"Ah, then that will do! Crack after her! for, you see, if that's a slaver, I sha'n't get my share of the prize-money, unless I'm on board my ship at the capture!"

"Indeed!" said Dobbs, who appeared rather surprised at the coolness with which he treated the matter.

"No. So just crack on, will you. Have you anything in the gunnery line on board?"

And so the *Baboon* was put under a press of canvass, and made all sail to join the man-of-war brig. She had reached considerably on the stranger, and had commenced firing at her.

The midshipman seized a telescope, and looked very anxiously at her, uttering little exclamations, such as—"Pish!" "Psha!" and others of a more striking description, at every shot.

"What are you looking for?" asked Dobbs.

"To see the blood running from the scuppers, to be sure! But they haven't hulled her yet. Oh, Bibbin, Bibbin!" continued the youth, "why did you commence chasing without having me on board?"

The brig still continued firing, and at last one or two shot took effect, and the stranger hove to. A boat was sent to her; and they saw it return to the *Cowslip*, and the stranger stood on, as before.

"What's the meaning of that?" asked Chilton. "You see that your craft is not detaining her—how's that?"

"Why, I suppose, she has not got slaves on board, that's it. But Bibbin will keep his eye upon her. We can seize her when she loads, you know."

The *Baboon* then neared the *Cowslip*, which sent a boat for the midshipman, who, on parting, said—"Well, good bye, you fellows! You had better follow us, and see how we'll tackle the slaver when he gets his cargo on board!"

And now the stranger held right on towards the African coast; after her, warily watching, came the man-of-war brig; and on the green sea, in the track behind them both, gleamed

the white canvass of the schooner *Baboon*, light and delicate, the Knight-Errant of the Sea !

The day was declining, and as it grew darker, thick heavy mists gathered in the sky, and black dropsical clouds hung portentous in the air. And then came a sudden squall, which made the waters hiss and gleam, and a torrent of rain fell, in heavy drops, like lead, pattering on the water, and angry bubbles broke out, ulcers upon ocean's face. Sunset came, but its period could not be exactly marked ; the sun was lost amongst the clouds that gathered round his setting—like misfortunes round a good man's death-bed ; and after he sank, the wind still increased ; but the grey twilight made objects visible, and the stranger was seen, carrying on every stitch of possible sail. The brig spared no inch of canvass ; the storms and clouds of heaven did not threaten her more constantly than she threatened the object of her pursuit.

Meanwhile, the *Baboon* followed through the flashing water. Her adventurers were assembled on the deck to watch, when, suddenly to windward, rose a giant body of water—dread offspring of ocean in the whirlwind's embrace—Titan child of the labouring sea ! the terror of the deep embodied—the waterspout ! It moved along, whirling in its might, with its head among the clouds.

“ What do you say to that ? ” said Chilton, slapping Dobbs on the back.

“ Great God ! ” he exclaimed.

“ Pooh, my dear fellow, see how easily it's destroyed ! ” and, in another moment, a musket was fired by one of the crew, and the mighty stranger, that moved as if it had a soul, burst into a lump of water, and perished in a thousand eddies.

“ Now,” said Chilton, whose intellect delighted in such subjects of speculation, “ how many things that waterspout reminds one of ! ”

“ The Carthaginian empire, which rose and perished from the sea,” suggested Carisford ; “ mighty in its power, sudden in its fall, and leaving nothing behind it ! ”

“ Or rather,” said Chilton, sarcastically, “ let us compare it to a great popular agitation, one windy fellow, and a lot of unstable watery ones, forming together a huge monster, that goes to bosh at the first crack.”

As he spoke, a roar of thunder was heard, and chasing echoes reverberated round the sky. A pause, and lightning burst out from the black clouds, and for a moment they gleamed with a network of fire. Then there was observed, a bright glare of blue sulphuric light from the man-of-war brig. It cast a ghastly radiance over her canvass ; it flashed, reflected from her guns ; it lighted up her dark hull ; it glittered in the sea below her. What is that that it reveals ? Land !

The three vessels were approaching a bay, with long low shores. The stranger went in first and anchored ; then followed the *Cowslip*, and last of all the *Baboon*.

As Chilton and his friends ran into the anchorage, they heard the bell on board the *Cowslip* strike twice. It marked nine in the evening. As soon as they had anchored, a boat again came from the *Cowslip*, with the same midshipman that they had seen.

“ You see,” he said, “ I have come to borrow a dozen of that porter from you. We are in a terrible state on board—short allowance of everything ; and I must keep watch all night, for the only other midshipman on board is laid up, and somebody must look out after that strange brig. We cannot touch her until she actually has slaves on board ; and we think it deuced likely that she’ll ship them before daylight.”

They gave him what he wanted, and in a few minutes more conversation that they had with him, they learned that the brig was in a very bad plight altogether. She had anchored then with a hemp cable, the only one she had left, and she had sprung the fore-top-sail yard before coming in.

One hour passed away in perfect silence. No movement was made on board the strange vessel—a brig, by-the-by. The regular cry of the sentry on board the *Cowslip*, the gleam of a lantern, and the movement of a figure abaft, shewed that a strict look-out was kept there. Nothing was heard from the shore, but the waves dashing on the beach. But still the night was stormy ; still lightning gleamed, and thunder rolled, far away in the sky, as if there was being carried on there, with weapons of modern warfare, the old battle between the Titans and the Gods.

Another hour passed away. Chilton was left alone on deck. The wind was still increasing, and every now and then, the

Baboon gave a sharp jerk at her cable, as she rode head to wind, against the rolling waves. M'Mizen came up to him from below, and suggested that he should turn in, and let him look out.

"No, no, M'Mizen," answered Chilton: "I'll stay on deck with you. I can't sleep on such a night."

"Such a night!" echoed M'Mizen; "ay, sir—

'That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business in his hand—'

as Burns says."

"Well, I don't know what business could be more appropriate for him than loading a slaver; I imagine that's what the strange brig will be about presently."

"Weel, sir, we dinna a' belong to the elect, and though a man live without grace, he canna live without siller," and with this reflection, the Scotchman walked forward to the bows, and lighted a pipe.

Chilton, thus left by himself, commenced walking about on the grating that was raised abaft, and gazed out upon the scene. The stranger was lying between the *Baboon* and the man-of-war, but nearer the shore, or in naval parlance, inside both, so that Chilton could see the man-of-war across his bows. The night was still very stormy, and the wind set dead on to the shore, so as to impose the necessity of beating out, under great difficulties, upon any of the craft which wanted to sail. But Chilton saw that the strange brig—though her top-gallant masts were down, in consequence of the bad weather—had the top-sail yards hoisted, so that the sails could be loosed and sheeted home in a moment. He could see, however, no signs of motion on board her. He grew tired—his eyes ached with straining to pierce through the dusk; he was wearied with pacing the narrow walk on the grating; he sat down upon it, and huddled himself up in the corner, in his pilot-coat.

It might have been five minutes, it might have been two hours, he could not fix the period which had elapsed—but he felt a sudden sensation, as if some one had seized him by the throat, and their hot breath was steaming on his face! He sprang up. He had been asleep, and the collar of the large coat he had on, being turned up, his breathing had been im-

peded by it, and the sensation had been thus produced ; he tore it away, gasping for air, and the strong wind rushing, refreshed him. But he was thoroughly awakened from his incautious slumber by the accident, and again he strained his eyes in looking out. And now he saw a gleam start for a moment on the beach, flashing and vanishing like the wandering light on a morass. Still, all was quiet on board the stranger—all was quiet too in the man-of-war, whose figure stood out, dark and spectral through the night-gloom, like a yew-tree in a church-yard.

Chilton went below, struck a light in the cabin, lighted a lantern and proceeded to call Carisford and the other two. They assembled very quickly and silently round the table. Chilton brought out an ingenious *cafetiere* that they had for producing coffee in a few minutes, lighted the spirits of wine, and they soon had some cups of that cheering beverage, which, whether to student, soldier, sportsman, or seaman, is the most vivifying cup in the world.—“Now,” he said, “I think the brig is going to load. Carisford, you and I will drop on shore and see the job. Let the man-of-war look out for herself.”

The *Baboon* had a boat on the stern-davits, something between a dingy and a cutter. Into this, Chilton and Carisford climbed, over the stern, and arranged the gear, while Dobbs and Pereira stood by to lower away with the tackles. Dobbs let her go by the run, a few feet at his end to begin with, which very nearly precipitated Carisford into the sea.

“Steady, steady,” said Chilton, in a loud undertone ; “lower together !” And then, there was a grunting noise heard, as the tackle-falls went through the sheave-holes ; then a splash, as the boat plumped into the water. In a moment, they cast off the falls in the boat, out oars, and turned her head to the beach.

“Pull, Car., pull !” called Chilton, as a big wave came roaring up to the stern, and sent the little boat flying like a feather. “By Jove, how nearly we were swamped !”

They hoisted a sail, and flew before it, the stormy water dashing alongside the boat, as if the sea was licking its lips preparatory to making a gobble of it. On, on it went : as it approached the beach, a large wave caught it, and shooting it forward with a rush, struck it on the shingle. It capsized—



The Slave Cargo.

LONDON, J. & D. A. DARLING, 126, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

the mast went by the board, and Chilton and Carisford struggled through the surf, and gained their legs on the beach, drenched through and through, just in time to see the little boat, floating, bottom up, some way off.

It was still dark ; not one gleam of the tropical daylight was yet wandering through space, and only a few stars peeped every now and then from the chinks in the stormy sky. Our two friends wandered along the beach, in the direction where Chilton had seen the gleam of light. The country around was flat and sandy, with thick spots of sombre bushwood dotted over it. As they approached to that part of the shore opposite the strange brig—a tedious journey, for the distance was considerable—they saw lights glancing again and again, and presently, voices broke upon their ears, and the murmur of a river. Advancing to the spot, they took up a position behind some bushwood ; and there they saw by the light of lanterns, such a group, as man has never traced on canvass, with colours, though often enough on earth, with blood—a hideous spectacle, combining the two worst aspects of our English Smithfield—when crowded with beasts for sale, and when lighted by the fires of martyrs.

Near the banks of one of those rivers, which bring down from the loathsome heart of Africa, the children which she sells to the stranger, the slavers were shipping their cargo. Fastened together in knots, each man numbered like a lot at an auction, exhausted from travel, mad with thirst, and worn with disease, the victims were being stowed in boats, till they formed dense piles of human agony. By the light of the lanterns, which the brig's men, huge, swarthy-complexioned villains, carried, Chilton and Carisford could distinctly see the marks of blood on the slaves' limbs, the clotted paste of mingled dust and blood formed on their sores, and the foam that streaked their faces.

And, it seemed too, from the number, that the work of shipping must have been going on for some time before they arrived. The utmost hurry was made ; every moment resounded the noise of the lash ; and once, a loud yell and a splash told that a boat had capsized, and given its cargo to the waves.

The day began to break ; the last load was shipped. Chilton and Carisford were lying flat on the ground, and perfectly motionless in the place where they had been watching, when,

suddenly, they heard a loud noise close to them ; some dark object hovered above them—they started with a cry. The object clashed upwards. There was a whirring of wings like thunder, and, far into the air, they saw a vulture rise !

“ By G—— !” cried Carisford. “ Do you see that fellow ? *He took us for dead niggers !* Oh, shade of Brummell, has my appearance come to such a pitch as that !”

“ Hush, old fellow,” said Chilton, with a laugh—for there is a very narrow boundary between the terrible and the ludicrous, as *Tam o’ Shanter* most splendidly exemplifies. “ Come along !”

So they retraced their way along the beach, towards the point where they had landed from the *Baboon*, looking through the grey misty twilight of the morning, to see what was going on in the bay. They had now no power of influencing events, for their boat was lost, so they remained on the beach, and watched to see what the man-of-war would do.

The reader must keep in mind, that at this period, the men-of-war employed in the African blockade, had no authority to touch a slave-ship, unless she actually had slaves on board. On this occasion, therefore, it was quite natural that the commander of the *Cowslip* should wait till the brig was loaded, for then, alone, had he the power to interfere. What he had been doing all night, what resolutions he had formed, &c. must be gathered from the conclusion of the narrative.

* * * * *

As the day gradually broke, our two friends on the beach saw the misty outlines of the slaver and the man-of-war in the same relative positions which they had occupied on the previous night. The wind, which had been high, was increasing ; the swollen waters rose and broke more angrily still.

“ What’s that boat doing ?” asked Carisford, pointing to a boat that was hovering near the bows of the *Cowslip*.

It was difficult to distinguish objects in the light, as yet ; but still they could perceive that there was a boat moving in a very suspicious manner, near the man-of-war’s bows. It moved a-head—then retreated ; at last it made a dart at the bow. Then there was a flash from the musket of the sentry

on the forecastle, which showed that there was an alarm raised on board. Almost at the same moment the man-of-war drifted ; her head veered away from the wind ; she moved bodily and all adrift towards the lee-shore. The boat was seen, pulling away for life and death, and the slaver's canvass spread to the wind—*she was under weigh*.

“ I see ! ” cried Chilton. “ The slaver's boat has cut the *Cowslip's* cable ! ”

Now came the struggle. The *Cowslip* was drifting on shore ; her yards and rigging swarmed with men, loosing sails, for she had no anchor left to bring up with. Presently her canvass struggled in the wind ; she gained a little way ; she began to move and creep through the water, close-hauled.

Meanwhile the slaver stretched on the starboard tack across the bay. Bang went a shot from the man-of-war. It played ducks and drakes across the waves, and plunged and sunk just at the *Baboon's* bows. The slaver passed close to her, guessing that the *Cowslip* would not like to run the risk of hitting the yacht. How Chilton and Carisford felt the blood dance in lively rills in their veins, as they stood on the beach, and, in the keen breeze of the morning, watched the exciting game !

“ Now comes the rub,” cried Chilton, as the slaver tacked, with the obvious intention of crossing the *Baboon's* bows, and fetching out of the bay. She was about, her yards braced sharp up, tacks down, and everything.

“ The *Cowslip's* in stays ! ” said Carisford.

And so it was. The *Cowslip* began to turn to the wind, with every inch of her white canvass fluttering like the plumage of a frightened bird. But she had not had way enough on ; she paused—backed ; the waters eddied round her. She yawned wildly, and struck, once—twice—a third time ; and then heeled over, and displayed her green copper. She was hard and fast, and they began to shorten sail.

The slaver, meanwhile, dashed along, hoisting, in sarcastic triumph, a small negro at the peak. But a farewell shot from the man-of-war cut away her fore-top-mast.

Half-an-hour afterwards Chilton and Carisford had got on board the *Baboon*, and she was chasing the crippled vessel, while the *Cowslip* was still hard and fast on shore.

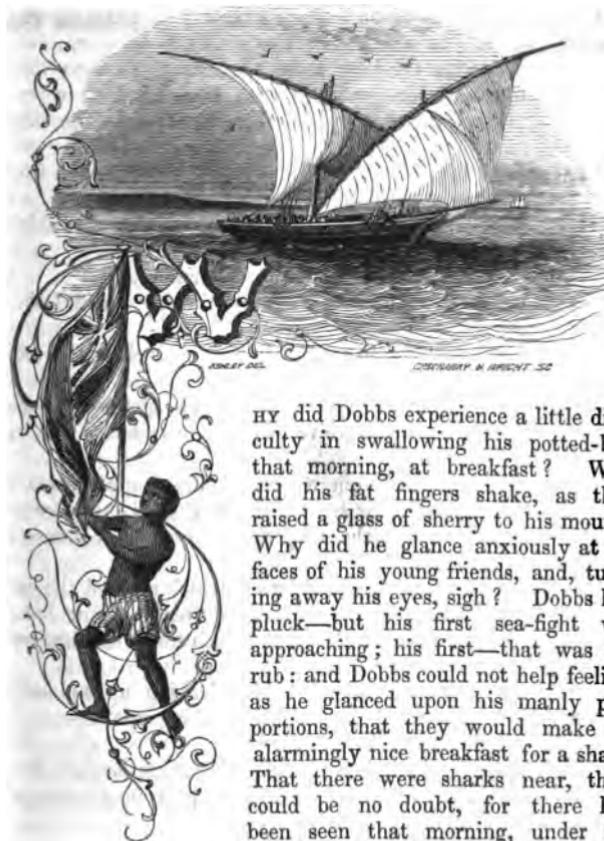
“ Now, Dobbs,” said Chilton, to the King, “ we are going to *burst a blood-vessel*, or, in other words, to blow up a slaver. Hands, make sail, and let us pull foot, before the villain shifts his wounded spar !”

No sooner said, than done. All sail was made; and our self-constituted Knight-Errant of the Sea, pushed forward, to deliver the imprisoned Africans from the bonds of their enslavers !

A Christian object, certainly: but was it undertaken from Christian motives only ?

CHAPTER XII.

THE KING'S REALMS EXTENDED.

Ant. I'll fight at sea!*Antony and Cleopatra.*

HY did Dobbs experience a little difficulty in swallowing his potted-beef that morning, at breakfast? Why did his fat fingers shake, as they raised a glass of sherry to his mouth? Why did he glance anxiously at the faces of his young friends, and, turning away his eyes, sigh? Dobbs had pluck—but his first sea-fight was approaching; his first—that was the rub: and Dobbs could not help feeling, as he glanced upon his manly proportions, that they would make an alarmingly nice breakfast for a shark. That there were sharks near, there could be no doubt, for there had been seen that morning, under the

stern, the bright *tartan-coloured* forms of the lively pilot-fish.

Our four young friends were at breakfast, at eight o'clock, in the cabin. The slaver was far a-head ; and the struggle going on was, who should get the windward position. The *Baboon* was weatherly ; M'Mizen had the octagon-headed tiller in his hand, and the gallant schooner was jumping through the hissing brine like an amorous young porpoise. There were good prospects then in view, and the SOCIETY had come down to breakfast before the chase grew close. Each of them knew that the others were thinking more than they cared to think about the impending danger ; and each man tried to conceal any appearance of the sort in himself. Levity was the order of the day.

“ For whose benefit are we breakfasting ? ” remarked Chilton ; “ our own—or the sharks ? ”

“ Never mind ; we'll be a treat to them, after the black fellows.”

“ A dish of *blanc-mange* ! ” suggested Carisford.

“ If you joke in that style, we'll lose the day,” said Dobbs, who had some quiet homely superstitions.

“ What ! is it unlucky to spill Attic salt, as well as the ordinary kind ? ”

“ Bravo, Car., you keep your pecker up, gloriously,” said Chilton. “ But, my boys, we've forgot one remark.”

“ What's that ? ”

“ Why, you see,” Chilton continued, drawing attention to the nautical style of their attire, “ it's a good thing for the sharks that are to eat us, that we are all dressed *à la matelotte*, which is a capital way.”

This was received with a loud laugh, which reached the ears of the sage M'Mizen at the helm, who muttered “ *puir lads*,” and gave the tiller a jerk to leeward, which made the fore-top-sail shake again in the wind.

“ A curious fact ! ” exclaimed Dobbs, looking up suddenly, from a pocket-book, which he had been looking into.

“ What's the matter ? ”

“ Why, this is the anniversary of our leaving England ! ”

“ The deuce it is ! Well ; we will keep it up gloriously,”

said Chilton. " And now to clear away for action. ' Action, action,' cried Demosthenes, and so cry we ! "

As he spoke, they went up on deck. The breeze was still rioting in exercise, and the waves rolling wildly, but the slaver was still to windward. He was under all sail, and displayed at the peak of his boom main-sail, the gaudy colours of Spain.

But there was a sight on the deck of the *Baboon*, which Dobbs had never witnessed till that morning. Four beautiful eighteen-pounders of the latest construction, Mantons of artillery, in fact, met his eye : their appointments were perfectly new. In fact, the whole deck of the vessel exhibited the very dandyism of war, full as it was of elegant weapons, boarding-pikes as handsome as fishing-rods, and tomahawks that would have adorned a drawing-room, and shamed the bright eyes there, too, with their gleam. All these things had been procured with the money of Dobbs's uncle, the industrious Mr. Forrester ; they had been brought on board by stealth, in fitting out, and kept below concealed, till they were wanted. And now their hour was come.

Chilton then held a council with Dobbs and the others ; and it was agreed to call all hands. The crew made their appearance—men, whose aspect did justice to Chilton's judgment in selecting them ; fellows, whose muscular forms, and keen eyes, proclaimed the activity and courage, which make men conquerors in war, and rich in peace. And now, as the great historians of antiquity usually prefix the speeches of the generals, to their accounts of each battle (it being understood that the speeches are usually those of the historian himself), so, the present historian of King Dobbs, thinks it right to give Chilton's speech on this occasion to the men. They were summoned aft, when that young warrior, as representative of the king, is said to have addressed them in this fashion, or as Tacitus would say, *in hunc modum locutus fertur*.*

" Men of the *Baboon* ! Your warlike appearance upon this occasion, proves that you have formed no false estimate of the character of the individuals who employ you. You are all obviously aware that this is no ordinary yacht, peopled by idlers (an ironical grin from M'Mizen), but a vessel sailing with noble

* VIT. AGRIC. Cap. 29.

objects and lofty purposes, like that which bore Jason to Colchis, or Miltiades to the Chersonese ! How have you been treated on board ? Has your grog been weak, or the supply of it scanty ? (loud cheers.) Have you not been permitted to go on shore whenever you thought proper ? Have you been employed in degrading occupations ? No ! Show then, on this occasion, that you are worthy of the *Baboon*, and assist in throwing up the hatches of yonder vessel, and setting the captives free ! Are my friends and I likely to deceive you ? No ! By those who fell at Navarino ! By the men that sleep off Trafalgar——”

Chilton was rattling out this imitation of Demosthenes with great zeal, when he received an awkward interruption, for a shot from the slaver, the skipper of which began to think that it was time to take active measures, struck the sea, close to the yacht, and made the water dash in his face.—“ To your quarters !” he cried ; and the men occupied their guns with the greatest activity.

It was resolved very quickly by the Baboonites, that the best game to play at first, would be a distant one ; and to this Dobbs most heartily agreed. The reason of it was this. The guns of the *Baboon* were of the latest construction, and capable of a very distant range, which Carisford’s long service in the *Pestilent*, had enabled him to acquire such a degree of skill in gunnery, that he could point a cannon with the nicety required for aiming with a rifle. They accordingly suffered the *Baboon* to drop astern of the flying brig, till it became obvious that *her* guns could not reach. Splash after splash in the water showed her shot falling short, and finding graves for themselves in the waves ; and, from her putting on more sail, it seemed that she thought the chase abandoned, and her escape safe.

Now was the time for Carisford to display his skill. They had one of the guns carefully loaded, and brought forward on the weather bow. The men assembled alongside it, with hand-spikes, &c. ; behind it were assembled the young commanders, in great glee. Carisford having made a calculation of the brig’s distance, raised the tangent-scale on the gun about a couple of degrees, and laying hold of the trigger-line, moved back, and proceeded to take aim.—“ Elevate !—Lower !—Well !”

“ How say you ?” asked Chilton, after a moment’s pause,

during which Carisford had been leaning over, with the right knee bent, looking along the sights of the gun.

“Luff!” cried Car.

The man at the helm luffed. The schooner's sail trembled in the wind.

At that moment Carisford fired—“with a turn of the wrist springing up to the safety-position on the left,” as they say in the navy. The gun gave an angry roar, like a wild beast—the smoke was blown away by the wind, almost immediately—and they distinctly saw from the *Baboon* the shot plunge close under the slaver's quarter.

“Very pretty! very pretty indeed!” said Chilton.

“My hand's not quite in,” said Car. modestly, “but I don't think it was bad!”

While he spoke, the men loaded the gun again. The operation was repeated, and this time the shot plunged into the brig's hull. A second trial produced a second hit; and the brig, finding that it was a game in which the *Baboon* held all the trumps, and the honours too, tacked, and stood towards her, with a view to coming to close quarters.

But the youths of the *Baboon* were not inclined to lose their vantage ground so soon, and they kept the vessel away, and held off at a modest distance; and every two or three minutes they sent a shot straight into the brig's hull, which made the splinters fly, and the black bulwarks gleam white for a moment.

At last the brig managed to draw nearer them; and then it was that one shot went far to take vengeance on them, for the injury they had done to her. Carisford had given up the trigger-line of the gun which he had been firing to one of the men. As his successor was leaning over to take aim, (and as he did so his fine figure—for he was a very handsome man, appeared to great advantage,) a shot from the brig struck the mouth of the gun; a solid piece of the iron, about the size of a man's hand, was knocked off, as if shivered by a thunderbolt, from the mutilated cannon. It struck the doomed man, who was aiming, under the chin, and cut away the front half of his head, so that his face fell, like a mask, as it were, upon the deck. The body fell across the gun, then slid down upon the bloody planks; and the most awful sight of all, was to see it

there, struggling in a spasmodic writhing movement, as if in life.

The men lifted the defaced corpse, and, *while it still shook and quivered*, cast it into the sea, while, by a sudden impulse, they exclaimed—"The Lord have mercy upon his soul!" This was the burial-service of the slaughtered man, and in another moment his blood was reddening the jaws of a black shark alongside.

Chilton had seen this brief tragedy with horror. He heard a groan near him—he turned and saw Dobbs, who was as pale as death, and was leaning quite sick against the mainmast, with cold sweat on his brow. He approached and took him by the hand, and muttered some words to cheer him.

"Oh God!" said Dobbs, "his blood is on us—look there!" He pointed to the water, where the blood was still to be seen, with many a crimson bubble. At the same moment, the wind fell light, and the schooner lay becalmed in the spot. "The blood clogs us, it will not let us move," he continued; "why should we have left England to find a hell here!"

Chilton brought some brandy, and persuaded him to drink it. Then a breeze sprang up, and the schooner moved through the water; and the men continued loading and priming with increased rapidity, so that the heated guns jumped madly in the violence of their recoil.

The *Baboon* continued to have the advantage in the contest, when suddenly the brig ceased firing. She hove to, but still kept her colours flying. Advantage was taken of the pause, to make a short refit on board the schooner. Some ropes that had been shot away, were spliced; the decks were sanded; you might see two or three of the old sailors wiping the black sweat from their faces. M'Mizen began to polish his cutlass with a bit of rag, and Carisford busied himself in pipe-claying a blood-stain on his white drill trowsers. Meanwhile, a tub was brought on deck, and some lime-juice mixed with rum was served out to all. It was a most luxurious breathing-time.

"What are they about in the brig? Can you make out?" asked Carisford.

Chilton took the glass, and looked carefully at them. "Why, they're getting a whip in the fore-yard. They can't be going to hoist the boats out!"

"No, deuce take it ! What's the use of their boats, so long as the breeze holds, and they can't get near us."

"Can they be sinking, think you ?"

"No such luck !"

Chilton still kept his eye on the brig, watchfully. He started suddenly—"By Heavens!"

"What's the matter ?" asked the others, crowding round him.

They were not long held in expectation. The brig filled her main-top-sail again, then backed her fore-top-sail—a seaman was observed crawling along her fore-yard, and fixing something at the yard-arm.

But let us glance at the interior of the slaver, meanwhile, through the magic tube of the novelist. Not to the wretched victims on the slave-deck, whose misery had been added to, by several of them having been killed by the schooner's shot, would we direct attention ; but we turn our eyes to the savage crew alone, among whom in the hour of battle, mutiny had been spreading. The murderous precision of the *Baboon's* firing had had a terrible effect—the boats on the booms were knocked to pieces, and scarcely a man had escaped unhurt by the splinters ; and the fury raised in the breasts of the crew swelled to madness, when they saw that the schooner's tactics prevented their retaliating adequately, while the superiority of her artillery enabled her to knock their vessel about as she pleased.

"This won't do," said one of the crew, as he saw another shot fall short. "Comrades," he cried, "we're sold. That there has sold us to the Englishman." As he spoke, he threw down the lighted match, with which he had been firing the gun, and pointed to a tall figure, to which all eyes were turned. It was their Captain ; and now that one man had found a point, to which the inflamed passions of the rest could turn for a vent, his triumph had began. Several of the others came round him, and the contagion of mutiny spread.

The first speaker continued—" Didn't he tell us, that that there devil's imp of a schooner, was a yacht ? A yacht indeed, that throws a shot as far as any of their b——y buccaneering squadron, and a devilish deal closer than half of them ! Why, it was a got-up thing between him and the captain of the brig that we left in the bay. I suppose he's to get off with some-

thing for himself, and we're to go to jail. But, I say, if we're to strike, let him hang first."

The captain listened to these words, with a look of scorn on his face. He turned to look round upon the men, and see how many voices he could count upon in favour of his life. But there was no hope *there*. They had all gathered round the mutineer, and he saw that his doom had come.

"Curse you all!" said he, gnashing his teeth, bitterly. "Mutiny spreads among you, like the scab among the niggers! Do your worst." He drew his sword, but they rushed in upon him. He was pinioned, and they prepared with savage haste to hang him.

It was at that moment, that Chilton, from the *Baboon*, saw the seaman running along the fore-yard of the brig. Five minutes afterwards, the body of the captain swung at the yard-arm, having been run up with such force, that it was thrown over the end of the yard, and fell across it, when the same seaman, who had prepared the rope, went out again, and pushed it off! There it swung and dangled, with every motion of the brig, and two minutes afterwards, she began firing again, with it hanging aloft.

The wind had now fallen light. The sun was glaring with an intense remorseless heat, from a sky of the very faintest blue, and looked like a well of boiling silver raining from above. The sea was unbroken by a ripple, and its broad expanse, so smooth above, so clear below, seemed stagnant. The clouds of smoke from the guns hung heavily round each vessel, till a casual cat's-paw of a breeze took them slowly away.

It is only the episodes of a battle that can be made interesting; the general effect of the whole is confusing. Let us look at the individuals.

M'Cizen's conduct was very singular on this occasion. He was attired hideously—probably for purposes of terror. He served with great zeal at a gun, but, every now and then, was taken with a fit of philosophy, and began muttering, that they were fighting without an object, "there was nae principle involved," and so forth. Then, apparently, by way of supplying this deficiency, he brought his imagination to bear, and invested the slaver with new attributes, saying, as he fired a shot—"There's ane for Prince Charlie; down with the strange





Boarding the Slave.

LONDON. J. & D. A. DARLING, 126, BISHOPSGATE STREET

Hoos!—Hae at them, Lochiel!” and using other encouraging expressions of the same sort. But even this not being stimulating enough to his nature, he was heard to exclaim—“ Wull ye, Satan?—eh, youauld tyke? Be aff, Clootie! There’s for yersel’, Nick!” from which it would seem, that he was exciting himself to combat, by supposing the enemy of mankind to be opposed to him in the hostile bark.

Dobbs, meanwhile, ran about, panting with excitement, dodging his head at every gun from the slaver, which he seemed to think a good precaution, whereas it was but a useless ceremony. He went and looked curiously at every hole which the shot made; and sometimes put his hand to his head, to make sure that it was all right; which it certainly was, in the sense in which he meant it, that is to say, that the exterior was uninjured. But Dobbs behaved with proper pluck throughout.

At three p. m. a breeze having sprung up, it was resolved to board the enemy. For this purpose a final broadside was fired; and the helm being suddenly put up, the *Baboon* gathered way, and ran, stem-on, into the brig’s quarter. Her bowsprit catching the maintopmast backstays, tore the maintopmast away, which fell, with all the gear hanging about it, like the leaves and branches of a felled tree.

There was a scene of dreadful confusion. Then, M’Mizen, Chilton, and Carisford came with the pick of the *Baboon*’s men, and sprang on board the brig. The two vessels hove together in the sea. Some of the slaver’s men, in resisting the boarders, fell overboard, and perished miserably between the dashing hulls, as they smote each other in rising and falling with the swell of the waters. There was one final struggle. The deck was won, and the English flag floated from the brig’s peak. The slaver’s crew were disarmed and secured. The two vessels were disengaged from each other, and arrangements were made for keeping the brig as a prize.

One of the first things done was to lower the body of the murdered captain. They brought it down into the cabin; and as they removed the jacket which the dead man had on, they found marked upon the arm, in those blue tattoo marks which sailors are so fond of—none of the prevailing nautical emblems, no flags, anchors, or Egyptian-looking females, or initials, but

a crest, punctured with heraldic exactness, on the white skin. Some little things in the cabin lockers, seemed to indicate that he had been of more refined tastes than generally belong to such adventurers, and this fact, coupled with that of the crest, established the probability that he had been an erring spirit of a higher order, who had stooped to sin with the villains of the brig, and perished in all likelihood from some jealousy which he had excited. Chilton learned that the fellow who had raised the crew against him, had been killed by the very first shot that the *Baboon* had fired, after the murder had been committed and the fight renewed.

Not long after the capture came a flood of heavy rain, and poured upon the scorched decks of the vessels. It poured along the decks, washing the blood away in streams along the gangways into the sea. The men joyfully placed buckets to catch it, and moistened their parched lips and faces, and soaked their begrimed and blood-stained clothes.

A fine breeze sprung up with the evening's shades, and the two vessels jogged on together (M'Mizen taking charge of the brig), all that night, as harmoniously as possible.

The next day, Chilton and the others went on board the brig, which was now regularly added to the dominions of King Dobbs, and as she contained two hundred and fifty slaves, the King had thus a very respectable number of subjects. It was not long before he gave a proof, that he scarcely possessed judgment enough for a monarch. His thorough benevolence was dangerous to him, as was shown by the following little incident, which occurred in the afternoon.

Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira, were standing on the deck of the slaver, abaft, in quiet conversation, when a peculiar noise was heard.

“What is that?” asked Carisford.

“I don't know, I'm sure—stop—it's a kind of clinking noise; somebody doing something with a hammer, I should suppose,” Chilton said.

At this moment, Dobbs was observed walking aft, with that peculiar self-satisfied smile, which men of moderate capacity assume, when they think that they have made a great hit, and which may safely be taken as a symptom that something terrific is on the eve of happening.

" Well, Dobbs, what news? What's that row below?"

" Ah," said Dobbs, with a knowing smile, " I have been preparing a surprise for you——"

He had scarcely spoken the words, when the "surprise" presented itself in due force, for a dozen of the slaves rushed on deck.

The fact was, that Dobbs, in his benevolence, had ordered some of them *to be let loose*, and as they knew nothing of the lofty motives, which had impelled the youths of the *Baboon* to capture the vessel, their first impulse was, to massacre all the white men that they came across. Accordingly, they made a rush at them, and the end of it was, that the *Baboon's* crew were, in self-defence, obliged to shoot some half-a-dozen of them, and maim a few more. They were also compelled to put the whole body of the slaves under stronger restraint than ever, for some time, so that more of them died during the first week of King Dobbs's command, than would probably have died in a month, had the brig remained in the possession of the original slave-owners. But then it is well known, that a similar result takes place, whenever a man-of-war captures a slave ship, under the existing system—and what, we should like to know, is the use of blunders, on the part of Government, if not to justify the blunders of private individuals?

Dobbs, unlike most kings, was terribly ashamed of his blunder, and invariably blushed, whenever an allusion was made to the result of his humanity. The murdered negroes haunted his imagination, and it was some time before he considered his political character purged from these black spots upon it, as Chilton used to call them.

For three entire weeks after the capture of the slaver, there occurs a *hiatus* in the *Baboon's* log. All that the historian can conjecture, is, that the two vessels continued running to the southward, with a very strong breeze. It is certain that the *Baboon* was at St. Helena, not only from the following note in the Log:—

" August 18.—ST. HELENA. Wind S.S.W. Visited Napoleon's grave. There is a willow there—a *weeping* one, they call it; but more like the 'All-round-my-hat' willow of the

popular song. Why, the deuce, should any thing weep at that grave?

“N. B. Spot imposing. Hotel ditto. Sherry bad and dear.”

Not only, we say, from the above flippant extract, obviously written by young Carisford, is it certain that the *Baboon* went to St. Helena, but from a *bill drawn on England by Dobbs*, which was kindly placed at our disposal by the gentleman who paid it, and which was doubtless drawn to pay for the refit and provisions required by the vessels.

From St. Helena, it would seem that the adventurers pursued their way towards the Pacific. The following extracts from the Log of the *Baboon* give some hints of the voyage:

“October 18—. Lat. 55° S. Long. 39° W. Wind N.E. by N. 8 h. 30 m. A. M.—Shifted sails. Died, one male slave*. Saw an albatross. Crew picking oakum.

“October 18—. Lat. —. Long. —. Wind N. E. One negro child born—very ugly. Died one male slave.

“November 18—. Lat. —. Long. —. Wind N.N.E. —Christened the little negro (the ugly one) *Bilson Stoker*, after the celebrated secretary to the Admiralty.”

It would seem from the foregoing, that the voyage was rather monotonous, but soon the scene changes. Once in the Pacific, once among the South Sea Islands, the log becomes more interesting. It appears that the Society made great efforts to ameliorate the condition of the slaves. At first no great reform could be brought about. *Some sturdy old aristocrats, the Tory party in fact, among the niggers, held out against washing and fresh air.* The Baboonites had selected a man from the old slave-crew, of a most respectable character, and employed him, in an attempt to introduce something like cleanliness and comfort into the slave deck. He had orders, for example, to take some of the niggers on deck and wash them, to improve the way in which they were stowed, &c. He was a great enthusiast for this reform, and as his name was William, he was nick-named by the Society REFORM BILL. Yet, he was constantly resisted by some of the old slaves,

* Such are the brief little tragic notices that you find in the Log of an officer belonging to a vessel of the coast squadron, that has been *lucky*.

the chief of the captive tribe, and it was long before they would permit him to pass in amongst them, to perform his operations. However, by a threat to swamp the vessel, they were persuaded to listen to reason, and the state of things soon became better. The health of the slaves improved ; even some intelligence began to dawn upon them ; when one morning the *Baboon* and the brig met with the most extraordinary accident that had yet befallen them. One fine morning, in a part of the sea, where the charts had marked "no bottom at a thousand fathoms," a part believed universally to be a waste of water, they espied land !

LAND ! A large island, apparently fertile, met their eyes. The vessels ran in. A black population—strange to say, speaking a sort of English—came to the beach. Our adventurers fired a shot or two, to " astonish the natives ;" formed their niggers in the slave ship into a band—landed in hostile array—took possession of the island, the name of which they found to be *Somniata*—and then and there hoisted the conquering standard of KING DOBBS !

Of the exact latitude and longitude of *SOMNIATA*, we are unable to give any precise account ; but undoubtedly it is situated in the temperate zone. Some have asserted that it is near the Continent of Utopia ; others that it is within a day's sail of the Formosa, discovered by the ingenious Psalmanazar ; and one enterprising geographer informs us, that it belongs to the well-known group of the *ALLMIHI* islands. However, let speculators say what they will, *there is the fact*, that the *Baboon* arrived at the island of *SOMNIATA*, anchored at half-past one in the afternoon, and carried the island by a brilliant assault at four. The invasion was completely successful ; the standard of King Dobbs floated from the citadel ; and, by midnight, he and the other youths of the *Baboon* were examining the maps of the island, for the purpose of arranging about the property.

So little was the unfortunate Dobbs acquainted with the real nature of his position, as conqueror, that he began absurdly to ask, what right he had to dispose of the lands of the inhabitants ?

The council stood aghast.

“ What right ?” said Chilton, his prime-minister. “ Why, the right divine, to be sure !”

“ What is the right divine ?” inquired Dobbs.

This was too much ; the council was convulsed with laughter.

“ The natural right of kings, to be sure—the sacred right which they derive from Providence, of doing what they think proper !”

“ Oh !”

Dobbs then drew up a document, by which the lands of the island were divided amongst his followers ; large provinces to Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira ; smaller ones to M’Mizen and the crew of the *Baboon*. The great seal (which, by the way, had “ Though lost to sight, to memory dear,” upon it—being a small *souvenir*, given to Dobbs by his mother) having been affixed, the document was carried into force ; and a proclamation was issued at the same time, informing the “ people of Somniata ” that they had been long under a grasping government, but that they would now know what a beneficent administration was.

“ Now, Dobbs,” said Chilton, “ you must create us peers.”

“ Indeed !” replied the King ; “ why ?”

“ Why ?” said Chilton. “ How the blazes is a country to get on without an aristocracy, I should like to know ? We must have a government of the best ; those best the King creates !”

“ I should have thought, that only Providence could *create* such an order,” replied the ingenuous monarch.

“ My dear Dobbs,” said Chilton, compassionately, “ we must take our own beloved England as a model. It is the duty of Englishmen to spread their own institutions, wherever they get a chance. I suppose you will admit that, or has our amiable Palmerston been a statesman so long in vain ? Do we not diffuse drunkenness, for example, among the Red Indians, and small-pox ? Well, let us make peers here. Why that remark about *creating* a government of the best ? It is as well to be omnipotent, when one is about it. If a king wants a number of tulips in his garden, and nature does not produce any, his proper course is to select weeds, and call them tulips, and order all men, by his royal authority, to call them tulips

also. Such is the power of *creation*. If you can't do that, what's the use of being a king?"

Dobbs made no further resistance ; and Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira, became dukes, by the magic of the royal word.

This event was duly announced to the people, and a salute was fired from the *Baboon* on the occasion. A shot happened to be in one of the guns, and it unfortunately decapitated a leading native, who had distinguished himself by his resistance to the Dobbsian invasion, so that everybody exclaimed, that the hand of Providence was visible in the event, and the government received a considerable accession of strength from it.

Dobbs then proceeded to establish a standing-army, consisting chiefly of the slaves from the brig, who had become somewhat civilized under the *Baboon* administration.

Standing-armies are something like standing-corn ; they are supported by the soil, and have very long ears. Dobbs's troops were of the orthodox character. They understood that their duty was to defend the King, and that his was to feed them. Here ended their notions of citizenship ; that was all they understood—and so they were eminently useful.

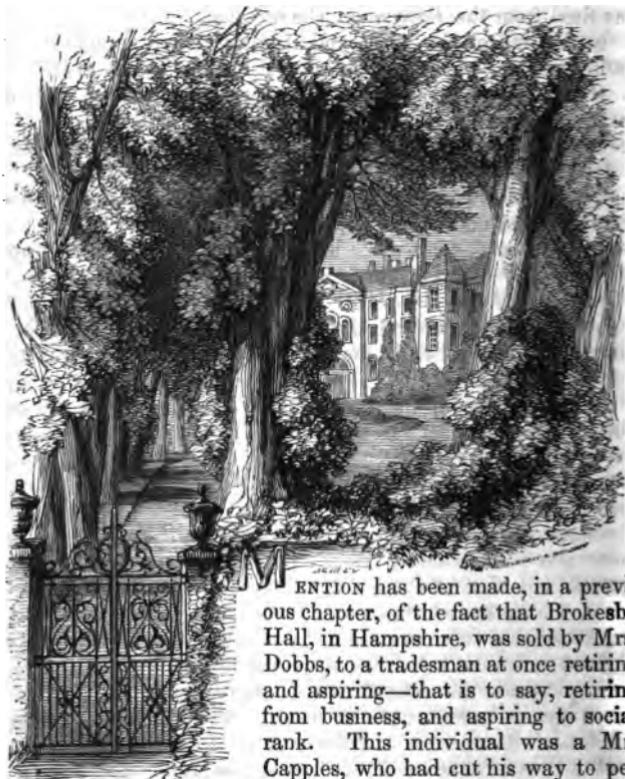
Such were the opening measures of King Dobbs, in the Island of SOMNIATA.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.”

Tam te formosam non pudet esse levem?

PROPERTIUS, Lib. 2.



MENTION has been made, in a previous chapter, of the fact that Brokesby Hall, in Hampshire, was sold by Mrs. Dobbs, to a tradesman at once retiring and aspiring—that is to say, retiring from business, and aspiring to social rank. This individual was a Mr. Capples, who had cut his way to pecuniary success, with his professional shears, and was now desirous of doing the

country gentleman.

Those who remember that polished trader, in the provincial town where he pursued his profession, will not be surprised at this ambition of his. He was a dignified and elegant man,

was Capples ; with what a fashionable air he used to recline in a box of the theatre in his native city ; and with what dignity he used to disregard the malignant urchins in the gallery, who took a savage pleasure in crying out “ Hiloo, Capples, are my breeches done ?” “ I say, Capples, where’s my coat ?” and so forth. He used to despise these small malignities of the vulgar heartily, for though he was only a tailor, he was as contemptuous as a lord.

It is, therefore, not at all to be wondered at, that as soon as he had acquired the means, he determined to make a vigorous attempt to assume, what he considered, his proper position. He bought Brokesby Hall ; he took triumphant possession of it, with his family ; he settled there with a view to making it a permanent residence—in fact, he brought himself to an anchor after running through the “ Needles,” as was observed within three weeks of his arrival, by a neighbouring parson of a facetious turn of mind.

Alas, for Mr. Capples’s attempts to be a *Grand Seigneur* ! Scarcely anybody called upon him, but some two or three families, who had retired like himself from trade, and with whom, of course, he could not be expected to associate. He met with courtesy or encouragement from no single large proprietor, except one widow lady, a charitable, beneficent person, who desired his co-operation in establishing some relief for the aged poor of the parish. Mr. Capples was quite willing to catch at this chance of obtaining the desired *entrée* ; but he soon discovered, that there was “ something against,” as the phrase goes, this lady herself, and that she, too, was under the ban of exclusion. What the reason of this was he could not discover ; she was unquestionably benevolent, and practically Christian—not one of those amateur Christians, who carry the cross outwardly on their garments, like the Crusaders, but not at their hearts—but a sincere person, who did good. Yet she had once been “ dubious,” it appeared, and her good went for nothing.

Mr. Capples was not of a satirical turn, or he would probably have conjectured, that it was more her exemplary charity, than any thing else, that made her unpopular among her immaculate neighbours. Be that as it may, Mr. Capples and she soon parted company.

Capples went on for some time helping Lazarus, in hopes that

Dives would ask him to dinner ; but he found his charity useless. He abandoned it in despair.

“ I’ll sell Brokesby Hall,” said Mr. Capples, one morning after breakfast.

“ I think you would be quite right,” said his wife, who had been stung on the nose by a wasp, in her newly-acquired garden, the day before.

“ No doubt of it,” said the son, disgusted with an attempt that had been made by a gamekeeper, to fraternise with him.

“ Certainly, pa,” said the daughter, at whom an impudent son of a neighbouring squire had winked only yesterday.

It was resolved upon ; and in a few days an advertisement was inserted in the local papers, and also in the London ones, informing the public, that, once more, Brokesby Hall, the seat renowned in the pages of the imaginary *PORCELLUS* of Chilton, the retirement of Mrs. Forrester, the regal palace of King Dobbs, was in the market.

Now Mr. Capples only performs in these pages a very unimportant part, a part not much more dignified than certain characters in the two great epics of antiquity, who are introduced (as Dryden, we think, says, in one of his charming prefaces) only for the purpose of being knocked on the head. The reader will remember sonorous lines, describing slaughter, in Virgil, and ending “ *Dioxippum Promolumque*—” two poor devils killed, to complete a hexameter ! We have introduced Capples to sell Brokesby Hall, at the right moment, and now we part with him.

His advertisement was answered in a few weeks. The house was taken by an English gentleman, who had just returned from abroad : all the arrangements were made satisfactorily. The Capples family disappeared, and a few days afterwards a travelling carriage drove up the avenue, and there alighted from it a tall gentleman, accompanied by a girl, apparently about seventeen.

They were received by servants, who had been sent down before. There was a bright fire blazing merrily in the drawing-room. An old butler announced, with the calm dignity of a friend of the family, that dinner would be ready almost immediately. There was none of the bustle which had

attended the arrival of the Capples family. It was evident that Brokesby Hall had fallen into the hands of a gentleman.

Dinner was over, and the two companions were seated by the fire. In spite of the likeness between them, you would scarcely have thought that they were father and daughter ; for there was a melancholy shade upon the brow of the man, which darkened the beauty of his face, and diminished the resemblance. Mr. Limsdale was generally melancholy ; sometimes he could be most sparkling and vivacious, but the medium he never knew.

“ Well, papa,” said his daughter, “ are you glad to be at home ?”

“ Home, my dear ?” said the father, rather reproachfully, glancing round at the room, which they had entered, for the first time, only two hours ago. “ Have you forgot old Pendon already ?”

“ Dear me, no !” said Flora, with a laugh : “ but I thought you would consider this home, compared with the places where we have been living lately, since it is now your own. Besides, did not you say, a little while ago, that you wished you could forget Pendon altogether ?”

“ True. I wish it were easy to do so,” answered Mr. Limsdale, thoughtfully.

“ Why so ?” asked his daughter. “ It was in our family so long, that I wonder you are not haunted by the ghosts of your ancestors, for parting with it.”

“ Hush, my dear !” said Limsdale. “ They are near enough to us already.” And that old shade, that Flora had tried so often to charm by her witchery from her father’s brow, stole over it again. But he seemed to feel that he ought not to be gloomy now, and, with a touch of his old vivacity (fitter for other scenes than the gentle presence in which he was) he said—“ Well, Flora, let ghosts come—I will lay them in this Red Sea !” and he poured out a glass of claret.

There was a pause. Mr. Limsdale occupied himself in gazing thoughtfully at the fire. His daughter hummed an air. They formed a picture at that moment which they often presented—the father gloomy, and the girl gay. Mr. Limsdale seemed to wonder at Flora’s liveliness—Flora at his melancho-

ly. He was in the right ; Flora, like Proserpine, went on gathering flowers, and did not know her danger.

Mr. Limsdale seemed to try to rouse himself to animation—“ Well, Flora,” he said, “ how did you like Italy ?”

“ Do you mean the antiquities ?” said Flora, with the slightest possible yawn.

“ Yes.”

“ I think I liked old Lady Reynard least,” Flora said, with a laugh.

“ Pshaw, my dear. You should give over this flippancy of remark.” And Mr. Limsdale sighed, and looked more gloomy than ever.

“ Papa,” said Flora, rising, with a certain seriousness of manner, which made the resemblance between them grow very strong, “ I have often remarked these fits of sadness of yours, and have tried to remove them. Let me share your griefs. Come,” she continued, coaxingly, and again breaking into the levity which distinguished her, “ you have been a cloud to-day—be a pillar to-night, and enlighten me on the subject. Tell me your woes, and we will go halves in them !”

Her father looked anxiously into her face. He hesitated for a few moments ; then breaking into a laugh, that was loud, but scarcely natural, he kissed her forehead—“ Pooh, child,” he said, “ what have you to do with melancholy ? you must be fatigued ! Go to bed, dear.”

Flora departed, and Mr. Limsdale was left alone. He walked about the room for a little while in deep and dark thought ; then, as if seized by a sudden impulse, he went up stairs to his daughter’s room. She had retired to bed.

“ Pardon me, dear,” he said, as he opened the door gently ; “ I just came to see you all quiet in your new place. Bless me, what a moon !”

There was indeed a strange pale light flowing through the window. It tinted every object in the room with a sickly silvery green.

“ Why, Flora, this is a light only fit for churchyards and gravestones !”

“ Nay, I like it. What mischief can there be in the pure face of Dian ? Ah, it has so much expression !”

“ My darling, it is most injurious.” So saying, he pulled

down the blind, and drew close the heavy curtains.—“Once more, good night.”

“Good night.”

The father took his way to the room next his own bedroom, a little chamber, half dressing-room, half study, that he had ordered to be prepared, in accordance with his singular taste for solitary retirement.

“There may be hope, yet,” he said to himself, as he walked up and down. “She is far more like her mother than she is to me, and it is to my side of our house that our hereditary curse belongs!”

He sat down and mused for some time. He then retired to bed, and, in a few minutes, Brokesby Hall was wrapped in a darkness, as gloomy as the thought which had so often, during the day, overshadowed the mind of its master.

It was not long before it was generally known that Mr. Limsdale and his daughter had arrived at Brokesby Hall, *vice* Capples, who had retired in disgust. It was not long either before it was discovered, that the successors of the discomfited tailor were very different people. In a word, everybody very soon knew that Mr. Limsdale had lately returned from abroad; that he had sold Pendon, a place which had long been in his family, solely because he had taken what was called a whimsical dislike to it; that he was a gentlemanly man, though rather eccentric, and that he had a pretty daughter, who was likely to have money. All this being duly announced to the neighbours, he was very well treated, and would, no doubt, have been made a magistrate, if he had not been a very clever man.

Among other people who visited him, was our old friend, the Reverend Mr. Tartan, who has not made his appearance in our pages for a considerable period. After he was defeated in his attempt to get possession of the money of Mrs. Forrester, for the benefit of religion (which meant the benefit of Tartan), he was more successful. He had, by the time Mr. Limsdale purchased Brokesby Hall, so ingratiated himself into the affections of an elderly gentleman in the county, that he persuaded him to build a church for him, where he held forth every Sunday. Near this church was a snug parsonage, for his use, at the door of which the profane passer-by might often see a

butcher's boy halt with a fine leg of mutton for the saint within. He distributed tracts all round the neighbourhood, so that it became a matter of public remark, among the frequenters of the *Blue Anchor* and *Happy Marlingspike*, that not an ounce of "bird's-eye" was to be purchased at either of these places of entertainment, that was not wrapped up in a page from one of them.

Of course, as soon as Mr. Tartan heard that Mr. Limsdale was in good circumstances, he began to be anxious about the state of that gentleman's soul. He commenced the attack, by a stray shot or two of tracts; then he fired in a volley of Reports of the Society for converting the King of Timbuctoo. These, however, did not reach further than Mr. Limsdale's "man," who having condescended to look into them, pronounced them "decidedly behind the *hage*," and used some of them for lighting his cigars, while the remainder were used by Miss Limsdale's maid, as curl-papers for the

"Loose folds of her amber-dropping hair!"

But Mr. Tartan was not easily discouraged. He soon managed to make Mr. Limsdale's acquaintance *in propria personā*, as a friend of the poor, and lost no time in reminding him, that property "had its duties as well as its rights," though he forgot that one of the "rights" of a proprietor, is that of ejecting any portentous bore, who intrudes himself with interested motives; but Mr. Limsdale received him very courteously. He had griefs of his own. Why should he turn a deaf ear to those of others? And, indeed, this Mr. Tartan was a man who played his game well.

There is a metempsychosis of vices. The vice of one age takes a new form—enters a new body, in the next. Thus religious hypocrisy once took the form of asceticism, and came out clad in a cowl; after that it passed into a new body, and called itself Puritanism: now-a-days, this vice has passed into the respectable form of benevolence, and pleads plausibly as the poor man's friend. Mr. Tartan was a specimen of modern hypocrisy. If he had affected to starve or flog himself, people would have laughed at him. He had a simpler task; he put on a white neckcloth, started a chapel, and talked of the sufferings of the poor.

The kind of hypocrisy which persons of the *genus* Tartan practise, in these days, is easier far than that which was practised in former ages. It was no slight task for a monk to get credit for asceticism, and dine upon venison at the same time ; it required no peculiar sagacity to see through a Tartuffe ; but now a-days, so little is expected from a man assuming a sacred character, that there is scarcely a worldly impulse which he cannot gratify without danger. A man may strut about in a sombre garb, and scarcely anybody will take the trouble to cast down their eyes, to look for the cloven hoof.

Thus, Mr. Tartan was as successful as we have seen. Mr. Limsdale was a very clever man, but it is a certain fact, that clever men are quite as easily duped, in their own persons, as the less brilliant portion of mankind. So, Mr. Limsdale never suspected that Tartan was anything but a well-meaning man—a little weak perhaps—and aided him in his various projects, with liberality. Mr. Tartan's chapel wanted a new bell, the present one not being loud enough to summon the sinners of the neighbourhood to their devotions ; immediately that the list of subscribers appeared, the name of M. Limsdale, esq. figured in it. Mr. Tartan thought that stained glass in a certain part of his chapel would be an improvement ; again Mr. Limsdale subscribed, and there also appeared Miss Limsdale's name for a certain amount, which, however, Flora, we believe, took good care was not deducted from her allowance. Then Mr. Limsdale sent occasionally a small present of game, a few bunches of grapes, and so on, trifles, perhaps, but not contemptible in Tartan's eyes. Altogether, the new lord of Brokesby Hall found great favour in the sight of Mr. Tartan, and if he ever had even a pain in his big toe, and the parson heard of it, you may be sure, that next Sunday that worthy priest requested the prayers of his congregation for him.

Mr. Tartan had considerable knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature ; indeed, he studied them as carefully as a veterinary surgeon does the disorders of a donkey, with, in fact, similar views to profit ; and he often asked himself the reasons which impelled Mr. Limsdale to be thus yielding to him, thus charitable to the poor. He was obviously neither a bigot, nor a saint ; he was most clearly not a fanatic, or a fool. Tartan wondered and wondered ; at last he began to fancy

that the causes might lie deeper than he had hitherto conjectured. He had marked the melancholy which seemed to brood over him ; he had frequently noticed his gloom. A thought struck him : that melancholy might be remorse ; that gloom might hide guilt. Tartan pounced on the notion, as an owl does upon a mouse.

One evening he had been slowly revolving it in his mind, as he lingered over a glass of port—which, by the way, had come from Mr. Limsdale's cellar—when he suddenly resolved to enter on an inquiry. Mr. Limsdale's old seat, Pendon, which he had just sold, was in Cornwall ; the people about there would be sure to know something of the family, at all events ; he would make inquiries. Tartan knew very well, what power that man has over another, who has exclusive information about him.

In the meantime, the two dwellers at Brokesby Hall lived on, in ignorance at once of the hypocrite's nature and his suspicions. Flora had never shown any very great partiality for him, and he, instinctively perceiving her sentiments, had carefully avoided affecting those feelings towards her, which he had shown in the same place towards Caroline Dobbs. Indeed, he rather kept out of her way. There was a bright clear distinctness in Flora's blue eyes, which frightened him. He felt as if he could have shrunk from the gaze of the pure soul looking out from these violet palaces.

Flora had been a considerable time, weeks, in Brokesby Hall, before she knew the boundaries of the domain ; nay, so little was she acquainted with the very situation of the property, that in her first long walk she made a discovery that astonished her. She had wandered a long way from the house ; she had reached a thick wood ; she entered it, and as she was advancing through it, over the dead leaves of the last year's desolation, she became conscious of a strange and wondrous sound, which swelled among the trees, and which was neither the melody of the birds, nor the voice of the winds, but something loftier and grander than either.

A sudden opening in the wood explained it. It was the sea. A moment before, and all had been dark and narrow ; and now, far as the eye could reach, was sparkling water and silvery light. Flora gazed on it with one feeling of buoyant delight

and swelling hope ; then her mind glanced back at that blue sea, which she had watched from the shores of Baia ; and then it seemed, as if all that she had ever felt, or thought, or dreamed, or hoped, rushed upon her at once, and filled her heart, as the rain fills the bell of a flower. At that moment, a cloud shot suddenly across the sun, a chill breeze shivered the leaves of the wood, and, without knowing why, she felt tears moistening her eyes. From that day Flora frequently visited the wood to get a glimpse of the sea.

One day she had returned from this favourite excursion, when she was somewhat surprised to hear from her father, that he had guests to dinner. Mr. Limsdale was not, in general, very fond of society. He thought dinners a bore ; and a dinner-party with him was something that destroyed a quiet evening, and was to be prepared for by solitary meditation, and half a grain of opium. Flora was further surprised to find, that the guests consisted of only two persons. These were an honourable Mr. Banneret and Lady Banneret, his mamma. The gentleman was young and good-looking ; the lady was old, dignified, and kindly.

It requires something very particular to make a party of four, who have no common friends to abuse, go off in a lively manner, or be anything but miserably dull. However, on the present occasion, there was no cause for complaint. The party would have been spoiled by any addition ; for it was made up on purpose that Mr. Banneret might meet Flora, as she found out the instant after the youth had had his first glass of champagne.

Mr. Banneret had many advantages in his favour ; he was young, and rich, and good-natured, and good-looking ; he could smile with an expression, laugh easily, and prattle with fluency. He had an elegant way of saying smart drawing-room things ; and when he spoke of high life, you would have fancied you were listening to a parrot, whose cage had hung for years in the *boudoir* of a countess. There were few subjects on which Mr. Banneret could not speak *nicely*. He was thoroughly orthodox, too, in all his notions. Thus, Voltaire, he said, was a witty man, and it was a pity he was an infidel. He could not forgive Napoleon for his treatment of Josephine. Dr. Johnson was a horrid old bear. What a pity Brummell

died so poor, &c. &c. He thought aristocracy an admirable institution ; indeed, nothing could be better than the way in which some lords he knew treated their tenants. He was an admirer of Handel's music ; and could tell with much neatness one or two anecdotes of George Selwyn, which he had heard from his father. If Mr. B., with these gifts, was not an agreeable young man, why, where are we to look for one ? Everybody said he was ; and several old ladies wondered why he did not apply himself, and rise to distinction.

Mr. Banneret was at this time in a peculiar position. He had recently attained his majority, and come into a large fortune. But a few months before, he had (fondly relying on his talents) stood for a manufacturing county, in which attempt he had not only been frightfully mauled by a vulgar demagogue (as Lady B. called his rival), but had lost the election, and a considerable sum of money.

His mother, fearing that her Edwin would come to harm, had resolved that he should marry as soon as possible. She was anxious that he should marry for love, and cared nothing for fortune. To this end were they travelling now. Altogether it was a splendid chance for a pretty girl ; such a chance as cannot be expected often, in these degenerate days.

The dinner was over. They had adjourned to the drawing-room ; Mr. Banneret had sung, and Flora had played. It became time for departure. When Flora took up the old lady to her bed-room, that she might array herself for her return home, she received a most gracious kiss, and fancied that she felt a tear on her cheek, as she was clasped in the old lady's embrace. These old women are so affectionate ! But roses never give out half such a perfume in their bloom as they do when withered.

The youthful Banneret bid Flora an affectionate good-night, and looked into her eyes, as if he would read them ; but the language of some eyes is like the Anaglyph of the Egyptians—it can only be read by the sacred person, privileged to understand the signs.

The sound of the carriage wheels rolling down the avenue died away a few minutes afterwards, and Flora and her father were left alone.

There was a pause. Flora yawned ; Mr. Limsdale stretched himself. Then came the anticipated question.

" Well, Flora, how did you like Mr. Banneret ?"

" He seems an amiable young man, and wishes to be agreeable, I believe."

Mr. Limsdale smiled.—" Flora," he said, " I know nothing more pleasing than the gaiety of youth. It is really a very great pity that it will not supply the place of wisdom ; but, unfortunately, there are such things as the realities of life, and, some time or other, the most playful must begin to think of them. I want, my dear, a few moments of your serious attention."

Flora put on her most serious air ; and then, as she had expected, her father turned the conversation to the subject of the guests they had had that evening. He dwelt on the usual topics treated of on such occasions : he spoke of the respectability of the family—of their wealth—of their prospects—of all the things that in this brave world of ours lord it over heart and brain, over genius and youth ; but after awhile, he seemed to lose his enthusiasm—his habitual gloom came over him, and he rose and walked about the room in a melancholy silence.

" After all," he exclaimed, soliloquising, " what avail wealth and power—what avail beauty and youth, against an enemy which they cannot conquer by courage or gold—?"

He paused ; for Flora, whom the strange words had startled, had risen from her chair, and laid her hand upon his arm. He turned his eyes to her, and stared, and half smiled with a puzzled air, like a man wakened out of a sleep.

" Enemy ! " said Flora ; " what enemy did you speak of ? "

Mr. Limsdale hesitated for a few moments ; then he recovered himself completely. He drew himself up—" Pooh, dear ! I was but repeating something from a strange old author. It is time for you to go to bed.

" Our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Good night, dear ! "

Flora retired. She had heard her father speak in a strange manner—seen him look strange things often before, but had only deemed him, what friends of the family called " eccentric." What greatness—what awfulness—how much that is bright, and how much that is black, lie hid under what we

English call “ eccentricity !” It is like a sea, which has rich treasure, and also ghastly relics and horrors below.

* * * * *

Some weeks had passed away, and day after day Mr. Bannermore had been at Brokeby Hall ; and, to all appearances, his mother was in the fair way to attain her object ; for he was deeply in love with the beautiful Flora, and it was strange to see how love, which softens the nature of a boor, had elevated and strengthened him ; so that in its atmosphere, his moral nature grew stronger, and put forth signs of better promise.

In the neighbourhood, every body predicted that there would be a match ; both were young—they were about the same age, so that wiseacres cried out, “ what a beautiful couple they would make !” in the true spirit of that wisdom, which couples lovers as it couples ducks.

Meanwhile, what were Flora’s feelings ? What remembrance had she of the youth to whom she had plighted her faith, far away on the Italian shore, where love springs up, and becomes full-grown passion in a day ? Was she an apostate from her love, and, like the apostates of old, prepared to curse the altar on which she had sacrificed, in the purest and holiest moments of her life ?

A twelvemonth had passed since that summer evening in Italy ; since then she had heard nothing of Carisford. Strange and adventurous as his life, to all appearance, had been, might not ocean now be rolling over his grave ? His figure looked dim through the time that had passed ; perhaps, too, he might have forgotten her. Altogether, Flora was irresolute. Perhaps it is certain, that if Carisford himself had come before her during these doubts, she would have sacrificed everything, and become his ; but it is equally certain that she wavered now.

The heart of a person who mixes much in the world, is like a *Palimpsest* manuscript, in which one writing is placed over another ; a love passage may be inscribed on the virgin page, but a stoical treatise above it. Below, perhaps, is the tender verse of the amorous Tibullus ; above, the Epistle of James ; and as the monks of old wrote their stern doctrines above the playful lays of an ancient poet, so the world graves its lessons on the top of the first impressions of the heart, and makes the heart its own.

It happened, while Flora was still in a state of indecision, and while Mr. Banneret was still paying his *devoirs*, while Mr. Limsdale seemed gloomy and irresolute, and Lady Banneret was motherly and anxious, that a party came to the Hall, one day, and requested permission to see it.

Mr. Limsdale, when he received the message, muttered something about there not being much to see (for he was not in a very good humour), but readily acceded to the request. It turned out, that the party consisted of Mrs. and Miss Dobbs, escorted by the gallant Bilboes.

The name of Dobbs excited the immediate curiosity of Flora ; she remembered the youth of the *Baboon*, at Naples. She made the acquaintance of Caroline ; and then it was, that the image of Carisford presented itself to her with distinctness once more ; for Caroline had received a letter from her brother not long before, which had been brought to England by a home-ward-bound ship, that the *Baboon* had met in the tropics ; and in that letter, Dobbs writing in the fulness of heart of absent affection, to his sister, had spoken of his friends of the *Baboon*, with the familiar intimacy of a brother.

From that letter Flora heard, for the first time, that Carisford had been wounded after parting with her at Baia ; and in that letter, too, Dobbs had written to his sister how Carisford cherished the love which he had formed at Naples.

Now it was that Flora began to remember her love, as if she had never forgotten it : now, when it was too late, and the young gentleman who was to dine at her father's that very day, was daily contemplating her beauty, as a *connoisseur* does a Rubens, which he means to buy, she trembled at the thought, how difficult it would be to break off the engagement, which was all but completed.

But what would the world do without blockheads ? What would blockheads be without malignity ? That very evening, when Mr. Banneret returned home, he heard that a stranger had been waiting some time for an opportunity to speak to him on most important business. The stranger was shewn up ; he was a small dark man, with downcast eyes.

The interview was not long. The stranger asked a question—the youth answered it. The stranger stooped, and spoke a few words in a low voice—the youth turned deadly pale.

“ It is quite certain, you say ? ”

“ The proofs are here.”

The stranger left him a few minutes afterwards.

There was a long interview between Lady Banneret and her son next day. A letter was written, and they went to Brokesby Hall no more.

There was much astonishment in the neighbourhood ; much whispering and shaking of grave heads. Mr. Limsdale looked gloomier than ever ; but Flora did not seem to suffer much from the loss ; nay, she bloomed with a more delicate freshness than before. To remove worldly feelings from the nature, is it not like cutting dead leaves from a plant ?

By the way, not long afterwards, Mr. Tartan enlarged his chapel, purchased a cob, and started an ecclesiastical phaeton.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ISLAND OF SOMNIATA.

—neque nobis in mentem venit querere—qua
in parte novi illius orbis, UTOPIA sita sit.

SIR THOMAS MORE. *Preface to Utopia.*



MENTION has been made of a noble lord who made Christopher Sly, the tinker, lord for one day; and various potentates have played similar tricks, but they were not, we imagine, aware what a profound political lesson they were teaching the lookers-on thereby; for surely, when the said lookers-on saw the boozy Christopher, after some hesitation—not to mention his “pot of small ale”—accommodate himself naturally to his position—when the Persian courtiers saw the poor fellow whom the caliph had transported to his palace, perform quite properly, his imperial part; surely, we say, they must

have thence deduced, that but small natural advantages were necessary to the post, at all, and thence have proceeded to inquire whether such lord or caliph were not a too expensive dignitary, who might be well dispensed with.

Irrespective of that inquiry, however, we are now about to show, how our hero, Dobbs, behaved as King, when he had succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of Somniata.

It was the first aim of Dobbs, acting under the advice of his courtiers, to govern his kingdom as a **BENEVOLENT DESPOT**—a being that has always been a desideratum among moderate politicians. To this end, he became very scrupulous of outward appearances ; he cultivated the Vandyke beard, to which (*vide* Macaulay's *Essays*, Art. Hallam) Charles the First owes his popularity ; he bowed and smiled to his subjects whenever he rode out ; and he frequently alluded in public to the love he bore his respected mother. He was also very kind to his dogs ; and never signed a death-warrant without a tear in his eye, which tear he showed to all the people present, as carefully as the Neapolitan priests show the blood of St. Januarius.

Much was anticipated from such promising signs. Dobbs was pronounced by the Somniatans “the Lord's anointed,” and liberal popular concessions were universally expected.

But the most benevolent of despots must look out for himself, before he looks out for his subjects ; so Dobbs's first cares were the establishment of a body of household troops—the selection of a private band, to perform after dinner—the fitting-up a snug palace for his regal residence—and so forth.

“ You have forgotten one thing,” said Chilton, to him, one evening, that they were holding a private council.

“ What is that ?” asked Dobbs.

“ You must have a poet-laureate.”

Dobbs had quite overlooked this ; but it was time to repair the omission. A search was instituted among the Somniatans (who, as has been already stated, were a black people speaking English) for a poet.

It appeared, that the Somniatans treated their poets as they did their canaries, caged them up, and fed them principally on sugar ; for nearly all the good poets of the island were in jail for debt ; and though everybody concurred in lavishing flattery on them (*i. e.* sugar), nobody helped them to get out.

One poet, indeed, was not in jail ; on the contrary, he was

very well off. He was certainly very far the worst of all, but then he had always been a consistent supporter of the institutions of Somniata. Who had most constantly supported the idol Foggum, chief of the Somniatan gods?—Verbosh, the poet. Who had written poetry to the daughter of the King Boobylee (dethroned at the Dobbs conquest), calling her caroty hair golden?—Verbosh again. Not a man in all the island had such an organ of veneration as Verbosh. In that respect, his head was like a barber's block, on which, for some reason we never could understand, the organ of veneration is always largely developed. Verbosh was just the man: he was made poet-laureate by Dobbs, at once, with a small salary, and a pumpkin per day—to which was added a vegetable marrow, on sacred occasions. His duty was to write odes on all events of importance in the Royal Family.

We have one or two of these productions, selected from the archives, but it seems unnecessary to publish them. The occasions on which they were written, indeed, were not of very great importance. One long one was composed on the occasion of Dobbs dropping a cigar, which he was smoking, out of a window, by accident. The poet exclaims—

That great cigar,
Is now a star,
In yonder constellation!

the literal fact, we believe, being, that the stump was picked up by a youthful Somniatan, who happened to be passing at the time, and was by him enjoyed as a rare and unwonted luxury. But Verbosh was quite right to make his statement too; for there is a popular notion, common among the Somniatans, as elsewhere, that whatever is not common sense must be imagination; and he had nothing else to do, but take advantage of it.

It was some time before the King had sufficiently arranged his personal matters, to have time to bestow on the affairs of the kingdom; and when he at last had, and had proclaimed his intention of summoning a Parliament that the Somniatans might all have an opportunity of declaring their grievances, such a mass of petitions flocked in, that he was well-nigh overwhelmed with them; and it was observable, which sadly

puzzled King Dobbs, that no man prayed for anything to benefit Somniata itself, but always some *interest* in Somniata. There was the landed "interest," which prayed for "protection," to the exclusion of everything else ; and the commercial "interest," which demanded encouragement, and pooh-poohed the landlords. One class of medical men prayed that another class might not be allowed to practice. Those who worshipped the idol Fogum in black, petitioned for measures against those who worshipped him in white. One party wanted to gild Fogum afresh, at the expense of the island ; another proposed that Fogum should be sold, and the money used for public purposes.

"I wonder they never have a civil war, with all their conflicting interests," soliloquised King Dobbs.

"It would not pay," said a merchant, who was with his Majesty.

There seemed to be a complete separation of all men from one another ; nay, Dobbs noticed, that even the grocers and tailors in the capital, must needs caution the public against each other, and warn them, that it was not "the same concern." Never had benevolent despot such a job to do as Dobbs.

Parliament met. The King opened it in person, with a speech, which was received with enthusiastic applause. It was the first time that parliament had been assembled since the Dobbs conquest. The present parliament had been elected during the days of King Boobylee, whom Dobbs had dethroned, when he conquered the island. Dobbs was anxious to let the Somniatans have this ancient institution still ; and was willing to hear what they had to suggest for the improvement of the island.

Up got Lord Jocko, the leader of the movement party that would not move.

Up got Sir BEELZEBUB, the great conservative, who would not conserve.

Up got Mr. BLUSTER STILETTO, who wanted a place, and whose game it was to fling at the government, till they gave him one, as a West Indian pelts the monkeys on a cocoa-tree, till they fling him a cocoa-nut in self-defence.

After these heroes (each of whom only looked at the question in the best light for himself), there rose Mr. SPARKLES ACULEA, who peppered everybody with epigrams. All the members

roared as they inhaled the "laughing gas" of Mr. Aculea, and then everybody went off to dinner.

That evening there was a council held in the palace, in one of the most private of the royal apartments, at which were present only the King, and his now titled friends, Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira.

"'Gad l'" said Chilton, carefully peppering an oyster (the Somniatan oysters are renowned in that part of the world) "what an assembly! Who the deuce would have expected to drop on such an island as this in these parts of the world?"

"It is astonishing," said Carisford: "and the airs these black fellows give themselves too! Why, by Jove, Somniata seems a miniature vice!"

"Do you know," said the King, very solemnly, as an idea seemed slowly to force itself upon him, "what with that parliament, and affairs generally, Somniata reminds me very much of ——"

"Of what?" asked Chilton.

Dobbs whispered something; whatever it was, it did not reach the present historian; but it was received with a laugh, which seemed to convey the approbation of the company.

"How am I to go to work to reform existing abuses?" pursued the King, despairingly.

"Heaven only knows," said Chilton, with a reckless air. "Attempts at reform, seem to me like the attempt of the fellow in *Æsop's* fable, to scrub the blackamoor white. The job is impossible, and the trial kills the object of it. If you meddle wholesale with land, you endanger property; if you interfere with labour, you give an opening to socialism; and let me tell you, my boys," continued Chilton, "that if socialism gets one foot inside, it wont be easy to shut the door on it."

"Oh, dear!" muttered Dobbs, in perplexity; "I don't see where to begin my reforms."

"Only one thing seems perfectly clear," said Carisford: "you must keep your standing army attached to you; and let us have the *Baboon* in the bay, always ready for a bolt, in case of a revolution."

Here the Baboonites ceased to trouble themselves about the affairs of the island; and the remainder of the evening was

spent as they used to spend their evenings in the olden time, before they came into these unknown latitudes.

Next morning the King was awakened by the sound of joy—bells ringing through the air ; and he saw, from the windows of his palace, troops of well-dressed people hurrying to the city's gates. Each of them carried in his hand a strangely-shaped instrument, and was accompanied by two four-footed animals, not unlike our English dogs.

“ What is the meaning of this ? ” exclaimed the astonished King.

“ May um massa live for ever ! ” said a Somniatan courtier, in the peculiar English of the nation. “ To-day is um Feast of Flying Things, the first day of the ninth month of our year. To-day um Somniatan nobs (nob is the Somniatan for aristocrat) go kill the Sacred Bustard.”

“ Kill the Sacred Bustard ! ” thought Dobbs. “ Are the people mad ? Oh, dear ! who would be king over such a population ? ” Here Dobbs heaved a sigh, and thought, with increased affection, of his mother's little cottage, at Portsmouth—the yellow jug, with flowers in it, in his bed-room—the landscape, with Abraham and Isaac, suspended on the wall.—“ Why do they do this ? ” asked he, of the courtier who had watched his emotion, with profound respect.

“ Custom of um ancestors,” said the courtier, very readily ; and Dobbs felt inclined to smile, as he recognised the familiar phrase, which had been returned as an answer to almost every inquiry which he made about the island.

He then determined to go out and witness this festival. Like most ceremonies among the Somniatans, he found that it was accompanied by a human sacrifice. The Somniatans were very religious in this respect ; if they had one of their great dancing meetings, for example—such as those held at the Temple *OMNAX*, dedicated to one of their chief Gods, *Modus*—a number of girls were sacrificed to a goddess called *VESTES*. The mode of death was peculiar : it was secret starvation ; for the Somniatans were a humane people ; they prided themselves on their abhorrence of bloodshed, so immolated their victims in a delicate manner that could not offend the eyesight in any way. On the present occasion, the victims were a number of men, called *BOSHERS*, and these were formally

imprisoned by the nobs while the Festival of Flying Things lasted, for it was held sacrilegious for the Bosheers, who were usually of the lower orders, to kill the sacred bird in fun, or to eat him in earnest, both which last operations, the nobs performed, with a zeal which showed their attachment to the institutions of the country.

This ceremony, among many other things, showed Dobbs what a people he had to deal with. Here was an institution which kept a large number of sacred birds* at the expense of the Somniatan farmers, for the amusement of the Somniatan "higher orders," and which was kept up by the annual imprisonment of hundreds of Somniatan peasants, a system which made one man a felon, that another might amuse himself like a fool. Never was a benevolent despot in such a difficulty, as our friend the King. Move where he would, he found an abuse; and every abuse (like every sacred bustard) was carefully "preserved" by those who had an interest in it.

But it was the social system of the Somniatans that chiefly surprised his Majesty. Exclusiveness was the very soul of it; and to such an extent was it carried, that several of the very great people had taken to living in balloons (in the construction of which, the Somniatans have arrived at great proficiency), so as to escape completely from the intrusion of their inferiors. And it was amusing to see how, when one of these balloons descended for a fresh supply of provisions, all sorts of people hastened to surround it, and strove madly for admission. Nay, some unfortunates even held on by the car, so that they were raised into the air, and being unable either to get in, or to maintain their hold where they were, fell down again, and got a terrible shock thereby. These were laughed at by every body, and happily dubbed snobs by a Somniatan satirist.

Dobbs resolved to take the opinion of the greatest men among the natives, as to what changes ought to be made in the island. A few edicts that he had issued had been already received with much grumbling. But the army was firm; a double allowance of beer had been issued to each soldier. A number of places were given to the Somniatan aristocracy, and Dobbs himself

* It is right to mention here, that Mr. Douglas Jerrold applied the name "sacred bird" to the partridge of England.—*vide Punch.*

asked the leader of the opposition to dinner. By these great strokes of diplomacy, discontent was allayed.

It was in vain that he sought to form a system out of the opinions which he gathered from the natives.

Lord Jocko wanted places for the little Jockos, and their cousins, and second cousins, and so on, unto the third and fourth generation.

Sir Beelzebub was for conserving, as long as anything could be conserved. He was for treating the institutions of the island as the Athenians did the vessel that bore Theseus to Crete, patching bit by bit as was necessary. But he never considered whether, for purposes of utility, it would not be better to have a new vessel altogether.

One of the most amusing suggestions, was made by a party called young Somniata, which proposed that the lower orders should take to the pastimes of their ancestors. These politicians thought that hungry and dissatisfied peasants should, by way of remedying their condition, begin dancing round a pole. Here was a plan for a complaining nation to adopt—a plan which, when Rome was burning, would have set every man to fiddle, and emulate Nero.

“No, no,” said Dobbs, to a slim young Somniatan, who urged this project on his imperial consideration, “there are pastimes enough going on. Work is what we want.”

But had the people of Somniata no religion? You might have lived there for months, as a stranger, and never found out that they had; but you discovered it when you had to pay your taxes. You were taxed for your soul, as you were for your gig, or your windows; and if you did not pay, then you found out the full extent of Somniatan zeal—for your goods were seized.

The King determined to avail himself of the religion of the people, and use it as an engine for ameliorating their condition; and before he did so, he paid a visit to the Valley of Hope, where was the idol Foggum, of which mention has before been made.

It was on a beautiful morning, in the southern summer, that our King, attended only by his English companions, went to visit the Valley of Hope, where was the temple of the great

idol, chief of the Somniatan gods. The way lay through a narrow lane, with steep banks of rich green, which sparkled with yellow flowers. On the summit of the banks were hedges, and through these ran the twining branches of vines, so that clusters of red grapes hung down on each side, ripening into purple bloom, under the rays of the sun, which shot from heaven in gleams of silvery white. Trees, tall and motionless, with broad leaves, were on each side of this narrow way. In a hole in the trunk of one of them, a cluster of wild bees had made their nest, and this had swelled, from the prodigal richness of the country in flowers, into a size too great for the little colony's retreat, so that the honey had escaped, and stole in a lazy golden stream down the glittering bark. Birds, so gaudy in their plumage, that they looked like winged flowers sporting in the air, flew everywhere around, and butterflies swam from flower to flower, and rested on them, leaving on their heads, in gratitude for their welcome, some of the sparkling dust from their wings.

The island of Somniata is only seventy-five miles in circumference (as ascertained by a survey by King Dobbs). The Valley of Hope lies on the S. W. of it, where a small chain of volcanic hills, called the Blue Hills, rises and forms a boundary between the valley and the sea. To this valley the travellers now came.

In Somniata, nature is a spendthrift ; and she has lavished all her riches without restraint upon the valley. And never was it seen to more advantage than on this morning. The sky was of a violet blue, and the few white clouds that hung in it, had assumed strange and solemn shapes. The stillness was broken by nothing but the noise of a waterfall in a small river, which leaped from height to height from the place in the Blue Hills where it rose, until it gained the bed of the valley, through which it ran in a quick smooth stream, and so carried away the flowers which dropped into it, from the bushes overhanging its banks, to the sea.

In the centre of the valley stood the temple, a relic of the architecture of the old time. It was built in what the modern Somniatans call the dark ages, a title which they apply to all ages into the depths of which they themselves cannot "securely pry," and a title, which, in all human probability, is applied by

all enlightened bats to those noon-tide hours in which they cannot see. Be this as it may, the temple is the finest building in Somniata.

The King and his companions were received by the native high priest (a Somniatan, who had been made a high priest for his knowledge of the language of the Cockobees, of the neighbouring island of Swango), who showed them the great idol Foggum. It was a noble image of wood, somewhat, however, decayed, for though the revenues of the Somniatan religious institutions are large, the priests are numerous and well paid, so that the Gods are somewhat neglected on their account. The Somniatans could never clearly explain to strangers, how this was ; how, when religion was at a low ebb, the priests were so very well off, seeing, that one would think, the first object of the Foggum establishment, would be to provide for Foggum himself. It certainly appears an anomaly.

From what the King learned on that day, he discovered the impossibility of influencing the people through any *sentiment*, however holy. He was told that he must be "practical," particularly by those Somniatans, who called themselves Liberals, &c., who certainly were deuced "liberal" in giving away the old creeds and institutions of the island, for any party benefit that they could get in exchange.

"Practical" is a very fine word, and much in use among the Somniatans, in opposition to the word "visionary," which is contemptuously applied to all who propound any thing lofty, holy, or mysterious. "Be practical," cried the people, to their new King.

Dobbs determined to turn his hand to education. He found that the higher orders among the Somniatans were chiefly educated not in their own language, but in the language spoken by the Cockobees of the neighbouring island of Swango, two thousand years before. They were flogged at the shrines of the Cockobees in their infancy—they laboured at the books of the Cockobees in their youth, they neglected them in their manhood—and forgot them in their old age. Such was their education. But woe to anybody who meddled with the system ! As on a decayed tree grows fungus, of which good matches may be made, so on a decayed institution grows prejudice, easy to set fire to.

Then as to the lower orders. The King found that there were two ways of dealing with them in this matter. One was to give them education without bread ; the other, to give them bread without education. To be sure, some governments had hit on the happy expedient of giving them neither, which had resulted in a good deal of crime ; so that the money which ought to have been spent in educating the poor, had to be expended in maintaining them in jail. This was rather a blunder for a “ practical” people to be sure ; but there was no evidence that the Somniatans were at all ashamed of it.

The King had scarcely had time to inform himself of these facts, before his attention was called to one remarkable abuse. He found that the offices of state had all been bestowed, from time immemorial, upon those persons among the higher orders who happened to be born with the marks of strawberries upon their ears. Abilities had nothing to do with any appointment ; merit had nothing to do with it. This physical peculiarity determined the matter. The new-born child was looked at with the greatest anxiety ; and if on the fine long ear glittered the mark of a strawberry-leaf, he was destined to high employments and lofty situations. Here was a regulation, fruitful of disgrace abroad, and misfortune at home—of blundering diplomacy, and high taxes—of national dishonour, and deficits in the revenue.

Among the higher orders, were several reformers ; but they took very great care that no reform should interfere with themselves. When it seemed likely to do so, they cried out “ finality !” When they wanted to drink the waters of liberty, they helped themselves ; but they did not pass the bottle. The great reliance, in fact, of the Somniatan masses, was in the fears of the higher orders. They knew that when it came to the last rub, the higher orders would give way ; they knew that their amiable superiors would play the coward when the bigot’s game was up ; thence a profound reliance on what they called “ agitation,” or hubbub ; hence large profits to professional agitators, who led mobs, as men lead bees, by a clanging noise.

What could King Dobbs do in an island like this ? He could not move without offending many, nor stand still without offending all.

In truth, the island was "like dog distract or monkey sick." Nobody was contented, and yet nobody knew how to better matters. A jargon of lies was spoken everywhere; and yet you would hear people exclaiming, that Somniata was in the highest state of civilization.—"We have white bread," said they, "when our ancestors had black—clothes, where they had rags—and we don't die nearly so quickly." But they did not say—"We have *cretins* to rule us, when our ancestors had heroes—we have shams, where our ancestors had men of genius—and we are without faith, when they were prepared to die for theirs."

Eat your "white bread," oh, Somniatans! but it will not feed the soul!

Cicero tells us, from Aristotle, that the intellectual are melancholy—*omnes ingeniosos esse melancolicos*. A melancholy was one of the chief characteristics of the intellectual of Somniata, when Dobbs became King.

Their most original thinker, a man who came nigh being a prophet, such as they had had of old, the great TOMMASO, always wore a pall when he preached. It seemed as if he knew that he should meet no attention, in the plain garb of a teacher. He despaired of his time, and always gave utterance to strong contempt, or a laughter that was melancholy to hear. His mind always marched to the tune of the "Dead March in Saul." His favourite amusement was firing volleys over the graves of the Somniatan heroes.

Then the best Somniatan poet, TENNUSA, of the many-coloured verse—to his rainbow-colours, there was always a cloud for a back-ground, on which they shone. His best poem contained the wailings of a man, whose dearest hopes in life had been sacrificed to the vulgar and greedy prejudices of Somniatan society. He too found his age all wrong; and he sang his music to cheer it in its sadness, as the brave old harper played to the imprisoned Richard.

BOLVERAH, poet, philosopher, and novelist—historian, dramatist, essayist, *littérateur*, and wit—a Cadmus, who brought LETTERS to many a hearth in Somniata, where they had never reached before—started in the world of intellect, proclaiming war to the *bête noir* of melancholy. But, in a few years, he was found exclaiming—"Who is happy, could we read the

heart!" and ridiculing the vile blunders of law, and the poor follies and mean crimes of society.

Indeed, there were tokens every where that something was fundamentally wrong in this little island. Their philosophical novelist seemed to make a kind of apology, and give a pitying laugh, when he introduced a tender, loving character into his book. He seemed to produce such a gentle weeping creature, with a consciousness that she would be cried down as uninteresting; but, on the other hand, when vice and pretension were to be exposed, he went to work with the ease and power of a master; and the Somniatan public, much more given to laughing than loving, cheered him on—but encouraged vice and pretension all the same.

The above remarks, will furnish a slight idea of the state of Somniata, in various ways, when it fell under the government of King Dobbs. It may amuse some of the inhabitants of our great and happy country, to learn something of the condition of this little island of the distant southern sea. How strange it seems (yet it is perfectly true, as Dobbs has repeatedly assured the present historian), that the Somniatans should constantly speak of themselves, as the "envy of surrounding islands, and the admiration of the South Sea!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE INGLORIOUS REVOLUTION. HOMeward BOUND. FATE.

— *Omnium consensu, capax Imperii, nisi imperasset!*
 TACITUS. *Hist. Lib. 1 Cap. 49.*

Navita nocturno placat sua sidera canta.

MILTON. *Eleg. 5.*

THE author of the fable about the old man and his ass, must have had an eye to politics, when he penned that apologue. What situation can be conceived more horrible, than that of a king bent on governing according to every suggestion made to him? Such, however, was now the situation of our benevolent despot, Dobbs, in Somniata. He was "blown about by every wind of doctrine" from the rude nor'-wester of radicalism to the mild somniferous zephyr of *laissez faire*.

The ministers of his predecessor, King Boobylee, had been Liberal Somniatans; these Dobbs had retained—Lord Jocko being at their head—in office, after his accession, with the intention of acting by their advice. But advice soon became dictation. These little black fellows, with their pompous manners and fine phrases, showed a strong disposition to lord it over the conqueror. King Dobbs dismissed the ministry, who forthwith asked him to appeal to the Island—they would throw themselves on their countrymen; in fact, they wanted a dissolution of the Assembly of Somniata, and a general election. The King, willing to learn the opinions of his subjects, complied. The Assembly was dissolved by his *fiat*.

Then, indeed, began such a hubbub, as the King had never yet seen in his little island. It appeared that an appeal to the island, meant an appeal to the public-houses in it, for these seemed the head-quarters of the people who appealed. An almost incalculable quantity of *Beeheer*—a liquor which the Somniatans make from a plant common in the island—was consumed during the proceedings. And then, the choice of representatives! Never was such a representation seen. Farmers and labourers, in white cotton dresses, producers of rice and maize, cultivators of sugar, growers of flax, were represented by Somniatan dandies with rings in their noses, who knew nothing of them or their occupations, and who divided their time between idling in the capital, and killing the sacred bustard; and when the Assembly met, King Dobbs looked in vain among the names of the members, for those of the men who enjoyed intellectual reputation. But after all, this was a defect he could not remedy; he tried to improve the position of the literary men of the island, but desisted when he found that the celebrated Snugger, whom he had often asked to dinner, brought out a novel, in which all that he had said, or done, in his own palace, while Snugger was enjoying his hospitality, was minutely displayed for the gratification of public curiosity.

King Dobbs was disgusted with the Assembly. He resolved to govern as a military despot henceforward; he dissolved the Assembly without choosing a ministry, threw some malcontents into prison, banished a few leaders to the Wango Fum Islands,

and took the reins of power entirely into his own hands. His new station requiring new external advantages, he cut off the Vandyke beard, which he had assumed as a benevolent despot, and began his career of military despotism with moustaches, a snuff-box, a military uniform, and a star about the size of a cheese-plate.

Of course the same degree of decency is not expected from a military as a benevolent despot, so Dobbs ceased to affect a love of dogs, but cruelly killed flies in his palace windows, frowned melodramatically, swore occasionally, and pinched his Somniatan favourites by the ears.

These seem trifles, but such trifles are important in a king. Who will deny that the basest and meanest trifles, the lowest and paltriest objects, may be important to a people, when he glances at the kind of persons into whose hands Europe has fallen of late years? But a truce to seriousness, though wise men must see, that there is something very *skeletonish* in the grin which the miserable farce of politics provokes now, when we consider what a few years may bring about.

It was while Dobbs governed in this thoroughly imperial style, that he acquired that knowledge of Somniatan matters, from which we have derived the rude and imperfect sketches we have given of the state and manners of the people.

Their language occupied a considerable deal of his attention. We have already stated, that it was a *peculiar* English, being peculiar chiefly from the fact, that it had been greatly modified by the institutions and manners of the people from its original meaning. The Somniatans grew tired, it would seem, of calling things by their proper names: for example, their words *galant*, *lerned*, *nobull*, and so on, though once bearing the signification of the words they resemble in English (though spelled differently), had come, in Dobbs's time, from frequent misapplication, to lose their original signification, and almost to bear no meaning at all; for *lerned* was applied to all young talkers, in their law courts, whether they were in reality what the English call *learned*, or not; *galant* was bestowed, as a title, on persons who had had no opportunity of showing whether they were *brave*, or not, and so on. They even applied the word which answers to our *gentlemanly*, to some of their vices; so that travellers, visiting the island, were apt to be deceived

terribly by the *sound* of words, and particularly of those words which they bestowed on each other in affected love, civility, or kindness. Many of these, indeed—not words only, but phrases—were downright destitute of any meaning whatever.

It used to be a custom among the Somniatans to sell their wives. This had fallen into disuse in the days of Dobbs, the King; but the influence of the ancient custom was still perceptible in the legal remedies afforded to injured Somniatan husbands.

It was in vain that King Dobbs attempted to carry out the reforms which seemed good to him. He was obliged to fall back in the creed of the native sage, TOMMASO, that a radical change must begin in the inmost hearts of the natives. He had thought to influence them through their religion; but what could be done by religion, where there was no faith? They were willing to pay for their religion, with a certain grumbling demur, without being influenced by it; just as the poorer among them paid taxes for windows, through which (owing to their impurity) they could get no light. The cases were precisely similar. What was the use of hero-worship, where there were no heroes? and where, too, there was such a total want of the insight necessary to spy out a hero through external environments, that, as Chilton remarked, had St. Paul come among them, he would have been excluded from “polite society”; had Peter the Hermit come, he would have been sent to Bedlam; while St. John (fresh from Patmos itself) would have been laughed at as a fanatic; and Moses (arrived from the Wilderness) would have been black-balled at their Travellers’ Club.

King Dobbs issued several edicts, which had the effect of producing loud howls for a constitution, that being a machine very popular among the Somniatans, and, like their physical machines, having the effect of throwing human labour and the energies of the strong out of employ.

“I tell you what,” said the King, “by Jove, I think the people have no souls.” And a loud utilitarian laugh from the surrounding Somniatan courtiers proclaimed their acquiescence in the opinion of His Majesty.

In a short time, Dobbs found popular discontent increase ; and one fine morning he was awakened by a loud noise round his palace. The roar of an enraged populace broke upon his ear, and scarcely, amidst the sounds that they made, could he distinguish any words but these—" His head—off with his head !"

Heavens ! could it be his head to which they were referring ?

" Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown !"

exclaimed Dobbs, as his friends Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira, rushed into the room.

" Yes," said Chilton, " particularly when it lies in a basket under a guillotine ! and, let me tell you, Dobbs," he continued, " there's no hope for you, for you have been a most benevolent king ! they always come off the worst."

" Good Heavens !" exclaimed Dobbs, to a Somnian courtier, who rushed into the room, not pale with affright, for he was black, as our readers are aware, but terrified beyond measure ; " tell me, Pongo, is it a revolt ?"

" No, sire, it um Revolution," replied the courtier, unconsciously using a celebrated reply, made in similar circumstances.

And now the hubbub increased, the political fury of the mob, swelling beyond expression, as a rumour spread among them, that there was a large quantity of very fine liquor in the imperial cellar. Prodigies of valour were performed against the few of the King's guards who remained faithful ; and the bakers' shops were plundered in the ardour for popular liberty.

Resistance was useless. The King and his friends ignominiously retreated by a back way from the palace ; at the same moment, the front gates were carried by assault (through the treachery of a native, to whom Dobbs had been particularly kind), and, in the excitement of pillage, their escape was overlooked. They ran like Bourbons (to use an emphatic expression), and gained their dear old *Baboon* in the harbour, on board which they found the prudent M'Mizen making every preparation for flight. In a few moments, they weighed in the yacht (leaving the slaver and slaves behind, to swell the resources of the island), and sailed slowly out of the harbour, when they paused to look at the town.

A huge cloud of black smoke, with streaks of red fire in it, marked the conflagration of the palace. The fact was, that the liberated people had fired it, in a state of intoxication. It is really very kind of the people of most countries, now-a-days, that they cannot destroy a dynasty, without sacrificing a considerable number of themselves in its honour.

We think it right here to subjoin an extract from a historian of Somniata, writing of this important event, in that fine old orthodox hum-drum style, which distinguishes the Somniatan historians, with one brilliant and recent exception.

“ Such was the fate of King Döbbs, after a reign of one year and thirty days. He was a monarch, of whom it may be said, that if he had not had a feeble volition, he would probably have been of a strong will. His want of courage, was perhaps the reason, that he had no great reputation for valour; and his love of his people prevented him from having that hatred to them, which has distinguished some tyrants. He failed as a king, because he was not successful, and terminated his career unfortunately, from an absence of good luck, &c. In person, he was tall, without being gigantic, and fat, without being obese; his hair was red, without being carrotty, and his limbs large, without being disproportionately so, &c.”

The yacht chirped merrily along past the island of Somniata, at which the heroes of the *Baboon* took a long farewell look as they passed its shores; and indeed you may look long, oh heroes of the *Baboon*! before a fairer island meets your view, than is presented to you, under the golden glare of that southern sun.

See how the rosy rays, bright as gold, but soft as silk, strike upon the long slender spires of the temples of Somniatan worship! see how the white palaces of the wealthy gleam in their light, and the capital uplifts a hundred architectural heads of beauty to the blue sky, in which the smoke from the city hangs like a veil of sable gauze. Beautiful indeed! and yet through the streets of that city, stalk figures of poverty, and children of wrong, as ghastly as ever darkened the daylight, since the aborigines of the island stained their skins with the juice of the wild berry. See again, how the rosy rays fall in a golden shower into the green lap of the country, rich and beautiful as

a dowered queen. Here too gleam the palaces of the wealthy ; and here are children of the soil, less cared for than the beasts, and to whom the land they make fruitful, grudges every thing but a grave.

A fine fresh breeze bore away the schooner from the island ; in a few hours, it shrunk into the dimensions of a man's hand, and then faded away out of sight.

“ *Par levibus ventis, volucrique aīmillima somno !* ”

The wind fell light at sunset, and the sails of the schooner flapped against the masts. Dobbs and his friends sat together, in the golden calm of the evening, discussing the only subject which had any interest for them now—home. It was a tranquil and beautiful hour. The scene could scarcely be called solitary, for every now and then, as the night drew on, there dawned in the heavens the face of a new star.

The night was beautiful that followed—it was a night that invited more to meditation than talk, and the young men were unusually silent. There was a pause among them, which was broken by Carisford, who went down into the cabin, and began to play upon the piano, which still figured among its ornaments. The instrument had been long silent ; but now the imprisoned spirit of melody sprung from it, and roamed over the waters. His friends went below to join him.

“ We are somewhat dull to-night,” said Chilton. “ Let us have a song ; come, Car., oblige the company.”

“ No, really,” began the modest Carisford.

“ Stuff, *dulcissime !* ” said his friend. “ Come, we know you write your own songs—sing one of them ; it's too dark for us to see your blushes, so begin.”

Carisford put a bold face upon it, and struck up the following lay :—

The Waves and the Stars.

“ How silent the scene,
Where to-night's calm has found us ;
Only stars are above—
Only waves are around us ;

Ever restless the waves,
 As the life they are bearing ;
 The stars ever calm,
 As the death that's preparing.

From these let our life
 Take a lesson to guide it,
 In sorrow, or triumph,
 Whate'er may betide it :
 To bear like the waves,
 What may ever pass o'er it ;
 To shine like the stars,
 Upon all that's before it.

And when comes the death,
 Be it met as a brother :
 One tear for our love,
 And one prayer for our mother.
 The tear with the waves,
 Its bright tenderness blending ;
 The prayer to the stars,
 In a pure breath ascending !"

" Very good, Car." exclaimed Chilton, with the air of a man who considers his praise worth having.

" Did you write that ?" inquired Dobbs, who had a mysterious regard for authors.

" I must plead guilty," said Carisford, with a laugh.

" Indeed !" said the simple-minded Dobbs ; " let me look at the writing." And the ingenuous youth took the paper on which it was scribbled, and gazed upon it with a reverential air, which excited no inconsiderable amusement among his friends.

" Now for a quiet evening," Carisford said, and the servant of the society was dispatched to the galley with a kettle for the familiar hot water.

" *Spiritus intus alit* as Virgil says," exclaimed Chilton. And the quiet evening was begun.

It is not our intention to trace the *Baboon* home mile by mile on her long voyage. The winds were favourable, and she reached St. Helena in the month of June, where, it would ap-

pear, from some entries in the log (and, from the dates of those bills on England, which principally gave information to their friends of their whereabouts), the youths of the *Baboon* stayed for some time. St. Helena, even, it would seem, had its attractions for them. We find in the log (a part of which is "unfit for publication," as the newspapers say), that "larks" were going on in that solitary rock when they were there. The *Cornelip*, which they had left long before, had and fast in the Bight of Bludi, on the African coast, had been more successful during the *Baboon*'s long stay in the far south, and, one day, when riding out to Longwood, who should present himself to the eyes of Chilton, but the eccentric midshipman who had boarded the *Baboon* from that man-of-war, of which he was the great ornament. He communicated to the Society with his usual vivacity, that he had been sent to St. Helena in charge of a prize, and told them, with a very hearty laugh, how "all his men being devilishly given to drink, he had been obliged to sleep with loaded pistols under his head, for fear of the slaver fellows;" and "gad, sir," pursued he, "I had a slight scratch from one of them." Saying which, he bared a small white womanly arm, and showed the traces of a deep gash, with a "wasn't it a lark, eh?" He still seemed to preserve his health, and said there was a great deal of humbug talked about the sickness on the coast; but it was observable that he could not begin the day without some cold brandy-and-water, and that he could eat no meat that was not heaped over with the most pungent cayenne.

The Baboonites spent a great deal of time with this young gentleman, and with some junior officers in the garrison; and a story is still told thereabouts, of a young gentleman who rode a horse up two pair of stairs, in some respectable house, and excited the terror and astonishment of all who dwelt therein.

It does not do to be too particular about dates; but we may go the length of stating, that the *Baboon* left St. Helena only a few days after the French frigate, *Harpagon*, departed with the remains of Napoleon. She passed that vessel at sea subsequently, on which occasion (as the youths of the *Baboon* constantly asserted) the illustrious *Pr—e de J—n—lle* cleared for action, in a most courageous manner, in case the *Baboon* should attack him; which was very probable, considering that

there was no war between the two nations, and that the *Baboon* had only four guns ; but the fiery enthusiasm of the Pr—e is well known. He sometimes, however, misses the mark, as was the case in his conjecture on this occasion—and in his bombardment of Tangier, where he did not make a great hit.

The sight of the French frigate, of course, gave rise to much discussion, about the character of the Emperor, whose remains it was bearing.

M'Mizen's observations were characteristic.—“ Disappointed ambition, indeed !” exclaimed the philosophical sailing-master ; “ he began the warld little better than mysel', and ended wi' ten thousand a-year ! He had great reason to be thankfu' !”

The Society were much amused by this “ natural homily.”

After passing the *Harpagon*, the *Baboon* pursued her way towards England tranquilly enough—

“ Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;”

or, in other words, Carisford and Chilton smoking a cigar at the bow, and Dobbs and Pereira doing ditto on the stern gratings.

“ I thirst for a glimpse of England !” said Dobbs, emphatically, the day after they left Madeira.

It was a beautiful day, and in the few gilded clouds which hung in the sky, they could not deem that any danger lurked. Glide on rapidly through the blue water, oh, *Baboon* !

* * * * *

And now, while the *Baboon* is advancing homeward, it will be as well, perhaps, to advance before her, and glance at the state of the various persons interested in her commanders. There is no traveller like the soul : it wanders through creation with its heavenly passport at will ; perhaps, after all, at a greater speed than that electricity, with which the brutal materialism of modern speculation is so fond of comparing it.

One fine afternoon, in the first week of August 183—, just at that period when Parliament, according to its usual custom, was hurrying through the business of the session, and measure after measure was being swallowed greedily by majorities—when the opposition, fatigued with retarding public business, was too lazy to oppose anything with vigour, there strode

down Parliament-street the figure of a pilgrim. He had a look of travel—he had a look of anxiety: he was on a pilgrimage to the House of Commons: and does any human being ever go there, with a cheerful look upon his face, except an “honourable member,” who hopes to get something by his votes?

Past the gardens of Whitehall (where the leaves ought to be regularly dusted, by some patriotic inhabitant), past the bridge of Westminster, which has become a ruin without becoming picturesque (as Lord —— has become grey without becoming venerable), went the pilgrim, to the unholy sepulchre of many national hopes, and many individual aspirations. He paused at the entrance (where two or three members were gathered together, waiting till prayers were over in the House to go in); till, in a few moments, an elderly gentleman rode up to the door. He dismounted: he saw the pilgrim. They stepped aside together. You could see, from the way in which they spoke, that the pilgrim was discoursing with his county member.

“I’ll put the question immediately after the petitions,” said the elderly gentleman.

“Thank you! thank you! But will they?—what think you? These d——d whigs!—can they refuse?” Here the pilgrim lowered his voice.

At that moment somebody rushed out, and said, hurriedly—“Sir John! Sir John!”

The elderly gentleman rushed in after him, with a hasty nod to the pilgrim, who turned and departed.

Next morning he saw the following interesting report, in the “Parliamentary Intelligence” of the *Times* :—

“CASE OF MR. CARISFORD.

“SIR JOHN JUMBLE, seeing the Secretary of the Admiralty in his place, wished to ask him, whether any further intelligence respecting Mr. Carisford’s case (here the Hon. Member became inaudible).

“Mr. DELOUT replied (as we understood), that whatever explanations were afforded to his honourable friend, there could be no doubt, that the Board of Admiralty had done all

“ that could be expected from them (hear, hear, from Captain “ Bugbear).

“ SIR JOHN JUMBLE was desirous of stating——(loud cries “ of ‘order, order,’ amidst which, the Hon. Member resumed “ his seat).”

The fact was, that ever since our friend Mr. Carisford (the pilgrim), had received the communication from the Admiralty, which announced that their lordships had nothing further to communicate about his son, he had been following up the attack, with various degrees of vigour. He had had the case brought before Parliament, time after time, in spite of countings out, being of opinion, that there was a principle involved in it, and that the Admiralty were bound to deliver up to him, the son whom he had committed to the service. Nothing could persuade him to the contrary, and he argued, that Carisford junior having “ deserted,” the articles of war ought to be put in force against him, and the youth be captured accordingly.

This last report in the *Times*, at last convinced him, that there was nothing to hope from further agitation in the subject, and it surprised him to find that he bore the fact much better than he had anticipated. The truth was, he had been acting under a sense of duty, more than from any other feeling all this time, and he tired sooner in proportion, of his pursuit. Everybody knows how much sooner men tire of labour in a good than in a bad cause. We read, now-a-days, of Crusaders with a feeling of wonder, far greater than that which is excited by the accounts of the zeal and enthusiasm of persecutors ; and the man who gets knocked up very quickly by labours for a friend, or a public charity, works to an astonishing extent, when revenging an injury, and running down a foe. This is a truism. *Tant mieux.* If one propounds anything lofty or elevating of the race in the present age, one is accused of a tendency to paradox !

Something of this sort passed through Mr. Carisford’s mind, as he sat at breakfast the morning after Sir John Jumble’s last attempt in his favour in the House. For a quarter of an hour, he dropped the relinquished *Times*, after reading the report, and fell into a fit of meditation. Then suddenly seizing it again as a relief from his thoughts, he pounced on a paragraph

in the "Shipping Intelligence," which set his blood off at a gallop. That number of the journal, was like the spear of the hero of old, which cured by one end the wounds made by the other ; at least it was so to Mr. Carisford, who read—

"PORTSMOUTH, August 4.—Arrived the brig *Mary*, from "Teneriffe. Spoke the *Baboon* yacht, main top-mast and stern—" boat gone."

Here was a surprise. Mr. Carisford instantly recognised the name of the yacht, which he had heard from Miss Dobbs, and, which, indeed, owing to its eccentricity, it was not very easy to forget. He instantly wrote a letter off to his wife, to inform her of the fact of the yacht having been heard of, and to say, that he was on the eve of starting to Portsmouth, to endeavour to get particulars about her, from the captain of the brig *Mary*. Who knows, thought he, but it may have been my son himself who spoke from the *Baboon* ? his very voice, the ringing boyish tones which used to enliven the old country house of the family, may have saluted that worthy captain. Full of the thought, he started to Portsmouth.

Next morning he took a boat to go off to the brig ; and, in a short time, was bobbing over the water to the place where she was anchored. He found her a dirty little vessel, with her rigging looking very loose. Her main-yard was topped up in a singular style for hoisting out casks, and her main rigging was decorated with shirts suspended there to dry.

As the boat came alongside, the boatman in her began to act as interpreter between such very different individuals as the tall gentlemanly old Mr. Carisford, and the fellows in red caps (we never could understand why sailors are so fond of that republican *bonnet*), who were knocking about on her decks.

"Hoy, there, I say, aboard the brig !" cried the boatman.

"Hillo, mate !" said a sailor belonging to her, coming to the gangway.

"Is your captaining aboard ?" asked the boatman.

"Yes, he is. What for ?"

"This gent wants to speak to him."

"Oh, walk up, sir," said the man, probably taking him for one of the owners. "One minute, sir. Stick your foot on that bolt ; now then, sir, t'other foot on the main-chains ; now a jump."

Which directions being complied with, Mr. Carisford reached the deck in perfect safety.

"Aft, if you please," continued the sailor, as he made a vague move in the other direction. "The master 'ill be up directly." So saying, he dived down the little ladder.

Mr. Carisford, meanwhile, was cheered by the grateful music of three or four of the men, who were singing away as they hoisted a cask—

"Heigh ho ! cheerful men, ho !
Betsey Bell, she loved a sailor."

"Mind your legs, if you please, sir," said one of them, requesting him to move out of a coil of rope.

In a few moments came the skipper, a little good-natured looking man, obviously just out of his berth. He had smoothed his hair by the application of some cold water, and, what with his earrings and his whiskers, which formed a kind of chin-stay under his chin, was a well-looking fellow.

Mr. Carisford made his political bow, and neatly explained the cause of his visit. Would the captain be kind enough to tell him all he saw, all he knew about the yacht *Baboon*, which he had met at sea?

"Yacht *Baboon* ! ah, sir, to be sure I will. Jem, bring here the log. Praps you'll step below, sir ?" said the skipper; and Mr. Carisford agreed, and speedily found himself in a little cabin with a narrow skylight.

"That's some wine in that jar, sir. Let me fill you a horn," pursued the skipper, and the old gentleman made no opposition.

The boy Jem, who had been summoned to come with the log, was not long in making his appearance, mindful, perhaps, of a certain curiously-worked rope, which hung suspended on a nail in the inside of the cabin door, and which was known as the "colt."

The skipper turned over the pages, by the aid of his moistened thumb, and, at last, exclaimed—"Ah, here she is ! we saw her on the first of last month, two days sail this side of Madeira."

"I have a son on board her," said Mr. Carisford, feelingly, and thinking that it was a proper course for him to adopt, to explain at once why he was thus troubling the worthy sailor.

"Have you, sir? Lord bless you, sir! I went aboard her to look at the chronometer, and was never better treated in my life! They provided all sorts of hospitality," said the skipper, with a laugh, and remembering perhaps some consequences of it, which he did not care to relate. "But I beg your pardon, sir," he continued. "There were four young gentlemen aboard her—first of all a stoutish young man, hair, the least shade red—"

Here he paused, and looked at Mr. Carisford, who shook his head negatively.

"Then, sir, there was one about the same height, and dark, with a face that shone, like, and was bold and sharp."

Again Mr. Carisford shook his head.

"One much younger, sir, looking like a Spanish girl."

Mr. Carisford shook his head again, and began to feel very anxious.

"Well then, Lord bless me," exclaimed the skipper, feeling sure he was quite right now, "it must have been the tall slim young fellow, with blue eyes and brown curly hair, the best-looking fellow of the lot!"

Mr. Carisford laughed gaily. This was the youth, there was no doubt about that.

"Dear me," said the sympathizing skipper, "the very one that I catched putting more rum into my glass, after it was half-and-half already!"

Mr. Carisford smiled again, as he recognised his son in this performance, and then proceeded to ask the skipper when the *Baboon* might be expected in England?

"Why, you see, sir," said the skipper, "a yacht ain't like one of us, obliged to hold on, blow fair or blow hard, so as to make her passage. Bless you, sir, if the wind's a little contrary, they think nothing of up helm, and running in to the nearest port. The schooner had lost her main-top-mast; but that ain't no great matter. I should say, she ought to be, taking all chances, somewhere in the Channel now."

"Ah," said Mr. Carisford, thoughtfully; he was revolving in his mind what leave of absence he had from his wife, and how long he might venture to dally in the English seaports, on the look-out for the yacht.

The skipper took advantage of the pause, to collar a large

brown jar, remove a portentous bung, and pour some wine into a funny little carved tumbler.

At that moment the trampling over head ceased a moment. Voices were heard ; then the movement of a stout figure down the ladder, and—enter “Toe” Chilton, who has not appeared in our pages, since we left him basking in the sun of Naples, and wandering amidst antiquities, to look for—an appetite.

Toe was as lively as ever—“Good morning, captain. A very pretty brig you have ; ‘Gad, sir, it reminds me of the ship *Argo!* ‘ youth at the prow,’ &c. I have come on board, sir, to ask the pleasure of your—— of, that is to say, your telling me about the yacht *Baboon*, that you met near Madeira.”

The skipper smiled ; Mr. Carisford smiled too—“Why, sir,” said the skipper, “this gentleman has just come on board to make the same inquiry.”

“Oh, indeed !” said Toe, proffering his snuff-box to Mr. Carisford, instanter—“Mr. Dobbs, perhaps ?”

“Carisford,” said the old gentleman, with a bow.

“I see. Oh, sir, I had the pleasure of meeting your son at Naples, when the *Baboon* was there.—My name is Chilton.”

“And I, sir, have had the pleasure of seeing your son at my house.”

Here was an acquaintance got up at once. Toe’s features gleamed with pleasure. “I am staying at the Crown,” he said. “Perhaps, I may have the pleasure of your company to dinner ?”

Mr. Carisford bowed, and glanced slightly at the little skipper, in whose cabin they were making themselves at home, as he thought, a little too coolly.

“Captain——”

“Flurry,” said the skipper.

“Will join us, I hope,” pursued Mr. Chilton.

“Much obliged, I’m sure, sir. Can’t exactly promise, you see, for about this here cargo——”

“And we’re detaining you all this time,” said Mr. Carisford, looking meaningly at Toe, who, in his usual vein of happy adaptation to immediate circumstances, seemed to have forgotten all about the *Baboon* already.

A minute before, the stamping of the men overhead had been going on as merrily as ever, and the strain about the

"Betsey Bell, who loved a sailor,"

been rattled out with great glee ; but soon there was a dead pause, then a cry of "hush," and some giggling, and a rustling of silk, and a silvery laugh, all audible in succession.

Well might the skipper look puzzled ; for a moment afterwards there was a little fluttering, like that of a caged canary, on the companion-ladder, and in came Miss Flora Limsdale, Miss Caroline Dobbs, and their faithful cavalier, Bilboes ; while, at the same time, the skylight was darkened by the black silk dress of the worthy Mrs. Dobbs, who had prudently declined descending. Heavens ! what an invasion had been brought on the skipper, by his rencontre with the *Baboon*, and the unhappy paragraph in the "Shipping Intelligence" of the *Times* !

It was impossible—particularly for Flora, with the pretty mouth, and Caroline with the sparkling eyes—to refrain from laughing in this extraordinary crisis, though it was not particularly agreeable to the little skipper, no doubt, to find his vessel taken by storm, in this singular style. He hastily drew the curtain which concealed his sleeping bunk from the gaze of the profane, and boldly dashing from bashfulness into the extreme of joviality, he said—"Please sit down, young ladies. Here is some wine—and," pursued he, "there's rum for those that prefers it." With which offers of hospitality he resumed his self-possession.

Then it fell to Mr. Carisford to produce social order and ease from this chaos of acquaintance. He introduced Miss Dobbs to Mr. Chilton : Mr. Chilton introduced Miss Limsdale to him.

Bilboes bowed, and smiled with gracious comprehensiveness ; so that "all hands," as the skipper said, being thus made acquainted, Mr. Carisford communicated to them what he had learned from Captain Flurry, about the *Baboon*.

While they were talking about it, daylight was suddenly excluded from them abruptly, by a movement of Mrs. Dobbs on deck, who had been forgotten in the confusion of the meeting.

The skipper, who knew nothing about her being on board, erroneously attributed the darkness to something else, and bawled lustily up the ladder for somebody to "take that tarpaulin off the cabin skylight."

This caused a roar on deck, and threw the worthy Mrs. Dobbs into a fit of strange apprehension ; on which every body in the party below suddenly remembered that she had been forgotten ; and Mr. Bilboes rushed up to take care of her.

After a few moments' stay, they all rose to leave the brig, with profuse thanks and apologies to the hospitable captain.

Mr. Chilton wished to know where a letter would reach him. Mr. Carisford hoped that he would come and stay at his house, if he should happen to be in the neighbourhood (which, considering that the captain was constantly at sea, and the house in question was in the heart of a northern county, did not seem likely). Flora smiled her thanks ; and Caroline blushed hers ; and the liberal "Toe" bestowed a donation on the brig's crew ; so that a loud cheer followed their departing boats.

The skipper waved his hat over the taffrail ; and "all hands" were unanimous in praise of the visitors, excepting the cabin-boy, Jem, who had been once a page in a tradesman's big villa, and who declared, that "real gentlefolks was never so civil to them as was below them." But Jem's remark was scouted by the crew.

The three shore-boats, meanwhile, glided on, one after another, in order, as if they had been going to a naval funeral. When our friends landed, there was a discussion, and it was agreed that they should all meet again very soon, Toe not being successful in carrying off to dine with him anybody but Mr. Carisford ; while Bilboes (one of those pliable, simple-minded youths, who delight in serving young ladies, for the very, very smallest wages, in the way of pretty condescensions) escorted the other party to the Dobbs cottage. He parted with them at the gate, and went away.

Mrs. Dobbs was rather tired, so walked in ; while Flora and Caroline paused near the gate, to look at some flowers which grew in the bed, on the borders of the cottage lawn.

The friendship between these girls had been a growth of that summer, which was now waning from its prime ; and no prettier growth of nature had ripened under its sun ! They were of nearly the same age, and had both minds of more brilliancy, and fancies of a greater luxuriance than can ever belong to the many, be their culture what it may. Their lives had been just sufficiently singular to make them original, with-

out being eccentric, and to add the charm of rare experience, to rare natural gifts. They were friendly and loving; not prepared to sacrifice all love and romance to a base worldly prudence, but still ready to listen to advice; and their thoughts were as pure as their dreams. In person, they were types of the two forms of beauty, which rule the world with divided empire. Flora was fair and sparkling as the sunshine, and Caroline, dark and beautiful as the night.

"Do stay here till the morning, Flora," said Caroline; "you cannot think of going to the hall, now we have so much to talk about: and I shall be so solitary, if you go."

Flora hesitated. At home was the solitary father—to be considered, too.

Caroline (who had good feelings) guessed, no doubt, what she was thinking of. "We will send to Brokesby Hall, to say that you are not coming. I will send Bilboes," said Caroline, as proud as an empress.

Fate is the great *duktor dubitantium*. At that instant, the figure of a young man appeared, passing at some distance across the front of the cottage. Caroline had seen him first; and looked at him carelessly, without speaking.

Flora now saw him distinctly, for a few minutes. There was a recognition of terror, not of pleasure, in her face, as he passed; and when he disappeared (without having seen her), she trembled, turned pale, and was led into the cottage by her companion.

The young man she had seen was her cousin Limsdale; and ere she had recovered herself sufficiently to think of starting, night was looming over the sky; and in the bosom of that cloudy night, was a storm as dreadful as for years had hung over the coasts of England.

With sunset came the storm, and opened with a roar of thunder. This was a kind of royal salute to the wind, which responded to it by a hurricane, that almost rivaled the sound. Wherever seamen live, that was a night of terror. From the shore at Portsmouth the white gleam of the foam was seen by the last rays of the sun, shining on the stormy waves. The waters beat against the Breakwater, at Plymouth, as though they would have hurled it from its foundations, and in the startled Sound, the line-of-battle ships were lying, with lower



Caroline and Flora.

LONDON, J. & A. DARLING, 126, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

yards and top-masts struck, plunging heavily, with their long cables veered far out.

The morrow would rise on property destroyed and life lost—the wrecked cargo, and the widowed hearth. The hopes of many a heart in our island home sunk with that evening's sun; and many a maiden woke, during that stormy night, from fearful dreams, and fancied that she felt against her warm cheek the dank and dripping tresses of a drowned lover.

That night Flora slept with Caroline in the cottage. We would not intrude, even in thought, into the hallowed privacy of their chamber. Let us hope only that they breathed one little prayer, when they knelt in grace by the bed-side for that beautiful vessel, in which they had embarked the precious cargo of a youthful hoping love. Surely, in our "great commercial country," such a venture is common, and surely it is not the least valuable treasure, that floats on our blue waters!

Next morning the storm had passed away, and once more there was a smile on the face of heaven: But Flora and Caroline were little able to welcome, or to return it. Both had had a restless miserable night of weary waking and restless sleep, and both looked pale, and felt ill. After breakfast, they went out on the lawn, to see what damage had been done by the storm to the flowers and shrubs—"This poor camelia," exclaimed Caroline, "it is quite destroyed!"

"If that poor water-lily of a schooner is all safe," said Flora, with a look of half-rueful levity, and a lugubrious smile that was almost facetious, from its very gravity, "never mind all the flowers on earth."

Caroline pulled her gently towards her by the wrists, and kissed her between the eyes.

"Ha!—hem!" went a jocular voice at that moment, and looking up, the girls saw the cheerful face of Toe Chilton, who, with old Mr. Carisford, had stopped opposite the gate in a phaeton. The two alighted, and they all walked together into the cottage. Poor old Mrs. Dobbs had not made her appearance. Her terror of thunder was very great, and she was now making up for last night by a matutinal slumber. How often during the night had she thought of the brave husband, who, in such a storm, had found a grave in the Atlantic! and bitter though may be fears

for the living, what are they compared with hopeless, cheerless remembrances of the dead ?

In nothing do men more display their vaunted superiority to the "weaker sex," than in the way in which they bear up against sorrow, particularly sorrow for others. When the mother of the family keeps her bed, after the black-edged letter, or the death in the house—when the daughter's eyes are red, and she is the very poetry of grief embodied, then it is consoling to see how the more sturdy father and the big hulking son will show their resignation at breakfast time—"All things must pass away," says the father, helping himself to tea, and proceeds to illustrate the remark, by showing clearly that eggs and ham are no exceptions to it.

Thus, in the Dobbs' cottage, on this morning, Mr. Chilton and Mr. Carisford were much more cheerful than Caroline and Flora. Of course, they began immediately a conversation about the *Baboon*. The skipper had told them, the day before, that she was very likely to be in the mouth of the channel by that time. What had been her fate, if exposed to the last night's gale ?

Old Chilton bore up, all things considered, wonderfully against, not only his own apprehensions, but those of everybody else. His faith in his son Tom was wonderful—"What!" said the philosopher ; "Tom drowned ! Tom sucking under by sea-nymphs ! coral made of his bones ! Pooh, my dears, it's far too romantic a fate for him ! He very likely ran the yacht into harbour somewhere, when the gale began—let go the anchor, with a joke at the same time—and made a night of it with the rest of them. The worst that has happened to them, from last night, is a headache, no doubt, this morning."

"Well," said Mr. Carisford ; "if the worst has happened—"

Here he paused ; and Toe handed his snuff-box to him.

"It's my son's own fault—he has richly deserved—" But here old Carisford's stoicism, which was the thinnest ice in the moral atmosphere, suddenly thawed. He played with his pocket handkerchief.

"We must form ourselves into a committee, to make inquiries after the *Baboon*," said Toe. "Suppose you all dine with me, to begin with, to-day ? I'll go over, in the mean-

time, to see your father, Miss Limsdale. Will you take a seat in the phaeton?"

Toe accordingly took Miss Limsdale away to Brokesby Hall, leaving Mr. Carisford at the cottage.

The phaeton whirled away along that road, where more than two years before the attorney had passed, on his way to the bed of death, which he did not reach in time. The last night's storm seemed to have hastened the coming autumn, and already the tall trees were gently shaking leaves from their ample foliage.

The conversation between the two companions was not brisk. Mr. Chilton, to be sure, was calm and composed as usual, and as ready to talk as to do any thing else; but Flora was in a mood of melancholy, and had an intolerable anxiety to reach home. The speed of the carriage seemed intolerably slow.

"Oh, Miss Limsdale," said her companion, "we have not had a talk about Naples yet, where I saw you last. How did you leave it? And what became of that cousin of yours? What a strange young man—avoiding society—keeping out of sight of his uncle—never going out to dinner! What was the matter with him? Does he play, and has he involved himself?"

"For goodness sake," said Flora, in anxious dread of his loquacity, "say nothing of him to my father, when we reach home!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Toe, rather jocularly than otherwise; "some family matter—an improper mortgage—or an unprincipled postobit. But, as I live," he pursued, with an expression of surprise, "I did not know he was in England! What is the matter, my dear young lady?"

Flora had turned very pale, as her eyes had met the aspect of the youth of whom he had been speaking, and who was now, with a companion, approaching them. Flora saw that the companion was Mr. Tartan. This very much surprised her, for she was not aware that they were acquainted in any way.

Mr. Tartan bowed to her, and passed hastily on.

Her cousin made a gesture to Mr. Chilton to stop, and came up to them.

As he approached, Flora was struck to see how much his

illness had gained upon him. His eyes shone with a stranger light than ever, and his face had acquired that well-known last gift of consumption—the rose which it places on the cheek, only to deck it for the worm! But there was nothing sad in its expression ; on the contrary, it lighted up with joy, as he drew near them, with all the joy of an unholy triumph.—“I need not ask how Miss Limsdale is,” he said, with a bow, and a bitter smile ; “health is written in her face, as death in mine, cousin. Nature is very rich—she has curses to spare for both! But I am detaining you ; and, see, we are threatened by a cloud!” The sun was darkened for a moment as he spoke.

“William,” said Flora. But before she had time to say more, he had started on again, on his way, and was in sight no longer. So they drove forward towards Brokesby Hall.

“Don’t be frightened, my dear,” said Mr. Chilton, who had been long acquainted with her father.

But Flora derived little consolation from him. All that she had seen of the gloom and mystery which shrouded her father, in his private hours—all that she had seen of the violence of her cousin, in his moments of passion—came to her mind now. She was oppressed with a fear of some impending evil.

As they drove up the avenue to the hall, a carriage, with the blinds drawn close, passed them at a rapid pace. They reached the house ; some of the servants were at the door, and gazed upon them with anxious faces.

With a conviction, as sudden as a wound, Flora felt that something had happened. She asked no question ; she dreaded the sight of the eyes that met her. Waving her hand vaguely to her maid, who stood, looking very pale, by the hall table, she motioned her to follow her up stairs.

“Were you a friend of master’s, sir?” said the footman, to Mr. Chilton, who entered the house immediately.

“Was I?—I am, of course.”

“This way then, please, sir,” and the servant led the way to a room on the right-hand side.

Mr. Chilton went in.

There was a tall gentleman, in black, at the table. He was occupied in writing some memoranda, and beside him stood a glass of wine, with a sandwich, on a dessert plate. He rose as

Mr. Chilton approached the table.—“A friend of Mr. Limsdale’s, sir? I am glad you are come. A sad thing for his daughter, sir; but unavoidable. It is only wonderful that it did not happen before.”

Men of the world are not necessarily prepared for everything, particularly for the tragic events of the world. Mr. Chilton stared, and felt some difficulty in opening his mouth.

His companion swept a number of crumbs into a little heap, by a sudden movement.—“A most complete hereditary case,” he continued. “His grandfather bit Dr. Mead in the thumb, when he was called in to see him: his father was eccentric—”

“Good God! are you mad, sir?” said old Chilton, breaking in suddenly, and interrupting him.

“No, sir,” said the gentleman, with a cool bow, “but Mr. Limsdale is, and has just been removed to an asylum!”

It was quite true. The shade that had so long clouded the mind of the solitary man, had deepened into impenetrable gloom.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RETURN.

— — — quis reditus? Juv.—Sat. 10.



CREIGHTON & BURTON LTD.
THE storm which raged with such fury in England, and in our last chapter committed a degree of havoc, which it was melancholy to contemplate, particularly for those who lost anything by it. H. M. S. *Chaos*, a frigate of huge bulk, went on shore on the English coast. The officer of the watch had no leads-man in the chains, the master had taken no observations that day, the captain had viewed the rising storm with the sublime indifference of an epicurean god. So that as might be expect-

ed the officers of the *Chaos*, were tried by a court-martial for the loss of the vessel, and a midshipman was dismissed the service. When the great Agamemnon wanted a fair wind, he sacrificed his daughter. Now-a-days, such important personages are not the victims. If ever an English admiral wants a human sacrifice (and looking at the advance of Puseyism, who shall say that we may not go farther back, and adopt still more ancient superstitions than those already in fashion, some of these days), depend on it, a midshipman will be picked out to suffer. Several ships belonging to the firm of Grubber and Snag, were cast away also, and one yacht which had been cruising outside the Isle of Wight when the gale came on, passed the night laying-to in the Channel, to the extreme terror of the man-milliner sailor to whom she belonged, who no doubt thought it cursed impudent on the part of the wind to blow so hard when he was on board.

In a little inn, in a small village in one of the western counties of England, a group of men were assembled the night after the gale, talking over it and discussing the mischief that it had done. The inn bore the sign of the Chequers, that celebrated sign which has been popular in Europe for fifteen hundred years, and which has been immortalized by the muse of Canning. The company consisted of the blacksmith of the village, the parish clerk, the doctor's man-servant, and a small grocer,—that is small *quoad* grocer—personally he was of average size. The scene of their confabulations was the tap-room, where the fire was blazing very comfortably, and serving the purpose of keeping the poker at that degree of red heat necessary to warm a pot of beer when inserted therein.

“ Such a night!” said the blacksmith, throwing up his eyes. “ The wind howled through my workshop, and made the sparks fly like—”

“ Like the hinfernial regions!” said the flunkey, opposite him, interrupting.

It is amusing to see how, in all classes now-a-days, an elegant periphrasis substitutes itself for a plain word. A drunken cobbler is an intoxicated mechanic—the devil has become his satanic majesty—and the scarlet lady an “unfortunate female.”

The blacksmith smoked on at his little black pipe with increased vigour. He was as galled at the interruption as a dog

who has had a bone, or a wit who has had an epigram, taken out of his mouth.

“ My master,” continued the doctor’s servant, “ has a theory about the winds.”

“ Indeed !” said the grocer, who had an attachment to intellectual pursuits, and consequently was very unsuccessful in his business ; “ do you know it ?”

“ I ought to,” said the flunkey, superciliously, and taking a sip at the pot.

The grocer was a timid man ; he therefore only ejaculated quietly—“ Oh !” Then his love of knowledge jogging him, he pursued—“ You’ve paid some attention to it, then, Mr. Brown ?”

“ I should think so. I’ve carried it from his study to the drawing-room every night these six months.”

The grocer gave ever so little of a sigh, but made no observation.

Mr. Brown was obviously not deep in the theory ; but, perhaps, after all, he knew as much about it as his master.

“ Perhaps,” said the blacksmith, “ the doctor would explain, why my chimney-pot always comes off, and our next door’s one always stops on, in them gales ?”

“ I should say, no doubt he could,” said Mr. Brown.

“ Your neighbour goes to church,” said the parish clerk, who had recently turned a severe Puseyite (but, somehow or other, always faced the wrong way in church, to the amusement of the profane) ; and, so saying, he popped the red-hot poker into the pot, and, as it gave forth a violent hiss, glanced at the blacksmith, as if to call his attention to the kind of noise which he would probably make, under circumstances of a similarly hot nature, by and by.

At this moment there was a loud thumping at the door. The landlady came into the tap-room, and glanced at the enormous round-faced clock over the fire-place : the hands, which were not unlike pokers, marked the hour of ten.—“ Nobody can come in now—too late,” said she ; and she advanced to the door, and cried out—“ Who’s there ?”

“ It’s me,” replied a delicate voice from the exterior.

“ Who’s me ?” asked the landlady, snappishly.

“ Not to know me, argues yourself unknown !” roared out

another voice.—“ Come, my good woman, if woman you be, as I conjecture from those tones, just a little cracked but silvery still, open the door to a distinguished traveller!”

Mrs. Parkin was a little startled, as well she might be, at this address; but she opened the door. When she did so, a party of five presented themselves. Four of them were youths; the fifth was a burly man of middle age. They were all dripping wet, and had but one carpet-bag, in the way of luggage, amongst them, which was carried by a youth with a fat rosy face.

“ Ha! an English tap-room,” said the youth, who had spoken last from the other side of the door.—“ Sweet picture of English comfort! Dobbs, be seated!”

The youths of the *Baboon* had come to this. In last night’s gale, that gallant schooner had strewed her bones on the western coast: scarcely any thing had been saved from her but some money, which the gallant M’Mizen had borne to shore on his person, in defiance of all danger.

The party in the tap-room betrayed no little surprise at the entry of the damp strangers, particularly when M’Mizen took off his hat, and gave it a shake, which scattered moisture over them, and followed it up, by grumbling out—“ That weeds wanted nae watering,” by which reflection, he at once condemned his own act, and ridiculed those who suffered by it, in the most impartial manner.

The clerk, the blacksmith, and the grocer, rose and went away, leaving with the new comers the doctor’s servant, who, probably, anticipated a job for his master.

The unfortunate heroes of the *Baboon* gathered round the fire. The landlady brought a pot of our national liquor.

Chilton took it in his hand, with a certain degree of formality. It was an important moment. With up-turned eyes and solemn looks, the returned heroes partook of beer.—“ And here is an end to our career,” said Chilton, mournfully. “ The *Baboon* wrecked—Dobbs discrowned—nothing left for us all but to earn what is called a respectable livelihood! We, who have lived out of the pale of law, will have to study it! we, who have inflicted wounds, will have to learn how to cure them!”

“ Where are we going to sleep?” asked Carisford, drowsily.

It was an important question. The huge clock showed that the hour was eleven o'clock ; and the face of the landlady (which was not unlike it), as it passed every now and then into the room, showed that she was anxious that she should have the house to herself, as soon as possible. The size of the little inn precluded the possibility of its accommodating the party.

"I think, gents.," said the flunkey, who, while smoking his pipe, had been scrutinizing the party curiously, "I think I could put you up to a way of getting a lodging for the night. You would have no objection to stay all night in a gentleman's house——"

"Not the least!" interrupted Chilton, eagerly.

"Under peculiar circumstances?" continued the speaker.

"Under any circumstances!" said Chilton, decisively.

The servant paused a few moments in dignified meditation ; and then went on to say, that there was a gentleman's country house in the neighbourhood, not very large, but of considerable antiquity—it was called Pendon. It had been recently sold by a proprietor, to whose family it had belonged for many years. The purchaser had not come down there to live yet, and, meanwhile, it was under the charge of a housekeeper. That housekeeper enjoyed the honour of his friendship, and would, doubtless, be able to accommodate the travellers for that night.

"Perfectly satisfactory," said Chilton. "Come, boys, we're going to sleep at Pendon."

So saying, he severely jogged Dobbs, who had fallen asleep, and was nodding gravely forward from his chair ; and they all left the house.

The man who had offered to guide them, now led the way out of the village, and across a field, which seemed very barren, and which was dotted here and there with white stones, which glittered in the moonlight : their shapes were strange, so that you would have fancied, as you walked amongst them, that it was a place of skulls ; and, indeed, why should it not be ? Are we not, in the most common-place parts of busy commercial England, trampling on the ruined houses, and hidden riches, and forgotten bones, of all sorts of Normans, and defunct

Druids, and stern old rich Romans, and “squelched” Aborigines of the island?

Through some dark trees came the figure of a house in sight, as the party went on. It was an old-fashioned mansion, with its due share of ivy—benevolent plant, that hides the weaknesses of the old age of houses, as one of the good sons of Noah covered the old man with a cloak, when he had exceeded the bounds of sobriety. There was a river running by it, or, rather what had been a river in its youth, for it had fallen into its dotage, and become stagnant and slow as a ditch. There was no pleasant murmur in its water, nor motion of any sort, but that of an occasional water rat, breasting the sluggish flood, and hastening to the sedgy bank.

“This is Pendon,” said their guide, ringing the bell at the gate, which brought a howling dog bounding out to the front. “The old housekeeper will give you shelter here, and you can give her what you please,” and he drew up, as though, at the same time, tacitly urging his own claim.

“You must let me make you a present,” said Chilton, handing him some money out of the not too great stock of the Society.

At the same moment the housekeeper made her appearance at the gate with a lantern, which she held up, to look at the party, and which displayed, at the same time, her own white face—a strange old white face, and with wrinkles on it, like the tracks left by worms in clay.

“You can give these gentlemen shelter?” said their conductor, speaking with a degree of deference which seemed formal; “they are strangers here. They were wrecked last night: they are homeless now.”

“Let me look at one of them,” she answered. She raised the lantern, and it happened that the light fell on the features of young Pereira—the one of the set whose name has been least mentioned in this record, and who (perhaps on that account) was the most innocent of them all. It is by no means the best men whose names are in everybody’s mouth. Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory, for she opened the gate immediately, and motioned them to pass in, but she said nothing.

“ Good night,” said their strange friend, turning away to go back ; and they entered the house.

There was a look of gravity with something of sulkiness about the old woman which did not invite to conversation, so they followed her in silence into a large and barely furnished room, where they stood at the fire while she went out apparently with the intention of providing their sleeping apartments. They were all tired, cold, and melancholy, with a great deal to think about, and no courage to begin thinking. No doubt there was a melancholy pause on the part of Alnaschar after he had kicked down the basket, before he began picking up the broken bits of glass. And our friends were in a somewhat similar position.

“ Ugh ! how cold it is !” muttered Carisford. “ My clothes are dry, but they’re quite hard, and I feel as if I was dressed in a suit of stiff brown paper !” Here he looked at Chilton, and, apparently, saw something peculiar in his eye, for he shook his fist laughingly at him, and said—“ I know what you’re thinking, you rascal ! You’re thinking I ought to have foolscap on my head, to make the garb complete !”

Chilton had no time to plead guilty, or not guilty, to this accusation, for just at that moment the old woman re-entered.—“ This way,” she said, swinging the lantern which she still carried in her hand.

We cannot say what visions the adventurers had formed in their own minds of snug rooms, dreamy curtains, and snowy sheets. Whatever they were, they were not realized ; for the housekeeper showed them into a large room, hung with tapestry, which contained no better sleeping accommodation than five mattresses, spread upon the floor, with a blanket on each.

They glanced at each other in some astonishment ; but they had no time to remonstrate. Their singular hostess placed the lantern in the centre of the room, and left them to such repose as they might be able to find. There was no use in grumbling ; besides, had they not bivouacked in strange places before, wrapped in their *greggoes*, on the hard floors of the room at sacred Delphi, or on the deck of the *Baboon*, in the long hot nights of the tropics ? M’Mizen emphatically thanked Providence, rolled himself round, and snored with enthusiasm, making his grati-

tude audible enough. The rest did their best to follow his example.

* * * * *

But Chilton could not sleep ; he was weary, but could get no rest—drowsy, but could get no slumber. Accustomed as he was to the noises of a vessel, the silence seemed oppressive, and his eyes wandered restlessly to the tapestry on the wall, partially lighted by the lantern which stood upon the floor. He could not distinguish the scenes represented on it ; but his fancy supplied them with colouring, and they seemed in the shadow to be gloomy representations, scenes of terror and sacrifice—figures that threatened with eyes of strange reproach. As he gazed upon them, they seemed to grow clearer ; then he would raise himself on his couch, and wonder whether he had been dreaming or not.

He was lying in this way, at once nervous and fatigued—slumbering for a moment, and waking with a start, when his attention was seized by the sound of a voice in a neighbouring chamber. He recognised the peculiar tones of the old woman of the house ; the second part of the conversation was carried on in a man's voice, but low and stealthy—a voice such as a cat would use, if a cat could speak, and were to turn hypocritical. Where had Chilton heard that voice before ? He listened without scruple or delicacy, and heard the following dialogue :—

Old woman (sighing).—“ Three-and-thirty years house-keeper in the family, as was my mother before me, and the house gone to strangers at last ! ”

Man (gravely).—“ *O domus antiqua !* ”

“ The second syllable's long, you scoundrel ! ” muttered Chilton between his teeth, “ long as your ears ! ”

Old woman.—“ The happy days I've had in this house, Mr. —— ” [Chilton held his breath, but he did not catch the name]. “ The daughter was so sweet a young lady, sir ; everybody loved her ; and it was believed, that if she was not down here in the summer time, the nightingales would not sing.”

“ A poetical old woman,” thought Chilton. “ Few hags are sybils now-a-days.”

Old woman.—“But, most of all, her cousin William loved her.”

“Pooh!” Chilton muttered. “A love story! I wish I could get to sleep.”

He turned himself round for the purpose; but not meeting the success which it is to be feared will attend a similar effort on the part of the intelligent reader, at the same point, he listened again. This time he heard the name of “Limsdale.” This then was the house of Mr. Limsdale; the old woman had been speaking of Flora; the cousin was the youth whom he and his friends had taken in the yacht to Naples—Flora’s lover—Carisford’s rival. He listened now with the utmost avidity. He caught the dialogue, again, at this point.

Old woman.—“You see, sir, she was as much afraid of him, as anything else. Their fathers had been deadly enemies, brothers as they were. Some said that the present gentleman, my poor master, killed his brother in a duel. God only knows! But the family was always ‘centric. I can show you up stairs, sir, in the blue bed-room, the holes that old Mr. Godfrey, the grandfather, made in the curtain with his sword. He used to lie awake of a morning, and amuse himself with striking at it.”

Here there was a pause. Chilton wondered why the other person never spoke, but certain sounds of deglutition showed that he was better employed. The housekeeper went on—

Old woman.—“But Miss Flora could not be cruel to anybody. She used to see her cousin sometimes, and when the poor young man was going abroad, on account of his health, she agreed—such a queer fancy, wasn’t it, *Mr. Tartan*—[“What, art thou here, thou leaden Machiavel!” muttered Chilton in surprise] that he should send her a letter, from the ship, by a carrier-pigeon, when the ship got opposite the coast, which is ten miles off here. Such a nice pigeon she gave him, but it never came back. I wonder what became of it?”

Mr. Tartan, with gravity.—“Perhaps somebody killed it, and used it in a pie.”

Old woman.—“Ah, sir, you’re a humorous gentleman. We must all laugh sometimes. And pray, sir, what’s to become of my poor young mistress, now that her father’s gone?”

“Heavens,” thought Chilton, “is he dead!” He listened

eagerly, once more for the reply. The speaker obviously made some preparation before he began. There was a slight coughing heard, and then there broke on Chilton's ear, the tones of the miscreant—the respectable miscreant—whom he had not heard till that night, since he had tried to drive him from his prey, at Brokesby Hall, years before.

Mr. Tartan.—“I am sure that I have every reason to be grateful to you, my dear madam, for your kindness in giving me information about the unfortunate family, whose affairs I am so much interested in as a minister, and I am certain your services will be handsomely acknowledged by the proper parties. With regard to Miss Limsdale—I fear—that is, medical men have said—not but what Mr. William Limsdale is anxious to, and has been ever since he has been at Brokesby Hall——” Here the speaker muttered out the remainder of his sentence in a confused manner, which made it inaudible to Chilton. The old housekeeper gave a melancholy sigh; then there was a shuffling noise which showed that Tartan was retiring.

Chilton turned round and closed his eyes once more. His head swam confusedly; he felt as he did when battling with the water the night before on the beach; then he went suddenly to sleep, and did not wake till the lofty room was inundated with daylight, and the dust on the old tapestry figures glittered like steel-filings, in the rays of the morning.

“England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!”

exclaimed young Pereira, as they all woke up.

“I've had such horrible dreams,” said Carisford. “I dreamed that I and Flora Limsdale were going to be married, and that just when we were at the altar, a skeleton came in and forbid the union!”

A laugh and a half shudder ran through the little company. Chilton looked at his friend, and tried to smile, but he was not very successful. “And what did you dream, M'Mizen?” he asked, desirous of giving a lively tone to the talk at once.

“Faith, sir, naething in particular; but ance I fancied I was busy at a grouse pie and a glass of strunt wi' Birtwhistle o'Klavers.”

"Bravo, Mac," said Chilton. "Your's is an old family in the Stewartry—isn't it?"

"Ay, sir, we're aulder than the Galloways—"

"What, Lord Galloway's family?"

"To be sure, sir, but—" and here the sailing-master paused thoughtfully—"ye ken, the Galloways were aye a powerfu' hoose;" which characteristic touch on the part of their old skipper caused considerable amusement to the young gentlemen.

When they had dressed themselves, and performed such ablutions as they could find convenience for, they saw once more their mysterious hostess, to whom they presented a gratuity for their accommodation. She received it very thankfully, and, indeed, there were all the signs of the greatest poverty about her, as there were of a ruinous antiquity about the mansion. She made however no remarks, and encouraged no inquiry, and our friends were very glad to find themselves outside the gate, and in the full enjoyment of the warm sunshine of a fine day. They trudged back to the village where they had been the night before, Chilton revolving in his mind what he had heard in their strange lodging-place, and forming a plan for their next proceeding. Carisford, meanwhile, was carolling merrily as they walked along the road, and was to all appearances, as active and as contented as the starry-speckled starlings, which dashed in and out of the thick ivy on the old house they had left.

They arrived once more at the "Chequers," and there partook of refreshment, by way of breakfast, after which they held a very serious consultation, having by some means or other sent M'Mizen on a mission, and got him out of the way *pro tem.* It was then that Chilton revealed to them what he had heard on the previous night, what had been said of the Limsdales, of Brokesby Hall, with a full account of how the old woman had talked, and so on. They were profoundly astonished, and after a few hasty exclamations, sat staring at each other in dumb surprise.

"Now," said Chilton, "I have been thinking matters over, and this is my project. We have a certain amount of money left, not enough to take us all up to Portsmouth in the regular way. Some one must go forward by the coach to see how matters are getting on; the rest must follow in a wagon.

Carisford is certainly the most interested person, in the proceedings at Brokesby Hall. Let him take the money for the coach, and push forward."

The proposal was welcomed with applause. Carisford resisted it of course, at first, but was over-ruled, and his eyes sparkled with gladness at the prospect. They found that they were five miles distant from the town of T_____, whence a coach started, and that town they reached in an hour-and-a-half. There came another consultation. All the money of the Society, except a few shillings, was made over to Mr. Car., and, furthermore, he was furnished with the one carpet-bag of the company, that he might present a respectable appearance among his fellow-travellers, for, as is sagaciously remarked, in the clever burlesque of *Noureddin and the Fair Persian*—

“ ‘Tis the carpet-bag that tells,
Gentlemen from dressed-up swells.”

Here was an example of what the devotion of friendship ought to be. What is the “ silken and perfumed amity” (as Emerson calls it) of the fine world to this? Our friends gathered round the coach, at the door of the Royal Arms. The devoted carpet-bag was tossed, rather superciliously they thought, into the boot. Carisford mounted on the box, alongside the driver, and, in another instant, the coach had rolled away, and there had been achieved, in the simplest manner possible, what storm, battle, and fate, had not brought about during some three years—a separation among the “ band of brothers,” whose history we have been recording in these pages.

Let us love and cherish our friends in the days of our youth, thought Chilton, as Car. disappeared. ‘Tis with the world as with mountains—the higher we climb, the colder is the air, and the fewer are the flowers.

Our friends marched briskly through the town, and along the high road, and by evening they had very contentedly installed themselves in a huge wagon, and were jogging eastward, while M'Mizen was howling out a love song about the “ gowden locks o' Anna”, and the wagoner, a humble Bootes of the western road, was seated on the shafts, smoking a little black pipe.

* * * * *

In the meantime, we return to Toe Chilton, left in a situation for which he was utterly unfit, at Brokesby Hall. He was quite able to write a good letter of advice, for he was not without abilities ; and in the case of a family misfortune, few men were more fitted to rise up at a meeting on the subject, and "deplore the circumstances which it was now their duty to alleviate," and so on. But when it came to acting, the worthy gentleman was useless ; he could build a ship, as it were, but not sail it—he could construct a balloon, but not go up in one.

Accordingly, when he found that his old friend Mr. Limsdale had been afflicted by a mental malady—when he knew that his daughter was up stairs in sorrow and in fear, he felt himself quite unable to act. He felt ashamed, too, of his impotence ; but he had a dim consciousness, that his portly appearance—on which the mark of "the world" was so clearly written—was not quite the one which beffited a director in difficulty, and a consoler in calamity. He did not know what to do, at all, in fact. If it had been a relation of his own, he thought, he would not have so much cared ; one can deal in a regular business way with one's relations ; but the delicate task of acting in the affairs of another—for that, Toe felt himself quite unfit.

He remained for some time in the room, after the doctor had left it, moving unceasingly up and down, and playing restlessly with the ornaments on the mantle-piece. And then he sat down and wrote a little note of condolence to Flora, to ask her whether there was anything he could do for her "under the circumstances," which was a favourite phrase of his. He rung the bell for a servant to take it up stairs to her, when the door opened, and William Limsdale entered the room. Mr. Chilton and that youth had met on several occasions at Naples, where they had been introduced to each other ; but they had never been at all cordial. The truth was, they had stood aloof from each other from the first. How could the fiery and eccentric nature of Limsdale agree with the quiet *bonhomie* of Mr. Chilton ? It is probable that Limsdale felt a great contempt for Toe, and indeed, the old gentleman had an instinctive feeling when he entered the room, that an unpleasant scene was coming.

Limsdale bowed with an air of surprise, which was partly studied, as he entered the room, and unrolled a large shawl-handkerchief from his neck. His eye fell on the note which was lying addressed to Flora, on the table. Mr. Chilton spoke at once on the hint, and expressed his regret at the intelligence, which he had learned when he entered the house.

"We are accustomed to calamities in our family," said the youth, coolly, and rather haughtily; "but," he added, "of course we are grateful for sympathy from any stranger."

"I am a very old friend of your uncle's, Mr. Limsdale," said Toe, feeling his cheeks grow rather warm: "I came here to see him, and mourn his absence, and the cause of it, as much as any one can; and as for that sweet girl upstairs——"

"She is my cousin, sir," interrupted Limsdale, "and now under *my* care. This must be stopped," he muttered, and rang the bell. A servant entered. The young man looked hard at him.—"Miss Limsdale is upstairs—unwell, I believe, Johnson?"

"Yes, sir."

"And declines to see anybody, I believe?" he continued, looking darkly at him.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Limsdale waved his hand, and the servant left.

Toe was astonished at his imperiousness, and half thought that the man had just been answering according to the suggestions which spoke from his face, which was likely enough; but he had no time to speculate.

Young Limsdale looked at him for a few seconds with a glance, which said as plainly as possible—"Well, what more do you want?" and he took up his hat to go. As the door closed upon him, young Limsdale was looking out of the window. He turned away from it, as the good-natured old boy passed, and throwing the note, which he had left on the table, into the fire, exclaimed—"The poor old feaster and wine-bibber, coming here to meddle with me—the good-hearted twaddler!" and he grinned his scorn.

Toe, meanwhile, pursued his way in a melancholy mood back to the cottage of Mrs. Dobbs, feeling a painful conviction that he had made but a sorry appearance in his character of friend of the family. The fact was, that he was not the man to deal

with a character of passion and fire. His easy good nature and simple worldly sense, his judgment and good advice, and so forth, seemed tame and contemptible, compared with Limsdale's bold impulses and striking language. He felt very angry, and even began to mutter to himself his wonder and regret that the consumption which had taken hold of the youth, had not yet removed him. "I thought," muttered Toe, "that he was in a rapid decline at Naples; he is just the sort of youth one would have expected to die there, romantically, with the window open, that he might take a 'last look at Nature,' on the Rousseau dodge—and leaving orders in his will that he should be buried in Virgil's grave." And the old gentleman smiled, as he recalled to his memory this dying whim of some of the romantic English abroad; and glanced round at the trees which Autumn had already begun to strip of their leaves, wondering whether this time of the year was not dangerous to consumptive persons. Then his thoughts turned to how Flora could be situated, and so naturally to his son Tom and the yacht *Baboon*; and then he touched up the pony he was driving, and pushed on with accelerated speed towards the cottage of Mrs. Dobbs.

When he arrived there, he found old Mr. Carisford and Caroline sitting in the parlour, quite as melancholy as himself, and talking about the yacht in tones of dolorous doubt. Poor old Mrs. Dobbs was still keeping her bed; not only had she had a bad night, but she was unfortunately under a superstitious influence. The old lady firmly declared that during the night she had heard a "token" in her room, and was certain that it was a warning of her son's death—he had found a watery grave, as his father had before him.

"What token? what do you mean by a token, mamma?" Caroline asked, when she took up a little soup to her, in the middle of the day.

To which her mother replied—"that it was a loud noise, suddenly, as if something heavy had fallen on the floor of the room."

"Perhaps something did," urged her daughter.

But Mrs. Dobbs was certain that the noise was supernatural, and, said further, that similar noises had always preceded calamities in her family. Just such a noise was the one her poor sister heard, coming across Jockey's Field, one night, and

arriving at home, found that her baby had died in convulsions at the exact moment.

"But, surely, mamma," pursued the girl, "you don't seriously believe that the laws of nature are altered or suspended every time that something's going to happen to the Bilboes family, do you?"

Mrs. Dobbs shook her head at this, but was not convinced.

The information which Toe brought—Mr. Limsdale's calamity, and what might be expected from it—just completed the gloom of the little cottage.

Caroline vowed that she would start immediately, to go and see Flora, but was dissuaded by Toe, who represented to her the nature of the youth who was at that time master of the house.

She was astonished at the intelligence; she walked about the room in an agony of perplexity; she shed tears.

Toe blushed as he thought how little he had done to show what he felt on the subject.—"But then," he thought, "William Limsdale is her cousin; there are no other relations that I know of: her father is insane. Good God! what can a man do?"

Caroline was busy in thinking over the circumstances. Flora had spoken to her of this cousin—of her dread and dislike to him. She began eagerly questioning old Chilton.—"It is very strange. Surely Mr. Limsdale must have shown some symptoms of this mental disorder before?"

"He was often eccentric, certainly," said Toe, beginning to recollect certain little circumstances in Italy, which he had not thought much of before; "but, then, I generally saw him when he was lively and well. Sometimes he retired for months, and used to go and live by himself near the sea. I never minded rumours much. He was always sane, as far as I saw; and drank his bottle of Burgundy as quietly as any man," concluded Toe, who thought, no doubt, that proof of the last fact ought to throw open the doors of the poor gentleman's asylum at once.

"But, good gracious!" said Caroline, who had hit on another idea by this time, "who are Flora's relations by the mother's side? What was her mother's maiden name?"

"Bless me, yes!" said old Mr. Carisford, who had been lis-

tening in silence to the other two. "There must be gross dereliction of duty, somewhere, among these people! It's disgraceful, upon my honour!"

Toe jumped up, and pulled out his watch.—"It's getting late, my dear Miss Dobbs. I have a little book, among my papers, somewhere, with notes in it, that, I dare say, contains the fact you ask for. You dine with me, you know, Mr. Carisford. We must bid you good day now, Miss Dobbs."

"And about this poor *Baboon*?"

"True—ah! I will call in the morning—perhaps with some news. Tom is our great hope, Miss Caroline," said Toe, jocularly, and never noticing, in the least, that the girl blushed a little as he said so; he had never, indeed, even considered whether his son had ever seen her. "I feel quite sure that Tom's safe; and though, perhaps—

'Poor Tom's a-cold,'

particularly if the gale wrecked the yacht, yet he will arrive at Portsmouth, as safe as possible, depend upon it. But, really, I must apologize for troubling you about him."

Caroline bowed, and laughed—"Oh dear, no!"

"Good day."

Upon which the two gentlemen left the cottage, and proceeded to the hotel, where Toe was staying; while Caroline went up stairs, to see if mamma was ready for her medicine; and to listen to her accounts of the various supernatural agencies by which it had pleased Providence, at different times, to announce impending calamities to the doomed House of Bilboes!

After dinner, and not till then, for Toe, as has been hinted already, was a *Pan*-theist, or one of those whose god is the pan, or pot—Toe rummaged among his luggage, till he found a little memorandum book, in which he had written all sorts of useful information acquired in his travels. There were addresses of men of all classes; notes of the names of hotels; receipts for making milk punch; hints on choosing cigars; registers of after-dinner bets; stray catch-words, which suggested favourite puns and anecdotes; and brief mysterious fragments of family histories, singularly obtained. Out of this





William Lumsdale.

collection he dug up the fact, that the name of Limsdale's wife was Burysford. Here was one step. He next seized a Court Guide, for the year 183-, and there found two Burysfords—Burysford, Sir William, Powisham-street—and Burysford, John, Esq., Pimlico. Having advanced thus far, he took a glass of port, and refreshed himself after his exertions. This done, the indefatigable man turned to a Peerage and Baronetage, and there found—Burysford, Sir William; and, sure enough, the fact, that his daughter Matilda, married, in 18—, John Limsdale, Esq., of Pendon.

Upon this, Toe instantly wrote off a letter to Sir William, addressed to his town residence, and informing him of all that was going forward at Brokesby Hall, never doubting that the worthy baronet would be down immediately, personally to direct the affairs of his relatives in this crisis.

This stroke of business accomplished, Messrs. Chilton and Carisford went off to the theatre, where the *Tempest* happened to be the first piece; so that they had a good opportunity of forming an opinion how the *Baboon* had fared, during the gale of the previous night.

While these gentlemen had been thus spending the afternoon, in devising plans for the benefit of Flora Limsdale, the girl herself had been shut up in her bedroom in solitary sorrow.

The Hall presented a most dreary appearance. The blinds were all down, as befitted a place where joy was dead. The servants had already drawn a curtain over the picture of the master; and the papers in his "own room," had been collected, and tied up in a parcel, and duly sealed, and delivered to the youth who was ruling in his place.

Outside, the world of nature looked as dreary as the social world did within. Last night's storm had covered the avenue with leaves, which every now and then, the eddy winds whirled into chaplets. When night came with its moonlight, the house with closed shutters was inaccessible to it, and the rays played drearily on the white walls.

William Limsdale had spent the day in the utmost application to business. He had been seated at the library table examining old family papers, hunting through letters, and diaries,

and books. His patience did not flag ; for hours he was seated at the work, not even suffering himself to be interrupted by the short sharp coughs which broke from him occasionally, to which, fatal as their nature was, he had become accustomed.

He had become acquainted with the state of his uncle, through the medium of Mr. Tartan. That gentleman, as we have stated, had early begun to form conjectures concerning the eccentricities of Mr. Limsdale. In his anxiety to get information about them, he made an excursion to PENDON—Mr. Limsdale's hereditary place—when he got that knowledge, viz. that there was insanity in the family (to use the common comprehensive expression) which he communicated to Mr. Banneret, and which frightened that youth and his mamma away from the match with Flora. Mr. Banneret rewarded that information with a douceur, and not long afterwards married into a family where there was no insanity, but where on the contrary the members were so remarkably cool and collected, that they helped the lady whom B. chose, to spend her husband's money and torment his life out, in fine style. But the subsequent career of that promising and unfortunate young man, has no place in the present history.

Encouraged by Mr. Banneret's liberality, Tartan took a still deeper interest than ever in Mr. Limsdale's affairs, and watched that gentleman with a closeness, which probably accelerated the catastrophe which it anticipated. The acquaintance of the Dobbses made Flora familiar with something of Mr. Tartan's history and character, and her father soon after ceased to encourage him any longer. What with anger, as well as cupidity, Tartan was this time ripe for injuring him to any extent. Being in the habit of visiting the shipping, for the purpose of what he called "awakening" the seamen, but which generally proved to be exactly the reverse, he made the acquaintance of young Limsdale—informed him, that he believed his uncle's reason in danger, and counselled him to assert his rights, as the proper person (Flora being under age) to act in the case ; thence the events above narrated : and now William was master of the house—master—and his cousin Flora there with him alone.

His love for this girl had been the great principle, the one idea of his life—she was his religion ; when he prayed, he

thought of her; when he slept, he dreamed of her; and, in some respects, he was worthy of her. He had none of the vices of youth—there was no levity about his character; his was an earnest, sincere being. He was ascetic even as a boy; but his nature was dark, fierce, and unloveable.—“I wonder,” he exclaimed, as he rose from the seat, where he had been pursuing his labours, and flung down his pen, “I wonder how many withered leaves there are on our genealogical tree! A curse seems to have been upon us from generation to generation. And what right have we to marry? Marry, by —, unless we took our wives from Bedlam, and the devil for the priest! A fair right I have to blame the family, to be sure, who have done every thing but sell my soul for the fair-haired girl upstairs! Ah, there is no insanity about her. She is the fair copy of her fair mother, who was all holiness and grace, and died ere she knew any thing of the terrors attached to the family to which she was allied.”

He sat down again, and wrote a note, and sealed it up. Then he rung the bell, and while waiting for the servant, he walked in front of the large mirror, which spread like a curtain of still virgin silver across the wall at one end of the room. There was no vanity in the feeling which prompted him to gaze wistfully there at the reflected hues from his cheek. He turned away from the glass with a sigh, and walked to the window, where he saw the dead leaves of the summer whirled about by the wind, and thought how exquisitely true to nature was the line in which Byron’s *Manfred* compares the fatal colour on the cheek of *Astarte*, to the hue

“Which autumn plants upon the perished leaf.”

“How odd that the object should present itself to my eyes, almost at the same moment that the line did to my memory,” thought Limsdale; “and yet I feel a great deal better than I did, though lately I have sometimes had an odd sensation at the heart, as though a mole were burrowing away there——” He paused, and coloured, for the servant had entered the room noiselessly, and Limsdale felt that the man must inevitably connect these uttered soliloquies of his, with the eccentricities which had preceded his uncle’s calamity.—“Take this note up to Miss Flora,” he said, “with my compliments.”

The servant took hold of it, then paused, and said—"When will you have dinner, sir?"

"Oh, speak to Miss Flora about what she wants: as for me, bring me some fruit and water, and a little bread."

The servant left the room; and in a few minutes, Flora Limsdale was reading the following letter:—

"Cousin! a calamity has fallen upon our family—we have felt the hand of fate. A soul has been removed from our group, and you and I are left alone together, in desolation. Whom God has joined—you know the words, and the remainder. We are joined by God in this misfortune: shall we not become one, indissolubly, now, heart and soul, in the eyes of God and man? Forgive this suit, once more pressed on your attention. Surely, my long love is to have its reward at last!"

"We are in the darkness of misfortune—true; but, grow not the cypresses together, up towards the sky, from among the tombs?"

Your loving cousin,
WILLIAM."

CHAPTER XVII.

WINDING UP.

Shut up the box, and put away the puppets,
for our play is played out.

Vanity Fair.



HERE are, doubtless, few men who have ever walked in London for purposes of philosophical observation, without pausing to look at that singular house, No. 42, Powisham-street. It has actually been allowed to go to decay, to wither of architectural consumption, as it were, and to stand ruinous amidst respectability by its owners, just as if it was one of their poor relations, instead of being a four-story mansion, which, at some slight expense for refit, might be let at a considerable

rent to a respectable family ! Some of the windows are broken, the rest are thickly coated with blue dust ; the area railings are rusty as old armour ; the door is desolate of a knocker ; and the whole place is dreary as a vault. No doubt, by this time, the bells have become dumb from want of use. What must the people in 41 think of it ? Do they ever hear hungry rats capering through the old house at night ?—Do they know, that the very policeman has a superstitious fear of casting a light from his bull's-eye lantern upon it ; and that the retired sailor, who keeps a nocturnal coffee-still in the neighbourhood, tells everybody who stays to partake of his mocha, that it is haunted ?

This remarkable change in 42, Powisham-street, which some twenty years ago was as nice a house as one would wish to dine at, with a quiet family—as the present historian who was then a child in a pinafore, has been informed—began in the year 183—when Sir William Burysford went to live there. Causes of various sorts, a wife's death, a daughter's elopement, a dissipated son—who would have “brought down his father's grey hair” anywhere, if he could have sold them for a wig—had determined the old gentleman to live in miserly solitude. He withdrew himself totally from society, became a complete hermit in the very heart of London, peremptorily dropped all communications with his relations of every degree, and all this while in possession of a large fortune. For the first two years nobody even saw him, but the solitary man-servant who attended him. The blinds of the house were not once raised, its appearance was totally neglected. The man-servant used to hover about the neighbourhood in the middle of the day, and take the old baronet's razors to be “set” to the neighbouring barber, but no persuasion, nor beer, nor gin itself, could ever draw from him a word about the recluse, his master ; so that in course of time, the neighbours ceased to trouble themselves about him at all. The dissipated son never went near the place, knowing the uselessness of attempting to get in, and lived very contentedly on what he could raise in the *post obit* way, bragging at the public houses—which as an outsider in the race of honourable life, he used to frequent—that the old man's tin *must* come to him, the old fellow couldn't help it, and be d——d to him, and

patiently awaiting the hour when his parent should go to the cemetery, and he go to his bankers.

But the son died first, and the father left his house for the first time for two years, to go and see the remains, which were laid out in a garret in Lambeth, where the youth had been hiding from his creditors. He stole out at night for the purpose, and gave instructions for the interment, and he came home in a dismal state of mental composure, and kept the house for another year. This year, he altered sadly ; he grew more and more melancholy, and misanthropic. He used to have long conversations with his servant, sometimes as a relief, and have his accounts of his visits to his family, which he used to make by permission two or three times a week. And he would instil his misanthropy into poor John too ; and would say “ Pooh, man, your wife love you ! she’s a hypocrite as the rest of her sex. You’ll have your daughter running off some day, as mine did ; she’ll go off with some cabman, you’ll see, John. That would be a *mésalliance*, I suppose, in your station ? Ha, ha, ‘gad what a farce the world is ! ” To which grumblings, and so on, John used to listen with such patience as became a man of his good wages, and probably never thought a bit the worse of his own household for this cynicism of his master.

That master was growing more cynical, day by day ; solitary men generally do : they see too much of themselves, and so, naturally, get to hate the species to which they belong. Sir William, in the third year of this singular hermitage, took to strange studies, and used to correspond with the spirited proprietor of *Jeroboam’s Prophetic Almanack*, on Astrology. The astrologer calculated his nativity for him, in return for ten shillings and sixpence, per post-office order : and old Buryford went up on the leads of his house, of an evening, to observe the heavenly bodies, where he was tattooed in a wonderful manner, by the “ blacks ” from the chimneys, and terribly interrupted by the howling of the cats.

It was an event in No. 42, Powisham-street, when the post-man one morning brought a letter. The man-servant almost recoiled from him, as if he had been Vanderdecken, of the Flying Dutchman, with one of those fatal epistles which bring the curse of the tempest upon ships that receive them. He car-

ried it up stairs to his master in fear and trembling. The baronet seemed inclined to reject it, but his curiosity became too strong for him. It was a strange hand, and he devoured it eagerly, when his servant had withdrawn.

The letter dropped from his hand ; he felt an emotion very different to the calm feeling of business, with which it had been indited by Toe Chilton. He thought of his lost daughter, dead, unreconciled to him, and her child, a girl of eighteen, now helpless, and perhaps in danger. His reflection ended in a transport of enthusiasm, and his servant who came to answer a furious ringing of the bell, found the old man jumping about the room like a maniac, and kicking his friend Jeroboam's wonderful *Almanac* before him, " like chaff before the wind."

In another hour, he was posting along westward, at full speed, *en route* to Brokesby Hall.

At that period, there was a small inn, at some distance from the high road, and about forty miles from Brokesby Hall ; and here, at a late hour that night, the inhabitants were roused up by the arrival of Sir William, leaning on the arm of his servant, and limping along with many an execration.

There had been an accident—there was a stain of blood on the old man's trowsers ; his brow was hot, and flushed with feverish excitement, and his eyes looked wild and startled. The people of the inn came to the door in a great hurry ; servants were dispatched, to aid the postillion in looking after his vehicle, and putting it to rights ; and the baronet was helped into the parlour, where he sat down on a sofa, passing his hand across his forehead, and biting his lips in his pain. His servant stood beside his master with a glass of water, and though, as it happened, he had no hurt himself, screwed his mouth up with an air of great agony, every now and then, feeling that it would be only respectful to seem to have suffered also by the accident.

The landlady muttered—" How very unfortunate !"

" Ugh, ugh !" ejaculated the old man, " that cursed Georgium Sidus !" His mind was wandering to his friend Jeroboam's science, and he was mentally execrating an unfortunate star. The people round about him, probably thought he was abusing the postillion.

"It is unfortunate," resumed the landlady; "our's is an out o' the way house. Seldom we see any but just the working men hereabouts, and we've only one bed, and that's occupied by a young gentleman, who came down here two hours ago, and had lost his way after getting out of the T—— coach."

The old man opened his eyes, and seemed to have recovered his faculties.—"No bed!" he exclaimed, peevishly. "What am I to do?"

The landlady shook her head, and looked dolefully round the room. The servant raised the cold water again to the lips of his master, who had turned a shade paler.

At that moment the door opened, and a gay voice exclaimed —"What's all the hubbub—what's the matter here?"

All eyes turned immediately to the door, at which there entered the figure of a young man. He had apparently just come out of bed, for his brown curls hung about his neck in a very confused state. He was wrapped round in a blue pilot coat, put on in haste, for his throat was bare, except as far as it was partially covered by a fragment of blue shirt, visible where the collar of the coat was not buttoned. His face was good-looking, and his manner light and off-hand, even to audacity, but prepossessing.

"Here's the young gentleman, himself," said the landlady. Sir William gazed at him with some curiosity.

"Ah! an accident," said the youth. "I see it all—not much hurt, I hope, sir?" So saying, he drew a little bottle of smelling-salts from the capacious pocket of his coat, and held it under the old man's nose. "A tea-spoonful of brandy, let me recommend, sir—and, I should say, bed immediately."

"That's where it is, sir," quoth the landlady; "we have'n't a bed."

"No bed! pooh! take mine, as a matter of course. That young lady"—bowing to the daughter, who had been plucking the curl-papers from her hair, with great assiduity, for the last few minutes—"will put it to rights again, in a minute for him. God forbid," continued the youth, colouring, "that I should presume to retain it, under the circumstances, for a moment! Did not the Lacedemonians all rise, to make way for their senior at the theatre? and shall I not turn out of bed on an occasion like this? Besides, I can sleep anywhere, and will

just take a nap on the sofa. I have dozed on——” Here he seemed inclined to run into reminiscences, but checked himself. Sir William held out his fore-finger, formally, for him to shake, with a “thank you, sir.”

When the bed was ready, the youth took one arm, while the servant took another, to help the old gentleman up stairs. He got into bed very quietly. He had been slightly bruised, but it was nothing of importance; and, in a short time, the house was restored to its former quiet.

“Stay and talk to me, for a few minutes,” said the old man to the youth.

“Oh, with pleasure; what shall we talk about?” replied he, seating himself on a chair; “our regular English topic, politics?”

“I have not seen a paper lately, and never trouble myself about them.”

“Perhaps it’s as well. The truth is, the talents required for making a figure in public life, compared with those required for any other pursuit, are so small, that a man may be a famous politician, and a stunted mediocrity at the same time. Men of genius go into Parliament and don’t rise into power, or if they do, they meet with the most shameful ill-treatment. Liverpool rules for fifteen years, Canning is hunted to death; orators and writers are kept out of power, and smart younger sons and laborious vestrymen stuck into it—so that the contemplation of the state of things becomes disgusting, and one refrains from it as much as possible. However, what matters who rules, when the State, as C—— says, has ‘shrunk into a police office;’ when a minister is employed half his time in pulling down agitators, and is nothing better than a scarecrow, dressed at the public expense?”

“Ah,” said Sir William, “the Reform Bill did for you smart boys. No more boroughs, for debating-society lights; no more under-secretary-ships for dazzling squib-writers, now. The newspapers have done up pamphleteering, and bagmen have taken to agitation. What the deuce is to become of a gentlemanly adventurer?” And the old man laughed, as he probably had not laughed during the period of the solitude, from which he had broken that morning. The cobwebs were

gradually breaking away from his brain, which had been fast becoming a lumber-room in his hermitage.

The youth laughed also. “ ‘Gad, I’m afraid we must be honest, that’s all. By-the-by, sir, political agitation seems to be becoming an organized profession. I suppose we shall see P.A. tacked on to a name, as regularly and naturally as M.D. soon.’ ”

“ And what profession are you of ? ” inquired Sir Burysford, in right of his seniority and eccentricity.

“ Well, I don’t exactly know,” was the reply. “ Of late, I have been employed, very much in the same way, as a certain old gentleman is represented to have been, in the Book of Job—I have been ‘ walking to and fro on the earth.’ Strictly, I may be described as a seaman.”

It was now past midnight, and the baronet grew drowsy. The young man bid him good night, and went to the room down stairs, where he lay very contentedly on the sofa, till morning. He then went up stairs again, and found his new acquaintance wide awake, and much refreshed by his night’s rest.

“ Well, sir,” he said to him, “ I resume my journey now. Can I be of any service to you ? ”

“ No, thank you. I am quite well, and shall start at noon for Portsmouth. Let me offer you a seat in my carriage, if you are going that way ? ”

“ Thank you, but I am not going so far just now.”

“ Well, well—as you please. But I have much kindness to acknowledge on your part. We shall meet again, perhaps. I am Sir William Burysford, and here is my address,” he continued, to the astonishment of his servant, who entered the room at that moment with some hot water.

“ I hope we shall meet,” said the youth ; “ meanwhile, here is my card. Good-bye, Sir William, and a pleasant journey.” He shook hands with him cordially, went down stairs again, and in a few minutes was walking valiantly along the road.

“ That’s a good lad,” said Sir William, to his faithful man ; “ hand me his card, from that chest of drawers.”

The man did so ; and the old gentleman read on it—

“ MR. HENRY CARISFORD : ” the letters R. N. had been printed after the name, but crossed with ink, and were barely

legible. Sir William thought, as his misanthropy melted, that Mr. Carisford was just the youth that he should have liked to return for his borough some years before, that unhappy borough which had figured in schedule A. (It was a Tory one of course).

Finding himself considerably better, the old gentleman now got up and went down stairs, where, in the absence of books, he drearily perused a "list of the chief hotels in the United Kingdom," which adorned the wall, and urged his servant to see every preparation made for his departure.

Leaving him behind, we join our friend Carisford, who was briskly pushing along towards Brokesby Hall. He had managed, with his usual ingenuity, to get down at the wrong place from the coach, and thus had been obliged to pass the night at the inn where he had met Sir William. Adventures at English inns were common-place, in the eyes of a youth, who, in the yacht *Baboon*, had nearly "put a girdle round the earth;" and, a quarter of an hour after he had left this one, he had ceased to think about the eccentric old baronet, of whose importance to himself he, at that time, had of course no conception whatever.

He walked merrily along, thinking of the young face which he hoped soon to see; and consoled himself for the unpromising nature of the weather, the skies being full of those watery silvery clouds, so common in an English heaven, by singing—

" Why is there—would the stranger know—
So little blue in English skies?
'Twas stolen from heaven, long ago,
And given to our maidens' eyes!"*

and knocking the blossoms off the hedge-rows, as he walked along.

Everything seemed to go luckily with the youth on this journey. First of all, an empty carriage came by, and the coachman offered him a seat, which Mr. Car. joyfully accepted; and seating himself inside, comported himself with so much dignity, that various people whom he passed on the road, took

* *Poems* (M. S.).

him for a member of one of the "great county families," going in his carriage to his ancestral hall. This lift took him a long way : then he got another. It was a smart baker's cart, this time, that took him up ; and there Mr. Car. sat, with equal dignity and more contentment, though very likely, this time, he was taken for the baker's brother. But Car. did not trouble himself to speculate on the subject. He got very friendly with the courteous baker, and told him many an anecdote, which afterwards startled and amused the worthy fellow's circle of acquaintances.

One way and another, Carisford managed, by nightfall, to reach the British Oak. This was the inn mentioned, long ago, in our pages, as being the scene of that exploit, by which Chilton detained poor Limp, till the death of Mrs. Forrester made his journey useless. Here it was that the young heroes of the *Baboon* watched at the window for the shooting of the rocket—the brilliant messenger of death—which announced that event ; and all rushed on Carisford's mind, as he approached the inn. He gazed out, in the direction of Brokesby Hall, remembering how the rivulet of fire had poured through the dark, on that evening. What deaths might have happened in the house since ! Was Flora there now?—as Chilton had gathered from the strange conversation at Pendon—was she mourning, or mourned ?

He approached, with slackened step, the inn. It was here that he used to come out from Portsmouth, with many pleasant fellows, long ago, on the summer afternoons, to eat the landlord's strawberries, which were famous, and to drink his sherry, which was really capital. Here he and Chilton had planned many a romantic thing to be done in the *Baboon*, which had never been accomplished. Here the brilliant Clarendon, of the *Magnificent*, gave a Champagne *conversazione* to the new-school naval men, at Portsmouth, and buried the empty bottles in the garden, with military honours.

"God bless me!" said the good-natured landlord, as Carisford made his appearance, "Mr. Carisford ! Why, who'd have thought of seeing you here, sir ? Missis ! Mr. Carisford's particular, if *you* please ! What—are you paid off, sir ?"

"Paid off !" said Car., with a laugh. "'Gad ! we are paid off, and no mistake ! Why, Mr. Purcell, don't you know that

Chilton, and I, and Pereira, and the young Mr. Dobbs, that we brought here one day, went away in a yacht? We were wrecked, the other day, in that gale, and I have just come up from the west country."

" Ah, now I remember, sir! some of the young gentlemen of the *Pestilent* spoke something about it, here, one day. To be sure! Well, sir, I'm glad you're come back."

" So am I, I can tell you. I'm going to settle down: and that reminds me—I want a little private conversation with you, Mr. Purcell."

Here the worthy hostess came with Mr. Carisford's particular; and he went up stairs with the landlord, into the room where Limp had been imprisoned. You could tell, from the different colours of the bell ropes, the one which had been substituted for that by which the attorney lowered himself.

" Purcell," said Carisford, speaking quick and distinctly, and putting down the glass on the table, that no agitation might be perceptible in his hand, " who has got Brokesby Hall now?"

" Some people of the name of Limsdale, sir, not long in the county. I don't suppose you know them."

" I rather think I do," said Car., with a smile. " There's Mr. Lims—"

" Mr. Limsdale, the young gentleman; and his cousin, Miss Flora, sir."

" Young gentleman!—where's the old one then?"

" Oh, poor man! he's out of his right mind, sir; and has been taken away to—"

" God bless me! and you're quite certain, then, that the others are quite well, and living there?"

" Positive, sir; but they live quite retired. The young man's strange enough, Heaven knows! and, I believe, he's going to marry his cousin, sir."

" Good gracious!" exclaimed Car., virtuously. " What right have people to marry their cousins, eh, Mr. P.?"

" It spoils the breed," said Purcell, in a homely way, making the poetic Car. wince.

" Well, Purcell; for old acquaintance sake, you're going to do me a favour, I know; I see it in your eye, you old rogue."

" A small bill, sir?" Mr. Purcell replied, gravely. He knew

a number of naval men, did Purcell. "Well, sir, you're old gentleman's a real gentleman, I will admit. He called me a d—d rascal over the last bit of business, and swore I was leading you into ruin ; but he paid, sir—paid on the nail, like a man!"

"No, it's not a bill, old gentleman. Come—it's to get a letter carried to Miss Limsdale for me?"

"Is that all, sir? I'll manage that, this very night."

And, in a few minutes, Car. was seated at the table, with a sheet of Purcell's letter-paper.—"Bring up a glass of grog for yourself," he said, "while I write it."

Mr. Purcell did so, and watched the operation with great pleasure. He took the note when it was finished—promised that he'd have an answer at his house next day—and wound up his kindnesses by driving his old customer into Portsmouth.

Night had descended, by this time, upon the city of ships ; and the moon was shining on the waters that roll at its feet. Oh, that moon! quiet, calm, and gentle, as she looks—who would think, from her pale face, that it makes the wilderness of ocean heave and roll upon a thousand vast shores? So calm and so mighty! What a reproach to an age of blustering agitation, and no results!

Carisford passed the gate of Mrs. Dobbs's cottage. He had made up his mind not to go in, as it had been agreed that Dobbs should enter to surprise them, without previous announcement, when he arrived. But he could not help pausing to look over the railings at the cottage, and he plucked a twig from a fragrant bush, and crushed it in his hand, that he might perfume it with a memory to convince him after he had passed on, that he had indeed been at that homely old place, so well remembered. As he did so, he saw the reflection of figures on the window-blind; he heard voices—it was all he could do to prevent himself from rushing in, and announcing the yacht's return to Caroline and her mother. Perhaps he even touched the latch of the gate, for as he moved away, he heard a sweet clear voice, at the door, ask—"Who's there?" It was Caroline's; he made no answer; he felt a sensation of luxury, in knowing the power in his hands and not using it.

As he advanced towards old familiar places, he thought of his past life, and how he would marry that pretty Flora—when

his governor came round—and live quietly, and be kind to the poor, &c. &c. Car. felt more and more poetic, till he reached the Ship and Anchor Hotel. Was it possible that any of his old messmates were in the billiard-room? He heard the clicking of the ivory balls, as he went up stairs to see.

There they were, that old, old clique. There was Clarendon of the *Magnificent*; and Jigger of the *Bustard*; Percival Plug of the *Snob*—whose reminiscences, the present historian presented to the world*; Royster, late of the *Orson*; Dulcet, whilom of the *Wavet*, &c. &c. Clarendon was leaning over to play a difficult stroke with the “rest,” requiring nicety of touch, when Car. entered. “Gad, here’s old Carisford,” cried Plug. Clarendon made a stroke and missed. “Thirty-two—twenty-six,” cried the marker. How familiar seemed the old sound to Car!

The playing was dropped. They gathered round the new comer and old friend. They had a hundred questions to ask about the *Baboon*, whose career had been heard of, in the profession. Had they been pirates? Was it true, that they had killed a man in the tropics, and sent the body home in a cask, marked “damaged pork?”

Carisford explained, that the *Baboon* was more innocent than they seemed to take her to be, and that, at all events, she had now expiated her crimes by being wrecked.

“I say, Carisford,” said another, “do you know it’s said your governor has been seen prowling about here lately?”

“Quite impossible,” Carisford said; “oh, dear no, catch him putting himself to the trouble.”

“Well, heard so—may be a mistake.”

“This is an event,” exclaimed Clarendon, “a day to be marked with a white stone!”

“With chalk at a tavern, you mean, I suppose?” said the facetious Jigger. “We must make a night of it.”

Away they went. Car. had almost forgotten Flora herself. They entered the theatre. A piece of Shakspere’s was being performed. They bawled out—“Author, author!” and pretended to be very indignant, that he did not bow from a pri-

* “*Biscuits and Grog* ;” and “*A Claret Cup*,” or Second Series.—
J. & D. A. DARLING.

vate box. They then hallowed for silence, and begged that the people, who were making an uproar, should be removed.

After the play, they went somewhere for supper, and there they drank large quantities of wine. They gained the street, flushed and roaring, and attempted to remove a naval officer, with a quadrant in his hand, from a shop over which he presided. They walked six abreast, and encircled an inoffensive passer-by, and danced round him, like cannibals round a victim. They had a row with the police—more policemen came up; Clarendon floored two; there was a general row, and a grand *finale* at the station-house, where they all woke up in the morning, with clayey throats, and heads which seemed to be tenanted by Lilliputian blacksmiths, hammering like mad.

In this beautiful plight, Master Carisford woke up among the others, with what feelings of shame, self-reproach, and thirst, need scarcely be said.—“Good heavens, if Flora could see me here!” he thought, as he glanced round his unromantic dungeon, and saw Messrs. Clarendon, Jigger, &c. lying near him.

These gentlemen presently woke up, and glared dismal round the room. At first they had but a dim consciousness where they were; but presently—“Good God,” Clarendon cried, “here’s a place for a gentleman! By the shades of my ancestors, I am thoroughly ashamed of myself!”

“What the blazes did we do?” asked another.

“It’s time to ask that,” said Jigger, sardonically.—“We licked the police, that’s all, and I’ve a dim notion that we assaulted some elderly gentlemen.” And here Jigger began kicking at the door, in a paroxysm of contrition.

At that instant, a policeman appeared at the door in question, and after casually informing Jigger, that if he continued to kick, his boots would be taken off, went on to inquire, with facetious condescension, after the health of the party. After a little parley, he brought some rather muddy coffee, flanked with slices of bread and butter, the very sight of which, under the circumstances, was enough almost to make the whole party sick.

“What will be the damage, Charley, think you?” asked Clarendon.

“You’ll be all fined, I ’spose,” answered the policeman.

“ ’Gad then,” said Clarendon, pulling his gold watch off,

"you had better go, and raise the wind on that, for I'm cleaned out."

In about an hour, these gentlemen were marched off to the court, before the magistrate, being received with a faint murmur of applause by a motley crowd of hackney-coachmen, common sailors, &c. gathered together in the body of the court. The charges were soon made. Carisford's case was on. The chief witness was called. Car. turned curioualy to look at the person whose evidence was to condemn him. The witness got into the box. It was his father! This was their first meeting for upwards of three years.

Old Mr. Carisford was perhaps the most astonished of the two. He had not the slightest conception that his son had returned. He stood there, mute as a mummy.

"Do you recognise him, sir?" inquired the magistrate, sharply.

Recognise him! Did he not? The poor old gentleman was as nervous as a girl.

The magistrate understood nothing of the circumstances (Carisford the younger, had given a wrong name, of course), so he ordered the old gentleman to stand down.

But a sturdy intelligent witness immediately afterwards recognised the whole party. "They were talking to a cabman, when I see them first," said the patriotic witness.

"I never talk to the lower orders," said Clarendon, haughtily. A murmur of disapprobation, and a slight hiss passed among the mob.

"Fined £2 a piece," was the ultimate decision of his worship. It was drearily hauled forth, old Carisford coming forward to the astonishment of them all, to pay for his son.

"And now," said his worship, "let me tell you that a more disgrace——"

"Come," said the audacious Jigger, "we've paid you your money; don't let us have any of your jaw."

A roar of applause from the mob followed this piece of temerity; but before our friend Carisford saw the result of it, his father had pulled him by his sleeve, and taken him out of the court.

They walked in silence, hurrying away for a few minutes, till they turned down an unfrequented lane.

"Oh, Harry, Harry," began the father, "you plague-spot on the family—you curse——. My dear boy, how are you? And where, in Heaven's name, have you been?" So saying, he shook his hand tremulously, and his old eyes filled with tears.

Car. wept like a girl. Let us pass over the scene.

They went off together to Mr. Carisford's lodgings; and then Car. breakfasted sumptuously, installed himself in one of his father's shirts, and dispatched a message to Mr. Ruffles, the tailor, whom he ordered to lose no time in making him some clothes.

After breakfast, they went to the cottage of Mrs. Dobbs, when Carisford gladdened their hearts by informing them, that the King must certainly return soon. He was wonderfully improved; he was now quite fit to command a ship, and was as good a fellow as ever breathed.

Mrs. Dobbs felt quite proud of her son. How she longed to see him. There was a noise at the gate—What was that? Pshaw! the butcher!—who could think of such things as beef and mutton now?

Two days passed away, without the arrival of Dobbs; during these, Carisford had half-a-dozen times hovered in the neighbourhood of Brokesby Hall, but without seeing Flora Limsdale. He had received, through the agency of his worthy friend Purcell, of the Royal Oak, one sweet little note from her; but he could not manage to effect a meeting; so he and Flora dwelt apart, yet agitated by each other—like two stars, which disturb each other in their spheres, but cannot break from their courses, and join for ever in space. But, on the afternoon of the second day, he determined to wait no longer, and walked up the avenue to the hall.

Fortune favoured him. The terrible cousin was gone to a county meeting.—"Lucky for him!" muttered Carisford; "but luckier for me! None of that blood shall be on my head, if I can help it! Woe to the bridal-chamber that is haunted by a ghost!"

He found Flora in the drawing-room. She was very pale; but the earth has no colour brighter than the flush which dawned upon her cheek, as he came in.

"By the memory of Baia!" said Carisford, "you are more beautiful than ever! You have gone beyond my dreams, Flora!"

Flora blushed and laughed. And then came a stream of reminiscences from each—what one had thought, and the other had dreamed. An hour passed away in such narrations. Then they talked of the future, and of the obstacles to their union.

Carisford made light of them. He took hold of Flora's hand—“I swear—” he began.

They did not perceive that the door had opened; but it had, and there stood upon the floor a figure, which both saw at the same moment. It was an old man, tall and stately in appearance, with a noble brow, and eyes dark, luminous, and somewhat melancholy.

Carisford started up as he approached to the window where they were sitting—“Sir William Burysford!” he cried, relaxing his hold of the girl's hand.

“Nay, don't let it go!” said the old gentleman. “You don't know me, Flora—eh?” he asked.

“Not by sight; but you are my grandfather,” Flora answered.

“You're right, my dear. God bless me! how old I must be! How like you are to your mother! Do you know I've been living these last three years like an old spider, by myself, in a corner, spinning cobwebs in my brain? I believe I should have gone mad, if I had lived in that way much longer.”

Flora shuddered and turned pale at these last words. Carisford pressed her hand.

Sir William continued:—“I beg your pardon, my dear; but I cannot help saying, that there's no madness in *our* family! You belong to it; with such eyes you could belong to no other.”

At this moment the door was opened, and William Limsdale's servant came in, and said—“My master will be here directly, gentlemen;” and then waited, as if expecting, that on this announcement they would instantly depart.

“Send him up to me, when he comes,” said Sir William, coolly. “I am this young lady's grandfather; and this gentleman is my friend.”

The man stared, and withdrew timidly; and, a few minutes afterwards, there was an anxious gathering and whispering heard among the household below. It was evident than an event was anticipated.

“For goodness sake,” said Flora, “be careful what you say

to my cousin, when he comes ! His dark nature will brook no trifling. I hear his horse's feet now."

Carisford bit his lips, and walked anxiously about the room. Here came a crisis, perhaps *the* crisis of his life. He remembered how long ago he had had signs and accidents, which seemed to connect his destiny with that of the youth who was approaching. Their position was such, that they must be foes ; and yet Carisford felt that he had loved him, when they were together, and that he did not hate him now.

The noise of the horse's feet stopped. Flora, who had been looking out of the window, fainted at the moment into her grandfather's arms.

Carisford went down stairs to meet the youth on the threshold. He felt that that was the bold, and therefore the proper course. All the servants were at the door. There was a scene of great confusion, for when the horse had stopped, the rider had made no effort to dismount. He sat in the saddle, with his head dropping forward on his chest. His limbs held their position mechanically. Death had ridden behind him, as he flew towards home, and come up with him at the portal. Who shall escape from *him* ? Oh, sporting men of England, and elsewhere—you may always back the Pale Horse against the field ! Limsdale had died of disease of the heart.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Mr. Tartan arrived, ignorant of the event. Carisford was standing at the door as he came up. " I want to see Mr. Limsdale," he said.

Carisford could not conceal his scorn.—" Mr. Tartan," he said, bitterly, " you have had your usual good fortune in your hunts to this place. You *are in at the death* ! "

* * * * *

No romantic or surprising incident is to be expected in the remainder of our history. That evening, Chilton, Dobbs, Pereira, and M'Mizen, arrived at Portsmouth. The Scotchman went home to Galloway, and was, on the very next Sunday, the most conspicuous person present in the kirk of Bluter. He joined in a psalm, by the agency of that extraordinary wind-instrument, his nose, and comported himself, otherwise, with religious fervour.

The gate of the cottage of Mrs. Dobbs turned on its hinges, with a creak of welcome, as the three young men passed in.

Toe was there—Carisford, the elder, was there ; Mrs. Dobbs was down stairs. Never was such a meeting—the King being kissed by his mother and sister with a heartiness which made him blush, as if, being kissed by one's female relations, was anything to be ashamed of !

The meeting between Toe and his son, Tom Chilton, late of the *Baboon*, was not romantic. They shook hands heartily ; they complimented each other on their looks, and fell to talking about the Cup. Then they got on family matters, and indulged in a little abuse of their relations. They are always quarrelling in that Chilton family, though it is not true, as has been asserted, that Tom ever blackballed his father, at the —— Club.

The whole party remained at Portsmouth for a fortnight. Carisford would not hear of starting for home ; and when asked by his father (when in his Brutus humour, one morning) what profession he meant to follow, *now* ? replied, that he meant to marry Flora Limsdale. To be sure, he could have hit on no more agreeable profession. Old Sir William gave his consent ; but then, the sad events in the family prevented the union taking place for a long time. Meanwhile, Carisford, the elder, suggested that his son should make a voyage in an Indiaman, as mate. The proposal was laughed at by the youth. “ God bless me, sir ! do you think I'm mad ? I could not stand it.”

During this delay, an event happened. One day our friend Tom Chilton married Caroline Dobbs, *pour encourager les autres*, as he remarked from Voltaire.

Carisford grew more impatient than ever. “ Would his love be constant ? ” thought old Sir William, desirous of testing the youth's affection. It was indeed. What a beautiful thing is constancy ! All this dull wet English May has the present historian, while writing this last number, heard the nightingale singing on nights, that one would think too bleak for any bird but a goose. That is constancy indeed. Just so constant was our friend Car.

So a day came (as Mr. T—— says), when he married Flora, and his friends shouted, or ought to have shouted, with the gay, graceful, and sparkling Catullus—

Io Hymen Hymenae, io
Io Hymen Hymenae !

And this then was the end of the ambitious speculations of the heroes of the *Baboon*—those youths who complained that their country gave them no career! Matrimony and home were the golden apples for which they stopped in their course. Even so. Happy they whom such a fate snatches from the stormy career of ambition, and enables to suspend their votive tablets in token of delivery from shipwreck, therein! Perhaps the household Gods

Lar and the old Penates,

are the best divinities of all. Perhaps it is because we are so domestic, that we don't rush into revolutions in England like our neighbours. Heaven only knows what we owe to our grandmothers for sitting by the fire-side, with their "work." But the cause of the people! Oh youth, shall we leave it to — and —? Alas, and "reputation," and "immortality?" "Oh, my brother," as C. and E. say, "look only for reputation, among the angels; and as for 'immortality,' *par la splendeur de Dieu*, art thou not content with the immortality of thy soul? Fix thy thoughts on that."

CHILTON TO THE AUTHOR.

" *Dulcia Cottage, — water.*

" DEAR —

" Am I slow? am I *ennui*? am I tired of poor Caroline? Do I wish to get into the service again? Do I mean to get entered at Lincoln's Inn? Do I think of standing for a borough? What questions the world bores one with! My dear boy, I am happy and contented. I care no more for the sea, except in poetry; and no more for the Mediterranean, except to trace old *Aeneas*'s journey on the map. The ocean has washed me on the shore, a highly-polished shell, and now laid by for ornament.

" What is the secret of this contentment? I have taken to LETTERS. I have fallen back on the society of the dead.

" As for Carisford, he and Flora are in Italy. He sent me home a poem the other day, which he wants to be inserted in —'s *Magazine*. Have you any interest in that quarter? Car. seems to be very happy. Poor Car.! he is easily contented; like the butterfly, he wants little else but sunshine. He and his wife will have plenty of money

when old Sir William dies ; meanwhile, they have a decent allowance, and —— each other. [“ Thank you, dear ! ” says Caroline, who had just looked over my shoulder at these words.] My dear old King lives with his mother, and is coming down here when the shooting season begins.

“ I am at my * great work, my ‘ Life of Erasmus.’ You agree with me, I believe, in admiration of that amiable and good man, and fine writer. He has a wonderful rich stream of humour flowing through his writings, which prevents at once his learning from being dry, and his morality from being hard. He and Sir Thomas More, his friend were up to the mark of modern liberalism in every thing. You will find in their works, for instance, the best arguments for mild punishments, and sanitary measures—two doctrines that (proh pudor !) are now considered new ! How strange that such a man as Erasmus should be known to the English, by the heavy biography of Jortin, and the meager work of Butler alone. Coleridge, you will remember, speaks of a new biography of him as still a desideratum. By-the-by, forward me that number of *Fraser*, which contains Prout’s article on the *Days of Erasmus*. Why is the union of humour and learning so rare now-a-days ? Is it, that there can be only one Prout at a time ?

“ Did you hear of Tartan’s dropping into a tan-pit the other day ? How characteristic of the dog ! He was always so confoundedly careful of his hide ! But it’s a shame to joke about a drowning, though we ought to congratulate his ghost —that he escaped hanging—that is ! Any thing new in literature ?

“ Yours, truly,

“ THOMAS CHILTON.”

“ Any thing new in literature ? ” asks our friend. “ Yes—
KING DOBBS ! ”

* This is cool of Tom, who knew it was a favourite project of his correspondent.

THE END.







